



H. W. Loomis

HISTORY

OF THE

27th Regiment N. Y. Vols.

(Badge of the First Division, Sixth Corps.)

BEING A RECORD OF ITS MORE THAN TWO YEARS OF
SERVICE IN THE WAR FOR THE UNION, FROM
MAY 21st, 1861, TO MAY 31st, 1863.

WITH A COMPLETE ROSTER, AND SHORT SKETCHES OF
COMMANDING OFFICERS.

ALSO, A RECORD OF EXPERIENCE AND SUFFERING OF
SOME OF THE COMRADES IN LIBBY AND
OTHER REBEL PRISONS.

Compiled by C. B. FAIRCHILD, of Company "D."

Published under the direction of the following Committee:

GEN. H. W. SLOCUM. CAPT. C. A. WELLS.

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TO THE
COMRADES OF THE TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT,
WHO FELL WHILE IN THE LINE OF DUTY,
IS THIS VOLUME SACREDLY DEDICATED,
BY THE
SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION,
AS A TESTIMONY TO THEIR
HEROISM ON THE FIELD OF BATTLE,
AND THEIR
SACRIFICE FOR THE PRESERVATION OF THE REPUBLIC.



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PREFACE.

THE official accounts of battles are all wonderfully alike, dealing with bodies and masses of men, and not with individual hopes, aspirations and fears. We read about marching and flanking and enfilading; but when we go behind these terms, and ask what the individual soldier in the ranks is thinking or doing or suffering, the story is too light to be included in an official report, and too unimportant for the dignity of general history; and yet, it is this unwritten history of the war that gives any true estimate of the price that was paid to save our nation. This history is designed to give more of individual and personal experience; not claiming that this regiment acted the most important part in the late war, but to show that its members offered themselves a willing sacrifice in the service of their country, and at no time did they withhold the best they had to give. Years have elapsed since we left the "lines and tented fields," but time cannot erase from memory recollections of those eventful days in which the Twenty-Seventh New York, by its heroism and zeal, helped to preserve the unity of the best and freest government ever established by man. The fact that they were actors in the great struggle, and a constituent element of the grandest army the world ever saw, engaged in the grand work of saving the Citadel of Freedom, makes them take a noteworthy pride in offering to history the following record, which is made up chiefly from private diaries, personal experience and general orders, as these tend to show the esteem in which the regiment was held by commanding officers.

Our trust in the future of the country rests in the bravery, integrity and virtue of the men who fought for it. They have brought back the old flag, "its white as bright as angels' robes, and its stars GOD'S stars, as truly as are the stars in the canopy of heaven."

For this, let not our people fail to recognize their duty to the returned soldiers, and to the families of those who can never return, lest they repudiate a part, and one of the most sacred parts of the national debt.

Thanks are due for the information furnished for the following record, to—

H. W. SLOCUM,	JOSEPH J. BARTLETT,
C. C. GARDINER,	CHARLES A. WELLS,
W. B. WESTERVELT,	ERI S. WATSON,
JOS. L. ROSS,	C. B. FAIRCHILD.

INTRODUCTION.

THE election of ABRAHAM LINCOLN, in 1860, was made the pretext and signal in the South for open defiance of the authority of the Federal Government. Mutterings, even threats of secession had been heard before the election, and were generally treated as the grumblings incident to an anticipated defeat, especially as a majority of such expressions of discontent came from the State of South Carolina, which was proverbially hot-headed. Now, however, meetings were held in that and other Cotton States, declaring for Southern independence, and "minute men" were being mustered. Startling events followed each other rapidly, until, on December 20th, 1860, South Carolina passed "An ordinance to dissolve the union between the State of South Carolina and other states united with her, under the compact entitled the Constitution of the United States of America." This action was, soon after, followed by the seizure of the arsenal and other government property at Charleston. On the 12th of April, 1861, the Northern States were astounded and shocked by the news which was flashed over the wires, that Fort Sumpter was being bombarded. The so-called secession of the State from the Union, followed by the same action on the part of other Southern States, had been regarded with indifference by many, and the public heart seemed almost insensible to the great peril which threatened to sunder the republic. But the news from Sumpter awoke unwonted echoes, and touched the patriotic chords in the great American heart. The loyalty, which had been doubted, sprang into instant life, and throughout the North, expressions of deep devotion and promise of unlimited aid were borne on the wings of lightning to the Nation's capital. The mighty heart of the people seemed to pulsate with patriotism and love of the

government, which had been founded and maintained by the blood of our fathers. The world never witnessed an uprising as mighty, as spontaneous, and as glorious as that which now occurred. On April 15th, the following proclamation was issued by President LINCOLN:

BY THE PRESIDENT OF THE UNITED STATES OF AMERICA.

A PROCLAMATION.

WHEREAS, The laws of the United States have been for some time past, and now are opposed, and the execution thereof obstructed, in the States of South Carolina, Georgia, Alabama, Florida, Mississippi, Louisiana, and Texas, by combinations too powerful to be suppressed by the ordinary course of judicial proceedings, or the powers vested in the marshals by law:

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution and the laws, have thought fit to call forth, and hereby do call forth the militia of the several States of the Union, to the aggregate of seventy-five thousand, in order to suppress said combinations, and to cause the laws to be duly executed.

The details of this object will be immediately communicated to the State authorities by the War Department.

I appeal to all loyal citizens to favor, facilitate, and aid this effort to maintain the honor, the integrity, and the existence of our National Union, and the perpetuity of popular government, and to redress wrongs already long enough endured.

I deem it proper to say, that the first service assigned to the forces hereby called forth will probably be to repossess the forts, places and property which have been seized from the Union; and in every event the utmost care will be observed, consistently with the object aforesaid, to avoid any devastation of or interference with property, or any disturbance of peaceful citizens in any part of the country.

And I hereby command the persons composing the combinations aforesaid to disperse, and retire peaceably to their respective abodes, within twenty days of this date.

Deeming the present condition of public affairs presents an extraordinary occasion, I do hereby, in virtue of the power in me vested by the Constitution, convene both Houses of Congress. Senators and Representatives are, therefore, summoned to assemble at their respective cham-

bers, at twelve o'clock, noon, on Thursday, the 4th day of July next, then and there to consider and determine such measures as, in their wisdom the public safety and interest may seem to demand.

In witness whereof, I have hereunto set my hand, and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, this fifteenth day of April, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-one, and of the independence of the United States the eighty-fifth.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

By the President :

WILLIAM H. SEWARD, Secretary of State.

Simultaneously with the above proclamation, calls for troops were made upon the States,—the Governor of New York, Edwin D. Morgan, being requested to immediately furnish the quota designated for the State of New York, to wit, seventeen regiments. On April 16th, the two bodies of the Legislature, then in session at Albany, passed an Act "To authorize the embodying and equipment of a Volunteer Militia, and to provide for the public defence." This bill provided for the enrollment of thirty thousand volunteer militia, to serve for two years; and appropriated three millions of dollars to meet the expense. Governor Morgan issued a proclamation, on the 18th, citing the President's requisition, and calling for seventeen regiments, to consist of 649 officers, and 12,631 men; forming an aggregate of 13,280; the rendezvous for the State being designated as New York, Albany and Elmira, with headquarters at Albany. Afterwards (on April 25th) the Governor issued his proclamation for twenty-one other regiments of volunteers, which, with the first seventeen, made up the complement of volunteers under the State act providing for 30,000. These first thirty-eight regiments were the only troops from New York State mustered for the term of two years.

CHAPTER I.

THE 27th Regiment (Infantry) N. Y. Volunteers was organized at Elmira, on the 21st of May, 1861. It was composed of companies, recruited and accepted as follows, viz.:

Company.	Where Recruited.	By Whom Recruited.	Date of Acceptance.
A.	White Plains.	Capt. Jos. J. Chambers.	April 30, 1861.
B.	Lyons.	Capt. Alex. D. Adams.	May 2, 1861.
C.	Binghamton.	Capt. Jos. J. Bartlett.	May 2, 1861.
D.	Binghamton.	Capt. Hiram C. Rogers.	May 2, 1861.
E.	Rochester.	Capt. Geo. G. Wanzer.	May 7, 1861.
F.	Binghamton.	Capt. Peter Jay.	May 8, 1861.
G.	Lima.	Capt. James Perkins.	May 7, 1861.
H.	Mount Morris.	Capt. Chas. E. Martin.	May 11, 1861.
I.	Angelica.	Capt. Curtis C. Gardiner.	May 13, 1861.
K.	Albion.	Capt. Henry L. Achilles, Jr.	May 16, 1861.

The companies were organized into a regiment by General VanValkenburgh, when the following field officers were elected, viz.: Henry W. Slocum, Colonel; Joseph J. Chambers, Lieutenant-Colonel; Joseph J. Bartlett, Major. The State Military Board confirmed the election on the 21st of May, by General Order No. 208, and the regiment was accepted, and numbered "27;" and Colonel Slocum was directed to report for duty, and hold his regiment in readiness to be mustered into the service of the United States.



COL. HENRY W. SLOCUM.

At one of the recent reunions, Gen. Slocum explained some of the incidents which led to his election as Colonel of the 27th. Being a West Point graduate, he offered his services to the Governor of the State, who asked him to remain and assist him in Albany. This he declined, and went to Elmira at the request of some officers, who talked of making him Colonel of their regiment; but he found so much wire-pulling, and was requested to make certain pledges, that he left Elmira in disgust, and returned to his home in Syracuse. But he soon received a telegram from some other company officers, asking him to return to Elmira. He did so, and was unanimously elected Colonel of the 27th, without any pledges, although he was a total stranger to every one of the officers. That he proved to be the right man for the place, was fully shown by the subsequent history of the regiment.

While in camp at Elmira, the regiment took the name of "Union Regiment," because the companies comprising it, having been recruited from seven different counties, were united in one regiment, by their own choice.

Some of these companies had been in Elmira since the 8th of May, and had been practicing in the school of the soldier, and in company drill. They had been quartered in vacant buildings at different places about the town, till about the time the regiment was organized, when the companies moved from their several headquarters into barracks, that had been built of rough boards, at Southport, across the river from Elmira. Here the duties of a soldier were for the first time fully assumed: such as guard duty, dress parade, battalion drill,—varied, between times, with a drill not laid down in Hardie's Tactics—picking stone from the rocky ridge, and grading the parade ground. This caused a great deal of grumbling; but a greater dissatisfaction existed over the rations furnished by the government contractor. The men of Co. "E" were the first to make demonstrations to show their disgust with the fare; and one day they claimed it was necessary to imprison the beef, to keep it from walking off. So they conceived the idea of holding a

funeral over it. They nailed a large piece strongly in a box, and, to the tune of "The Rogue's March," proceeded to inter it with the honors of war. A. W. Tourgeè (since, the noted author), preached the funeral sermon; and for this he was severely reprimanded by the Colonel. On June 1st, the dinner was so bad that some of the companies, after being seated in long rows beside the rough board tables, led off by Companies "D" and "B," in answer to a pre-arranged signal, kicked over the tables, and sent the boards, tin plates, cups and steaming soup, flying through the air! "That same old soup never appeared again," and that night we had a good supper of mush and milk.

This incident gave Colonel Slocum an opportunity to make his maiden speech to the regiment; for, in about an hour, the "long roll" sounded, the line was formed on the parade ground, and the Colonel told the boys, "that, so long as he remained in command of the regiment, they should have what the government intended them to have, and it should be served in palatable style; that no contractor should fill his pockets at the expense of the stomachs of his men." After this, the Colonel was frequently seen about the cook-house, giving directions as to the quality of food, and how the cooking should be done. From this time on, everything was in apple-pie order, and Col. Slocum was idolized. But after the boys reached the front, occasions were frequent when they would gladly have accepted similar rations without "kicking."

On the 3d of June, Daniel S. Dickinson, from Binghamton, rode into camp, and, about 7 o'clock, made a rousing speech to the regiment, which was received with hearty cheers.

June 4th, after the regular drills, we had a good supper, with bread and butter and cake, which had been presented to the Colonel by the ladies of Syracuse,—Mrs. Slocum and several of the ladies gracing the table with their presence. The boys gave three cheers for the ladies, and had a jolly time.

June 7th, there was a fine regimental drill in the fore-

noon, and the men were practiced in the manœuvres of street fighting.

The same routine of daily drill, of about eight hours a day, continued without incident till the 12th, on which date there were two memorable events. The first was, drumming a deserter out of camp; and the second, the boys had a big row with the 33d Regiment, which was camped near by. It seems that one of our boys, Gibson Dunn, of Co. "B," while intoxicated, had shown some disrespect to Col. R. F. Taylor, of the 33d or "Ontario Regiment," for which he had been arrested and confined in the guard house of the 33d. This enraged the 27th boys, and in the evening they went in a body to make an attack on the guard house, and release their comrade. Their advance was resisted by the 33d, and soon the two regiments were in battle array, armed with cobble stones; and began to entrench themselves behind windrows of stones. With great difficulty the few officers in camp prevented an attack till word could be sent to the Colonel, who was quartered in the city. He soon arrived on the ground; the "long roll" was ordered; and about ten o'clock the regiment was formed in hollow square, and, though it was pitch dark, the Colonel made one of his telling speeches, and assured the men that their comrade should be released. This cooled the boys somewhat, and good feeling was restored. In the meantime Dunn had made his escape from the guard house, by removing a board from the roof. This same evening the first prayer-meeting was held in the camp, many of the comrades leaving the meeting to take part in this their first fight.

On the 15th, the regiment was moved from Southport to the barracks on the Fair Ground. These barracks afterwards became noted as the place of confinement for Confederate prisoners.

On the 25th, the men of the Union Regiment received their first pay, it being for twenty days' service previous to the 21st of May; in amount, \$8.60.

On the 29th, we received our equipments; and as we dressed ourselves in blue, and took charge of our guns,

knapsacks, haversacks and canteens, we realized more fully than ever that we were no longer citizens, but soldiers, ready to enter the service of the government.

Sunday, June 30th, divine service was held in camp, when the Chaplain, D. D. Buck, preached his first sermon to the regiment. From this time till after the 4th of July, many of the men were allowed to go to their homes on furlough.

On the 5th, the regiment was mustered into the U. S. service for two years from the 21st day of May, 1861, by Capt. Sitgraves, U. S. A. Seven men refused to take the oath, and were discharged and sent home. About this time one of the Corporals in Co. "A," who had been sent to arrest some men in one of the low dives of the city, was murdered. His body was recovered and sent to his home in White Plains, under an escort from his Company.

The officers of the 27th, being gentlemen of manly and gallant bearing, were cordially received into the best society at Elmira; a circumstance which led those of other regiments who had been less favored, to facetiously christen the "Twenty-seventh" officers as the "Mutual Admiration Society."

On the morning of July 10th, we received orders to leave Elmira for Washington; and, amid uproar and enthusiasm, commenced packing up. Almost every man was loaded with useless articles, and had yet to learn the hardest lesson of the soldier,—how many things to get along without.

At 2 P. M. the regiment bid the barracks good-by, and marched into the city. After a short parade through the streets, the cars were boarded, and at 4 P. M. moved out on the Northern Central road, amid the waving of handkerchiefs and the cheers of assembled thousands. It rained all the way to Williamsport, Pa., where we arrived about 9 P. M. Here the ladies had prepared a fine supper for us, and we left the cars to find a grand entertainment. Tables had been spread in the square near the depot, and the patriotic ladies were out in force to give the boys one good meal, and bid them a hearty God-speed as they set their faces toward the South. This entertainment was one of

the bright spots in the history of the regiment ; and there were many expressions of admiration for our fair hostesses. One comrade, at least, was so much impressed with the kindness of these ladies that he asked the privilege of writing to one of them ; and, months afterward, he applied for a furlough, returned to Williamsport, and married his fair entertainer.

About 10 o'clock we returned to the cars, and rode all night, getting but little sleep. In the morning we found ourselves opposite the City of Harrisburg, where we remained about an hour. It was a beautiful morning, and from our position, looking across the Susquehanna, we had a grand view of the city, and the dome of Pennsylvania's Capitol, towering above the structures of the city. Here the train was divided, and we ran slowly on through a splendid country, especially about York, Pa., where we passed immense fields of wheat, corn and rye. Here the farming lands are excellent ; large and beautiful houses ; with a degree of thrift that but few of the men had ever seen before. After crossing the Maryland line, we found soldiers quartered at every bridge on the road ; and as we approach Baltimore, the track is being guarded by the 12th Pennsylvania Regiment. The people do not welcome us in Maryland as they did in Pennsylvania, and there is not near as much enthusiasm. We roll into Baltimore in fine shape, where we left the cars, formed in line, and having fixed bayonets, marched through the city. Some of the officers proposed that the men should load their pieces, but Col. Slocum, thinking it a useless precaution, did not order it. The streets were crowded with people to see us. There were many who cheered for the Union, and some for Jeff. Davis. We were received very kindly at the depot where we took the train, and were soon under way for Washington. We halted some time at the Relay House, where several regiments of New York troops were stationed. Soon after dark Washington was reached, and we were marched to our quarters, afterwards named Camp Anderson, on Franklin Square, a splendid place.

Before leaving Elmira, Col. Slocum had taken the precaution to send Lieut.-Col. Chambers on to Washington, to provide rations for the men when we should arrive there. But, alas! when we reached camp, between 10 and 11 o'clock at night, we found nothing except two barrels of salt pork: so we had to go to bed supperless, filled with disgust at the officer who had given too much attention to refreshing his own inner man, to the neglect of his weary men.

Sunday, July 14th, we had company drill before breakfast, and preaching service, by Chaplain Buck, at 10 o'clock. During the service several regiments, that had been ordered to Virginia, marched past our camp, on their way to the Long Bridge; and the Chaplain, with more enthusiasm than piety, gave out a hymn; and as we sang the chorus—

“ Our friends are passing over,
And, just before, the shining shore
We may almost discover,”—

He waved his hand in the direction of the passing troops.

About 5 o'clock we had battalion drill and dress parade. There were a great many visitors in to see the parade. Pie peddlers prosecuted a lively trade, as the boys did not take kindly to salt pork and hard tack; but the “rag pies,” as the boys called them, did not agree with them as well as the government rations would have done.

July 15th: Practiced target shooting all day, in a vacant lot, on the Georgetown road, about a mile from camp. Each man fired twenty rounds. This was the first and only target practice the regiment had before engaging in its first battle.

We were armed with the smooth-bore, muzzle-loading, government gun, known as the Harper's Ferry Musket, of 58 caliber, and using a paper cartridge, which the men had to tear open with their teeth before loading. The gun was fired with a large percussion cap, and would kick about as hard as a government mule. One man declared, after coming out of battle, “that his gun kicked him back over a rail fence, and kicked him seven times after he was down.”

Several companies received recruits after coming to Washington. These men had no uniforms, and had never

been practiced in the manual of arms before going on the march to our first battle.

On the 16th of July, the regiment was assigned to the First Brigade, commanded by Col. Andrew Porter, of the 16th U. S. Infantry; in the Second Division, commanded by Col. David Hunter, of the Third U. S. Cavalry; in the Army of Northern Virginia, commanded by Brigadier-General Irwin McDowell.

Hunter's Division was composed of the following commands:

Eighth New York Militia, Fourteenth New York Militia, Twenty-Seventh New York Volunteers, a Battalion of U. S. Infantry, Battalion U. S. Marines, Battalion U. S. Cavalry, and Battery D of the Fifth U. S. Artillery.

About noon of the same date (the 16th), Hunter's Division received orders to march. Destination: "On to Richmond!" We packed up and left about 3 o'clock. We crossed the Long Bridge,—and so found ourselves on the sacred soil of the Old Dominion. We passed through the fortifications on Arlington Heights, and reached the Alexandria and Manasses R. R. about 6 o'clock. At Bailey's Cross Roads we halted for supper. Each man had been supplied with two loaves of bread and a pound of salt pork. We could hear picket-firing in the front,—when the regiment was ordered to load their muskets, each man having been supplied with forty rounds of ammunition. The route continued along the Little River Turnpike, past the fertile plantations of the Lees, the Balls, Baileys, and Arlingtons, that had not yet felt the devastating hand of war, but were destined to be left a barren waste,—from which they have never recovered. We marched about twelve miles, and about 10 P. M. went into camp, on the Annandale hills, near the main army; and for the first time slept on the ground, with no covering except our blankets, not having been supplied with tents. We rested well, and started on the march again at sunrise, the 17th, taking the road to Fairfax Court House. The march was a slow one, for the Rebels, in their retreat, had felled trees across the

road, and we were obliged to cut them out before we could pass. After a few hours' marching at "route step," we were called to quick time, and moved by platoons, closed to half distance. The day was very warm, and many were prostrated by the heat.

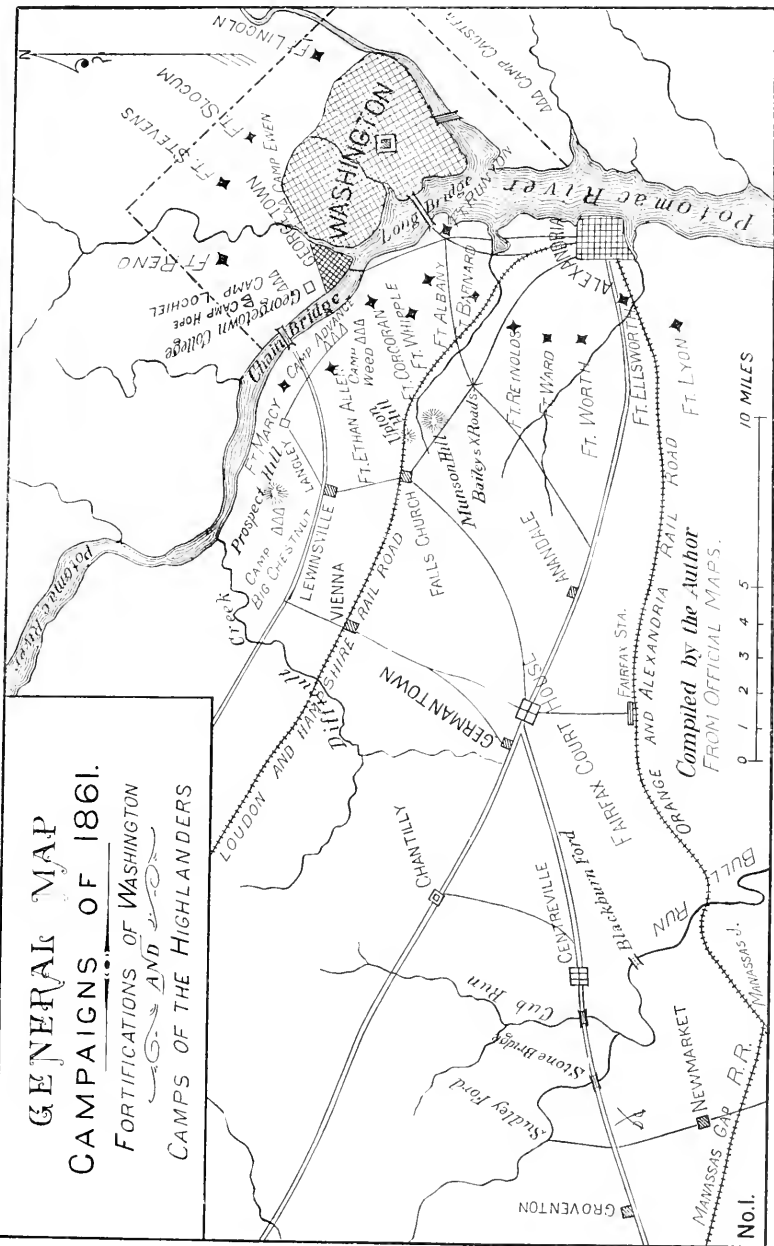
Soon our mounted rifles and cavalry were ordered to the front, and, as they moved forward at a gallop, we almost held our breath, in the excitement and expectation of hearing them open fire and commence an engagement; but the enemy retreated on their approach, with but a few scattering shots from our men. We then marched leisurely on; and the fact that they had left their fires burning, and other evidences of a hasty retreat, made some of the men think that the Rebels had all turned back; and that night an officer, passing through the camp, overheard two men talking about the probability of their ever seeing a battle. One says to the other: "Now, this is just exactly what I expected. These fellows have all run off, and we are never going to see a fight. We will go home without seeing a fight, sure."

Others were not so sanguine; for, from one of the diaries, we copy the following, under date of the 17th: "I think we shall have a fight soon, but I trust I am prepared for any emergency; and, if necessary, am ready to die for my country."

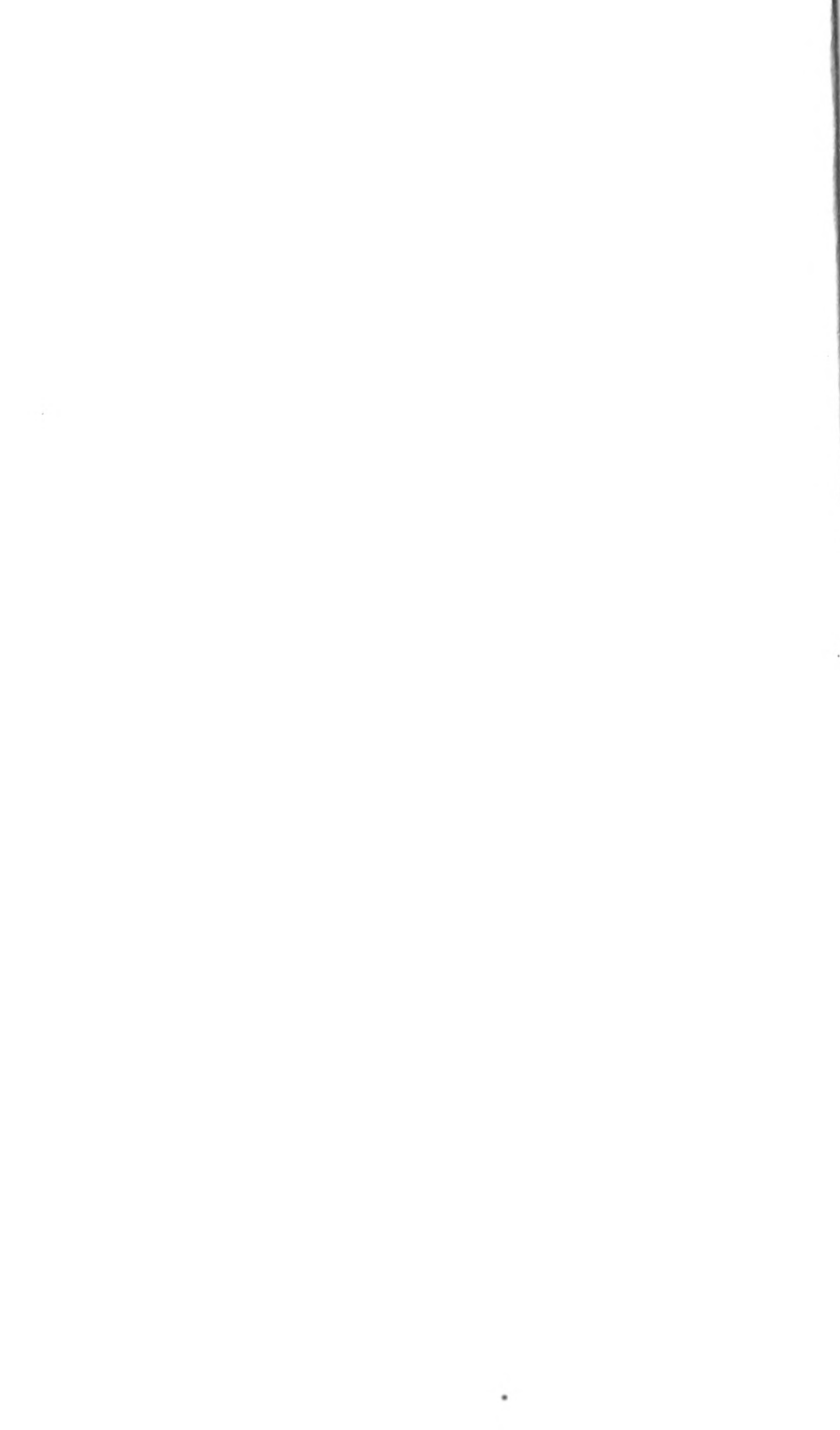
We went into camp about 2 o'clock. The boys were allowed to "forage" about the country, and it is needless to say that they lived well. Some of the troops pillaged the houses, and burned a few barns,—acts of vandalism of which our regiment was heartily ashamed.

We started on the march again early the next morning, the 18th, but were delayed till 3 o'clock, when we marched about five miles; then halted and bivouacked, on the left of the Warrenton turnpike, two miles east of Centreville, and remained there the two following days. While in this camp, the regiment of regulars who were camped near us were called in line, and formed a square, when two of their number were whipped, receiving thirty lashes each on

GENERAL MAP CAMPAIGNS OF 1861. FORTIFICATIONS OF WASHINGTON AND CAMPS OF THE HIGHLANDERS



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their bare backs, and were then branded, on the side of the hip, with the letter D. It was a sickening sight. This was the last case of flogging in the army, as this barbarous style of punishment was soon after abolished.

On the afternoon of the 19th there was some sharp skirmishing a few miles in front of us, and soon after some prisoners were brought in, who were the first rebels we had seen. They attracted a good deal of attention, and we discussed the question among ourselves, whether we should shoot or hang them. Fortunately the question was not left to the private soldier to decide. At dark we went on picket, and remained all night. Were relieved from picket duty about 9 o'clock of the morning of the 20th, and returned to camp, where we remained quiet all day.

While in this camp, a detail of eight corporals was made, from different companies, to act as Color Guard, Sergeant Burton Freeman, of Co. "I," being Color Sergeant.

Sunday morning, July 21st, at 2 o'clock, we were called and ordered to get ready to move. Soon after, we formed in line and moved out in light marching order, taking one cooked ration. Owing to the delay of the First Division getting out of its camp, Hunter's Division did not reach Centreville till 4 o'clock; moving thence along the Warrenton turnpike, over a bridge crossing Cub Run. Here we put out one company as skirmishers, and continued to advance, turning to the right into a heavy timber. The day was intensely hot, and this being a portion of Virginia noted for a scarcity of water, we suffered both from heat and thirst. At 9 o'clock we passed Sudley's Church, when the firing in front of us became quite lively. We soon left the woods, and as we came out into the open field, one of Gen. Porter's aids met us, and ordered Col. Slocum to move forward, and, with a wave of his hand, exclaimed: "You will find the enemy down there somewhere!"

We crossed Bull Run at Sudley's Ford, after a march occupying fully six hours; and, without coming to a halt, advanced at a double quick toward the enemy's position. We were soon under fire: the solid shot and shell began to

pass over our heads, and made us do some involuntary dodging. The first man wounded, in the regiment, was Henry Wheeler, of Co. "C." He was hit in the instep, by a musket ball, before we had come in sight of the enemy. It is supposed the ball was fired by a sharp-shooter from one of the tall trees on our left. We continued to advance, in column of fours, every step the shot coming thicker and faster. We passed the 8th N. Y. Militia, who, dressed in their gray State uniforms, were caring for some of their wounded comrades.

We soon reached the crest of a hill, and, by a road leading to the valley beneath us, made a charge directly on the Stone House, from which we drove the enemy. The Colonel, having dismounted, then directed the color guard to take a position to the left and in rear of the Stone House, that he might form a line of battle on them. While getting into position, a rebel battery opened on us with canister shot, and several of our men were killed and wounded. Private Wesley Randall, of Binghamton, was the first man killed.

The Colonel then ordered the line to form still further to the left, and the regiment moved a hundred rods in that direction, the colors taking the lead. Soon another stand was taken, and our ranks, which had been thrown into some disorder, were ordered to re-form; but before the order could be executed, we saw two regiments coming, at double quick, over the crest of the hill from our rear and left,—a direction from which we did not expect the enemy. They were dressed in gray, and we mistook them for the 8th New York. As they moved around in our front, some of the men called out "that they were enemies," and began to fire. Others excitedly "declared them to be the 8th New York," and begged us not to fire on our own men. Just then a Confederate straggler between the lines, ran up to Col. Slocum, and declared that the "regiment yonder wanted to surrender." Slocum threatened the man with drawn sword, but he persisted; and, by the Colonel's order, Adjutant Jenkins started towards the enemy, waving a havelock as a flag of truce. "What regiment are you?" he

asked. He was answered by the unfurling of the Confederate colors and the firing of a volley. He rode back to our lines, exclaiming, "Give it to them, boys!" The 27th responded, firing at will, but many did not hear him, and still held their fire. Our mistake had given them time to form in line of battle, under cover of thick bushes, and they poured volley after volley into us, with deadly effect. Our men replied vigorously, but could not long stand under such a fire, and began to retire slowly over the crest of the hill. The colors were the last to retire. A few of the men, having secured covered positions behind hay-cocks and under the banks of a small stream just in our front, remained and kept up a vigorous fire on their own hook, for some time after the regiment left. Some of these men fired so many rounds that their guns became hot, and they had to cool them off in the water of the brook. The enemy did not advance on this position.

While making this movement over the crest of the hill, Col. Slocum fell, shot through the hip, and was sent to the surgeons in the rear. Major Bartlett now took command, and soon after withdrew the regiment to the woods in the rear, where we rested awhile, and refilled our cartridge-boxes.

After this, we advanced again to the Stone House, where we took shelter under the banks of the roadside; and again were moved from one point of the field to another, taking but little active part in the fight, yet continually under fire, till 5 P. M., feeling sure that we had gained a decisive victory over the enemy.

But the tables were soon after effectually turned, by the arrival of a heavy column of Confederate troops, which proved to be the rebel reserve of twelve thousand fresh men, under Gen. Johnston.

A retreat was now ordered, and we marched off the field in good order, with Major Bartlett riding at the head of the regiment, and our colors flying. Our ranks were kept closed up until passing Sudley's Church, when some of the panic-stricken cavalry rode through our line and scattered some

of our men among the fragments of other regiments, so that it was impossible to rally them all again. The retreat then became a stampede. A few miles from the field we came to the Stone Bridge across Cub Run. Here was a blockade of cannon and caissons, from which the drivers had cut the traces, and rode off on the horses, so that the troops had to turn to the right, and ford the stream just below the bridge. The panic was increased by the frantic rush of a large number of civilians and Members of Congress, who had ridden out from Washington to witness the battle,—one of the latter, the Hon. Alfred Ely, of Rochester, N. Y., being taken prisoner.

Such a scene was never before witnessed: the highway was blocked with cavalry, infantry, artillery and civilians, in solid mass, shouting and yelling until it seemed as though the flood-gates of Pandemonium had been thrown open. Before midnight we reached the camp we left in the morning, near Centreville, where, aside from the losses in killed, wounded and missing, the 27th was wholly intact, having its colors and arms, and awaiting orders.

Capt. Averill, of Col. Porter's staff, sent a verbal message requesting the regiment to form in column and march to Fairfax, a distance of eight miles. This order was executed, and from midnight we kept trudging along towards Washington, passing through Fairfax—this time without music, while the cry, "On to Richmond!" seemed to have lost all its charm. About sunrise we reached Arlington, made a short halt at Fort Runyon, where coffee and hard tack were issued. Then we re-crossed the Long Bridge to Washington, and were, soon after, back to our former quarters on Franklin Square.

The wildest excitement existed in the city. Pennsylvania Avenue was gorged with panic-stricken citizens, and soldiers who were relating wonderful stories of their heroism on the field of battle.

Thus ended the battle of Bull Run, where both armies were for the first time under fire; and for hard fighting and

stubborn resistance, they challenged the admiration of the world.

The regiments which we mistook for friends, proved to be the 4th Alabama and the 8th Georgia; but they received severe punishment at our hands,—the 8th losing their Lieutenant-Colonel and Adjutant, killed, and many of its enlisted men killed and wounded.

The casualties of the 27th, in this battle, were: One officer and twenty-six enlisted men killed; two officers and forty-two men wounded.

Sixty men were reported missing, most of them wounded and taken prisoners, and many of them died from their wounds in the Southern prisons. Total, 131. (For a list of those taken prisoners, see the last chapter.) Among the prisoners were three of the color guard, all of them having been hit during the action. Corp. Fairchild was hit in the left breast by a canister shot, a spent ball, which lodged in his shirt pocket. Corp. Merrill was shot through the left breast. Corp. Wood had a ball through his hand. Lieut. Asa Park, of Co. "D," the only officer killed, was shot in the abdomen. As he was struck, he placed his hand over the wound, and said to the Captain: "See what a big hole that is!" and immediately fell and expired.

On the march from Washington and in this battle, many men in the regiment wore white linen "havelocks," with long capes over the back of the neck. These had been recommended to protect the wearers from the effect of the sun. The only good purpose they served, however, was to furnish lint and bandages for the wounded, and were never much worn after this battle.

The following is a copy of Major Bartlett's official report of the battle of Bull Run:

HEADQUARTERS 27TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLS. }
CAMP ANDERSON, Washington, D. C., July 23, 1861. }

SIR:—Pursuant to order, I hereby submit for your consideration a report of the operations of the Twenty-Seventh Regiment New York State Volunteers, under command of Col. H. W. Slocum, in the battle of Bull Run, on July 21, 1861.

At precisely 2 o'clock A. M. we formed for march, in rear of the Marine Corps, commanded by Major Reynolds. After an exhausting march of eight hours, the enemy was discovered to be in force on our front and left. Fifteen minutes after their appearance, we were hurried on at double-quick time for the distance of at least one mile, and formed in line of battle by the left flank on the brow of the hill, commanding a part of the enemy's position. Without coming to a halt, we were ordered to charge the enemy by a road leading to the valley beneath us, where they were in numbers strongly positioned in and about a large stone house, with a battery of six mounted howitzers commanding the approach. The men, though greatly fatigued and exhausted, gallantly attacked and drove the enemy from the house, who retired in disorder behind their battery, leaving a large number of killed and wounded on the field. The battery was next attacked, and after receiving eleven rounds hastily retired, taking up another position about one hundred and fifty yards on our left and front. We were immediately attacked on our right flank by a large force, who approached by a ravine, under cover of a thick growth of bushes, and in the front by about 1,500 others, who had been driven from their position on the hill commanding our left, and whom we mistook for the 8th New York Regiment coming to our support. By this mistake we lost many killed and wounded, besides the opportunity of capturing a large number of prisoners. We were now engaged by more than twice our own numbers, and fired upon from concealed positions, and receiving the fire of the battery from its new point of attack. Perceiving the necessity of support, I rallied about 200 of the 8th New York Regiment on the brow of the hill commanding the enemy; and the Colonel withdrew the regiment to the top of the hill in a perfectly exhausted condition, formed, and marched them into the woods for rest. During our retreat Colonel Slocum received a wound from a musket ball, in the right thigh, which rendered it necessary for him to retire from the field, which he did, placing the command in my hands. After remaining half an hour in this position I was commanded by Capt. Averill, Aid-de-Camp to the Colonel commanding, to join a united charge to be made against the enemy's strongest position by all the regiments not actually engaged at that moment. I marched in four ranks, under fire of

the battery commanding the road, to the creek, and filed to the right, under protection of its banks, to await the general assault. Seeing our forces engage the enemy by small detachments, and not in the order in which the attack was commanded to be made—that they were repulsed and driven back in disorder, and believing that no assistance I could render would avail in restraining the troops or stay their flight, I withdrew my command in perfect order to the heights above the stream, and formed in line of battle, facing the enemy, and remained in position until thousands of troops had passed to our rear, in flight and confusion. I then, at the urgent solicitation of the line officers, marched to the rear in direction of the retreat, and again formed, by command of General McDowell, in line of battle, facing the enemy, that he might have a nucleus to form the Division upon once more. The attempt proving ineffectual, I again marched to the rear, and by his command formed in line a third time. It being impossible to form in any force upon our lines, I withdrew the regiment from the field, and after a short rest, joined the retreating column. In the retreat to Washington we lost two sergeants—believed to have been cut off from the regiment at the bridge, which was fired upon by the enemy—and many men from exhaustion.

I am happy to report that, during the whole day, the men of the regiment behaved coolly and gallantly, promptly obeying every order; and that they never once retreated or gave way before the enemy without a positive command.

J. J. BARTLETT,

Major, commanding.

COL. ANDREW PORTER,

Commanding Second Brigade.

EXTRACTS, RELATING TO THE MOVEMENTS OF THE 27TH REGIMENT, FROM
COL. ANDREW PORTER'S OFFICIAL REPORT OF THE BATTLE.

* * * * *

“The head of the First Brigade was immediately turned slightly to the right, in order to give time and room for deployment on the right of the Second Brigade. Griffin's Battery found its way through the timber to the fields beyond, followed promptly by the Marines, while the Twenty-Seventh took direction more to the left. * * * The enemy appeared drawn up in a long line, extending along the Warrenton turn-pike. * * * Our right was rapidly developed by the Marines, Twenty-Seventh, Fourteenth and Eighth, with the Cavalry in rear of the

right, the enemy retreated with more precipitation than order as our line advanced. * * * Rebels soon came flying through the woods towards the right, and the Twenty-Seventh completed their rout by charging directly upon their center, in the face of a scorching fire, while the Fourteenth and Eighth moved down the turnpike, to cut off the retreating foe, and to support the Twenty-Seventh, which had lost its gallant Colonel, but was standing the brunt of the action, with its ranks thinning in the dreadful fire. * * *

Tyler's Division was engaged with the enemy's right. The Twenty-Seventh was resting in the edge of the woods in the center. * * *

The prestige of success had thus far attended the efforts of our inexperienced but gallant troops.

* * * A column, composed of the Twenty-Seventh New York, Eleventh and Fifth Massachusetts, First Minnesota and Sixty-Ninth New York moved up towards the left flank of the batteries. * *

Fire came from some infantry of the enemy, which had been mistaken for our own forces. * *

Soon the slopes behind us were swarming with our retreating and disorganized forces. * *

The Twenty-Seventh was the first to rally, under the command of Major Bartlett, and around it the other regiments engaged soon collected their scattered fragments. * *

The commanding general then ordered a retreat to Centerville. * *

Among those who deserve special mention are: Col. H. W. Slocum, who was wounded while leading his gallant Twenty-Seventh New York to the charge; and Maj. J. J. Bartlett, who subsequently commanded it, and by his enthusiasm and valor kept it in action and out of the panic. His conduct was imitated by his subordinates, of whom two, Capt. H. C. Rogers and Lieut. H. C. Jackson, were wounded, and Ensign Asa Park was killed. * *

A. PORTER,

Col. 16th Infantry U. S. Army, commanding Brigade,

To Capt. J. B. Fry, A. I. C.

CHAPTER II.

AFTER our return from the battle of Bull Run, we occupied our quarters at Franklin Square, in Washington, until near the middle of August. That terrible disease, camp diarrhoea—more destructive than the enemy's bullets—broke out in the regiment, and for a few weeks made sad havoc with the men. Drilling was dispensed with, and all other duties not absolutely necessary. It was impossible to find enough capable of performing duty to make up a complete camp guard.

On August 1st, we received our first pay from the United States, for one month and ten days' service, amounting to \$15.03, in gold. This was a bonanza for the boys.

Col. Slocum visited the camp on August 13th, still suffering from his wound, and walking upon crutches. Everybody was glad to see him, but sorry that we must soon lose him, as he had been promoted to Brigadier-General.

One day about this time, while a number of general officers were together at Gen. ———'s headquarters, it was announced in the papers that Grant—who was operating in the West—had been made a Brigadier-General, on the 7th of August. Several of these officers, who had known him in the regular army, received the announcement with derisive laughter, and ridiculed the appointee as one wholly unfit for the position. In the light of subsequent events, they must have felt somewhat chagrined at their former estimate of our great captain.

On August 14th several of the line officers were detailed on recruiting service, and went home on twenty days' leave of absence.

The same date, Aug. 14th, the regiment was assigned to Gen. Heintzleman's brigade, and ordered to move. We then packed up, and again crossing the Long Bridge, marched to Camp Vernon, on Hunting Creek, near Alexandria, where

we received our first tents, and commenced our life under canvas, and at the same time exchanged our smooth-bore muskets for U. S. Springfield rifles, which we carried during the entire term of service. We here spent most of our time in drilling by battalion or brigade, and the men began to show the effect of the drill in their improved soldierly appearance.

On the 16th the regiment went on picket, and on the 17th moved the camp to near Fort Ellsworth. On Sunday, the 18th, had preaching in the camp. In the afternoon a rain storm set in, continuing all night. The tents were not properly ditched, and before morning the boys found their "sleep" thoroughly water-soaked. After this they made up beds of cedar boughs to keep them off the damp ground.

On the following Sunday, the 25th, there was a brigade review in the morning, by Gen. McClellan; and preaching in the afternoon, by the Chaplain.

August 26th there was a detail made from each company and sent out to cut away the woods, and clear the ground on which Fort Lyon was afterwards built.

On the 27th news was received that the enemy was advancing, and that we should be attacked before morning. A fresh supply of ammunition was issued, knapsacks packed, and a sharp lookout was maintained all night. Nothing came of it, however.

From this time to September 5th, the ordinary routine of camp and picket duty was kept up. The picket line was along Hunting Creek. The "boys" seemed to like it, as it was gipsy-like, and preferable to remaining in camp,—on account of green corn, potatoes and fruit, which were plentiful.

On the 5th an election was held to fill the vacancies caused by the promotion of Col. Slocum to be Brigadier-General, the resignation of Lieut.-Col. Chambers, and the death of Lieutenant Park. The result was the election of J. J. Bartlett, Colonel; A. D. Adams, Lieutenant-Colonel; and C. C. Gardiner, Major. In place of Lieut. Park, Geo. Dickson was made Lieutenant.

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COL. J. J. BARTLETT.

On the same day the regiment was detached from Heintzleman's brigade, and assigned to a new brigade, commanded by Gen. Slocum, which was composed of the 16th, 26th and 27th New York, and the 5th Maine Volunteers; and was a few days later (the 12th) ordered into camp on the site of Fort Lyon, and built that fort. The camp at this place was called Camp Dickinson, in honor of Hon. D. S. Dickinson, of Binghamton, N. Y. Here we put aside our drilling, and exchanged our guns for the pick and shovel. The monotonous labor of building the fort was kept up for the next month, varied only by an occasional picket tour, or patrol after the cake, pie and whiskey peddlers, who came out from Alexandria and infested the camp. Rations of whiskey were occasionally issued, and although each man received only a half gill, yet by ways known only to a soldier, some would get drunk and find their way to the guard-house.

Fort Lyon was the grandest camping ground the regiment ever occupied. Standing on the entrenchments, and looking to the right, across the Potomac, could be seen the City of Washington, with the dome of the Capitol rising proudly towards the sky. Vessels were plying to and fro in the river, while Alexandria lay beneath us, like a sullen child,—its Confederate sympathizers cowed into silence by the presence of troops and the frowning of cannon. In front stretched the green valley of Hunting Creek, and to the left the highlands in the direction of Ball's Cross Roads: an artistic view, worthy of a painter's skill.

The picket lines were frequently posted on the Fairfax road and on the Stone road; also on the plantation of Dr. Mason, who was in the Confederate lines. The Mason family were bitter towards the soldiers; and the boys seemed to take a delight in milking their cows,—an occupation at which they were frequently aided by the slaves on the plantation. The Windsor plantation, further out, was at one time raided by order, and a fine herd of blooded stock was brought in, and some fine horses. These, however, were afterwards restored to the owner, by orders from headquarters.

October 3d a detachment, consisting of Co. F of the 27th, and companies from the 5th Maine and 26th New York, was sent out, under command of Col. Christian, of the 26th. They took the Mount Vernon road, and marched out through the Village of Occoquan, near Pohick church, in which Gen. Washington and his family formerly worshipped. The outposts of the enemy were met, but retired without firing a shot. On the return, a private in Co. F was accidentally shot and killed by one of his comrades.

On ———— date, Cos. K and C, commanded by Capts. Achilles and Wells, with a wagon train, made a raid upon the plantation of Col. John Washington, adjoining Mt. Vernon, on the Potomac, some fourteen miles from our camp. They secured several hundred bushels of grain, thirty-six barrels of salted Potomac herring, besides flour, bacon, several head of cattle, etc.

Some excitement was caused in camp during their absence by a report from the outposts, that a heavy cloud of dust marked the movement of the enemy in the direction of the Washington estate; and Gen. Slocum at once sent a force to their relief—which met the raiders returning with their plunder, unmolested.

A few days after, Col. Washington, who was in the Confederate army, was shot and killed by a Union sharp-shooter, while he was reconnoitering our lines.

Gen. Slocum's brigade was transferred to another location on October 14th, about half a mile southeast of Fairfax Seminary. In the immediate vicinity were the brigades of Gen. Kearney and Gen. Newton, and the three brigades together formed a division, commanded by Gen. Franklin,—the nucleus of the grand army known in history as the Army of the Potomac.

The camp of the 27th at this locality was named "Camp Clara," in honor of Mrs. Slocum, the wife of our first Colonel. Here we built log foundations to our tents, and went into winter quarters, and once more resumed our drilling, which was kept up almost uninterruptedly until the mud became

so deep on our drill ground, about mid-winter, that it had to be discontinued.

While in camp here, runaway slaves would often come into the lines and engage themselves as servants to the officers. Gen. Slocum hired a bright boy as body servant, whom the boys named "Jeff," after the President of the Confederate States, and he soon became a general favorite. About this time, orders were issued to the army, that all slaves should be returned to their masters, if a demand were made for them. Jeff's master and some rebel neighbors came after him, but the boys in our regiment getting wind of it, soon planned an "underground railroad," and Jeff was spirited away from one tent to another, and so securely hidden that, although every tent in camp was searched, this little darky never again gladdened the heart of his master. Gen. Slocum took him with him to the Peninsula, and he followed the fortunes of the army till about the time of the retreat, when he succumbed to the swamp fever; but was tenderly nursed by his fellow servants, in an attic room of a house where the General had his headquarters. One day, as a fellow-servant entered his room, he exclaimed, in his delirium, "Hurry up and black the General's boots!" These were his last words, and he soon passed away.

Many of the officers, having fixed up their quarters in comfortable shape, sent for their wives; and the camp seemed like the homes of a country village. The monotony of camp life was relieved by amusements of various kinds. Literary comrades became war correspondents, and in their diminutive quarters penned articles which were printed in the Northern journals, and fired anew the enthusiasm of the loyal. Sportive comrades (and there were many) employed their leisure moments in shuffling the "deceptive cards," and staking their "Government salary" on strong hands. Still others studied the army tactics, with a worthy ambition to ascend the ladder of military fame. The 27th was made up of an aggregation of rare geniuses, and its reputation extended wherever the drum-beat of the Army of the Potomac was heard.

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On November 8th, a brass band of twenty pieces was mustered in as part of the regiment, with Alexander Scott, of Rochester, as leader.

In November, the 26th New York was transferred to another brigade, and the 96th Pennsylvania took its place in Slocum's brigade.

ROSTER OF GEN. W. B. FRANKLIN'S DIVISION, AUTUMN AND WINTER OF 1861.

CAVALRY.

Col. McReynold's 1st New York Volunteers (Lincoln Cavalry).

INFANTRY.

First Brigade.—Gen. PHILIP KEARNEY.—1st, 2d, 3d and 4th New Jersey Volunteers.

Second Brigade.—Gen. H. W. SLOCUM.—27th New York, 16th New York, 5th Maine, 96th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.—Gen. JOHN NEWTON.—18th New York, 31st New York, 32d New York, 95th Pennsylvania (Gosline Zouaves).

ARTILLERY.

Platt's Battery D, 2d United States—Six Napoleon guns.

Porter's A, Massachusetts—Four 10-pound Parrott guns; two 12-pound howitzers.

Hexamer's A, New Jersey—Four 10-pound Parrott guns; two 12-pound howitzers.

Wilson's F, New York—Four 3-inch ordnance guns.

During the winter three events of special interest occurred. The first was the great review at Bailey's Cross Roads, November 20th, when about 100,000 soldiers passed in review before President Lincoln and Gen. McClellan. The 27th received special praise for the splendid division lines maintained, in spite of the muddy and slippery condition of the ground over which they passed. This review was one of extraordinary grandeur, and it seemed as if there were troops enough to move through the Confederacy without a repulse.

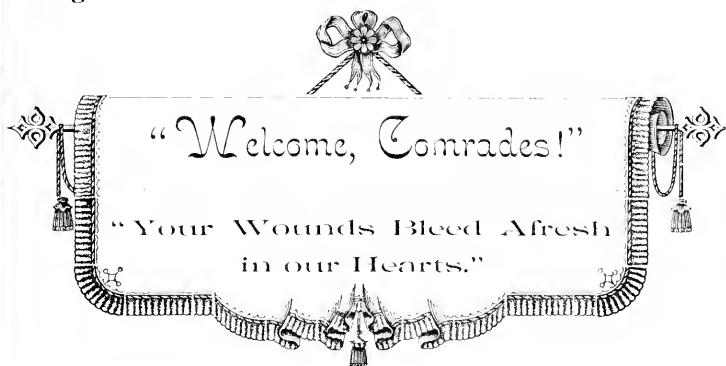
The next event was the execution of a soldier, named Johnson, of the 1st New York Cavalry, on December 13th. He was taken while attempting to desert to the enemy, with the intention of having his company captured on the picket post. On his person were found drafts of the fortifications. It seems that he was from New Orleans, and had joined this command for the purpose of serving the Southern cause. He was speedily tried, and sentenced to be shot. The entire division was marched out to witness the execution, and formed on three sides of a square. The prisoner was placed in position, blindfolded, and while kneeling upon his coffin, ten members of his company marched to within a few paces, and fired their carbines into his breast. He fell forward on his face, and the troops marched past the body and back to their camp. This was the first execution after the opening of hostilities, by sentence of court martial.

January 1, 1862.—The new year was welcomed in by the firing of cannon and music by the bands. Volley after volley of musketry was fired, until the whole army participated in the noisy demonstration. Citizens of Washington and Alexandria were alarmed, thinking that a battle was being fought.

But the "red-letter" day of the regiment, while in winter quarters, was the 11th of January, '62, the occasion being the return of about thirty of the prisoners who had been captured at the Bull Run battle. Considerable preparation had been made in anticipation of the day set for their reception. A triumphal arch of evergreens was erected on the extreme left of the street between the officers' quarters

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and the companies' quarters. At the centre of the arch, within a wreath, was the number "27," and below, the following:



It was Saturday afternoon. The whole regiment turned out, and, headed by Scott's Band, and preceded by Gen. Slocum and staff, marched down the Alexandria road about a mile, where they met the comrades, fresh from a Southern prison pen, under the command of Corp. Merrill, whom they had selected to direct their movements. They were a fantastic squad,—some dressed with government blankets over their shoulders, to protect them from the wintry blast; others, with rags hanging about their emaciated frames. The regiment halted and formed in two ranks, open order, facing inward. Gen. Slocum and staff, with the field officers, advanced and saluted the prisoners, and escorted them between the open ranks, while Scott's Band played "Bold Soldier Boy," and the whole regiment set up a terrific cheering. The line was re-formed, and escorted the prisoners to Camp Clara, where the parade was dismissed, and every one participated in a sort of do-as-you-please entertainment until a late hour. The enthusiasm was contagious, and many officers and men from other regiments, camped in the vicinity, came to help welcome the returned comrades, and participate in the general hilarity.

The next day the Richmond boys, each with a furlough for twenty days, started for a visit to their several homes.

From this time till Spring, is known as the "Season of inactivity." Some of the time picket duty was performed in the midst of severe rain and snow storms, the men suffering greatly. The camp was like a mortar-bed; dress parades and drills were impossible. Details were made to cut wood and bring it to camp. Roads had to be repaired, and it took six horses to draw a one-horse load. This work continued until March 10th, when the wood details were discharged, and the regiment marched, in a pouring rain, to Fairfax C. H., fourteen miles from our camp. This movement was made by the whole army, and called a "parade," because the enemy was not found, having retreated to the Rappahannock, leaving strong fortifications,—from which, it would seem, they never could have been driven. The regiment, while at Fairfax, was camped near the village, and Col. Bartlett named the location, "Camp Diven," in honor of Hon. A. S. Diven, of Elmira, N. Y. Here, for the first time, we camped under small shelter tents: there had been issued, to each man, two pieces of twilled cotton cloth, about four feet wide and six feet long; when these were buttoned together, they formed what was termed a "shelter" tent; but that was a misnomer, and the boys thought it must have been adopted because of the very imperfect shelter they afforded, except in dry and pleasant weather. As two comrades generally slept together, the extra two pieces formed the ends or gables of the shelter, and when these pieces were sloped out sufficiently, it was possible for a medium-sized man to crawl in on his hands and knees, and, by lying in the center, shelter himself from a light dew; but when two were obliged to squeeze into this queer sort of a "dog-house," as we dubbed it, somebody's feet generally protruded. When it rained, the water trickled through the ridge where the pieces were joined; the rain also finding its way through the thin material, fell in fine spray upon our blankets. But carrying our own tents relieved the baggage trains of a large part of their load, and the number of wagons was correspondingly reduced. The men recognized the necessity of this, and

after a little became reconciled to the change, and we had no other shelter during the remainder of our term of service.

The soldiers will all remember Camp Diven with interest. One day while here, a long train of army wagons passed the camp, loaded with lager beer, going out to Blenker's Division of Germans, camped more to the front. A very large number of men collected on each side of the road, gaping at the novel train, with their mouths just watering for the good stuff, that was "so near, and yet so far!" But, like all good soldiers, they were equal to the occasion and presently, as the train was ascending a little hill, some one managed to cut the straps that held up the tail-gate, and the ropes with which the canvas cover was tied over the end of the wagon,—when out rolled barrel after barrel of the Germans' beer. These were quickly rolled to one side, the heads knocked in, and thousands of men, with tin cups and pails, could be seen running to the train, all anxious to get a taste of the booty. Load after load was thus dumped on this hill, and finally it was found necessary to make a charge with a whole regiment of cavalry in order to drive off the raiders, and to protect the train over the balance of its journey.

We remained in Camp Diven two days.

The nights were so cold that many could not sleep; but the foraging was very good, and many a porker was brought in.

While at Fairfax a new organization of the Army of the Potomac was made. Slocum's brigade and Franklin's division were placed in McDowell's corps, and called 2d Brigade, 1st Division, 1st Corps.

On the 14th, the regiment marched back and bivouacked near Brenton's Tavern, and on the next day returned to "Camp Clara," where we remained till the morning of April 4th, when Fred. Bender's bugle called the regiment into line, and we started on a march to Alexandria, and took the cars to Manassas Plains, and from there marched, via Bristol, to Catlett's Station, where we bivouacked for sev-

eral days, under our shelter tents. While here a terrible storm of rain and snow came on, and the camp, being on low ground, was almost flooded, so that the men had to abandon the camp and seek shelter on higher ground, under sheds and in negro cabins, near a farm house. Here we built up rousing fires in those old Virginia fireplaces, and around them at night the men could be found in squads, singing (while the pitiless storm raged without), "Do they miss me at home?" and other songs, all tending to cheer them up in their forlorn condition; and could you have looked in upon us, you would have found a happy, jolly crowd. The calves, chickens and pigs that were brought in, were served up in savory style, and the feasting and revelry that marked this camp will be long remembered by every comrade.

Some of the officers will remember the uncivil manner in which Gen. Kearney drove them off when they sought shelter at a house where he had established his headquarters.

The weather having cleared, we returned to camp, and at daylight on the 12th boarded the cars, and returned to Alexandria, where we went into camp, near Fort Ellsworth.

Before leaving Catlett's Station, there was a dispute between Gens. Slocum and Kearney as to which brigade should take the cars, as there was transportation for one brigade only. It was decided in favor of our brigade, and we boarded the platform cars and started, being drawn by two wheezy old engines. We moved along very well on the level track and down-grades, but on the up-grades we had to dismount, and sometimes help the engines up with the empty train. The consequence was, that when we arrived at Alexandria, we found a part of Kearney's men already in camp,—he having marched them over the distance in better time than our train made!

CHAPTER III.

WE remained in this camp till the 17th, when the regiment, accompanied by Gen. Slocum and staff, embarked on the steamer S. R. Spaulding and sailed down the Potomac, passing Mt. Vernon and other points of interest on this historic stream.

For a time the scenery along the banks was magnificent, and the men, accustomed only to plodding up and down the hills, through Virginia mud, enjoyed the new sensation of a sail very much; but at night a violent storm set in; many were sea-sick; and, while the wind whistled through the shrouds, and the vessel rolled, making but little headway in the darkness, many a man was ready to exchange "his life on the ocean wave" for the red mud again.

We remained on the steamer for several days; were quartered on the upper deck, without shelter from the rain, and with no facilities for cooking our food. We ate our salt pork raw, and sometimes (by paying the cook), we could get enough hot water from the galley to make a cup of coffee.

On the afternoon of the 23d we ran down past Fortress Monroe, securing a fine view of the outside of the fort. At dark we ran over to Ship Point, and on the 24th landed near the mouth of the York River, and put up our tents in a beautiful grove of pine trees along the shore. Here oysters and clams were plentiful, and, while the main part of the army was besieging Yorktown, we quietly remained at

this safe distance, and fairly reveled in the bivalves, fresh from the beds. On May 3d, Yorktown was evacuated, and the next day we bid a sorrowful good-by to our camp and oyster-beds, and re-embarked on the S. R. Spaulding; anchored in the bay for the night, and at daylight (May 5th) ran up the York River as far as Yorktown, and anchored. While here we could distinctly hear the cannonading of the battle of Williamsburg. On the following day the fleet ran up the river to West Point, the S. R. Spaulding in the lead. The journey was one that never will be forgotten by the soldiers of that command. The banks and sloping hills were green with the heavy foliage of May, and the beauty of the scene far exceeded anything before witnessed by the men, on the soil of Virginia. It was a sun-burst of May glory, preceding the gloom of a tedious and bloody campaign. A landing was effected at Brick House Point, on the left bank of the river, opposite West Point, the regiment going ashore in small boats,—Col. Bartlett, in a boat with Co. "C," being the first to land; and, after searching the field with his glass, ordered the regiment ashore. Only a few of the enemy's mounted videttes and infantry scouts were discovered. The regiment was deployed as skirmishers upon the open plain, which extended back a mile or more to a dense forest. Across this plain the line advanced to a roadway running into the woods, along which the picket posts were established for the night, in squads of three or four, with intervals of four or five rods between. In the rear of this line lay the reserve. About dark two prisoners from the 5th Texas were captured, on the left. One of these was a very tall man, and the other a little short man, who wore spectacles,—a comical looking soldier.

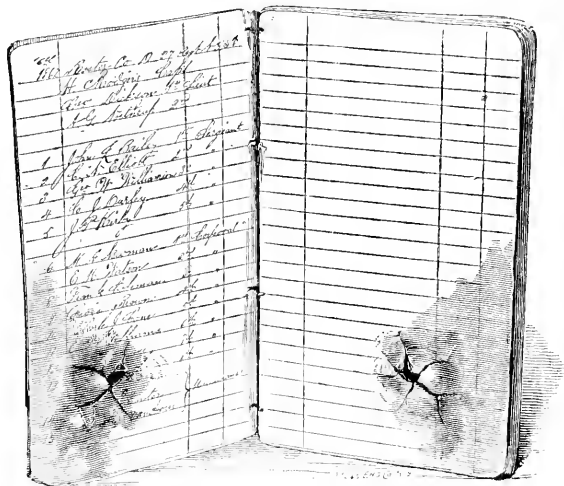
Darkness soon came on; the night was very cold, and the men began their anxious watch through the long, dark hours. The moon rose over the woods soon after 11 o'clock, and exposed some of the posts to the view of the enemy—who were lurking in the woods. All seemed quiet in front till 12 o'clock, when Lieut. Bailey, of Co. D, began his tour of inspection along the vidette posts. He tarried

to chat with some of his men who were stationed in a clearing occupied by two or three "poor-white-trash cabins," with the gardens grown up to bushes. Through this clearing ran a wagon track, which terminated at the woods, with a set of bars. Bailey seated himself on the knapsack of Corp. Crocker, who was standing guard, and with whom he was conversing in a low tone, saying "he was anxious to meet the enemy in battle on the morrow," as he had never been in an engagement, on account of sickness. Crocker, hearing a rustling of the leaves in the direction of the woods, notified Bailey, who, seizing the gun of one of the comrades who was lying down, took his stand by the side of Crocker, both peering into the darkness: soon they saw approaching, along the roadway, two men walking side by side, with guns at a trail, and not more than fifteen or twenty feet distant. "Halt! Who comes there?" demanded Bailey. The two men immediately drew their pieces, Crocker and Bailey doing the same. Two of the four pieces were discharged, Bailey and one rebel falling with their guns cocked, neither having fired. Crocker, with his companions, retired towards the reserve, re-loading his piece as he did so. They then lay down in silence the balance of the night.

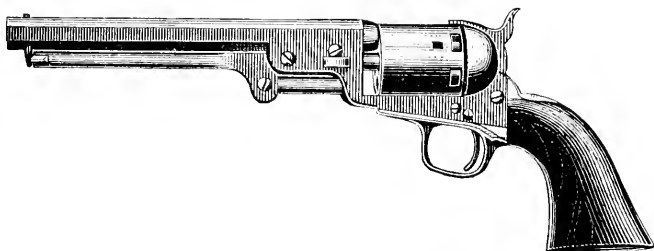
At daybreak, when the advance was made, we found a body dressed in gray, a few feet in front of our fallen officer. Both the victims lay on their backs, outstretched at full length, with their heads in opposite directions. Bailey was shot through the heart, and the rebel through the left arm and neck. On search, the dead Confederate proved to be Sergt. Wm. Hartley, of the Fourth Alabama. On his body was found an order from Gen. Magruder, authorizing Hartley to act as a scout; also a revolver, and a gold watch of antique English pattern. After the war, Lieut. C. N. Elliott forwarded the watch to Hartley's family, at Huntsville, Alabama, and received a kind acknowledgment of the courtesy. The watch proved to be an old family relic. Hartley was a Yale graduate, and a young man of promise. Among

the letters found on his person were some from a young lady friend in New Haven.

Lieut. Bailey was from Binghamton, N. Y., and a young officer of great promise, and a favorite with the whole regiment. He had received his commission only a few days before, and this was his first tour of duty as an officer. The ball that killed him passed through the Company Roll-



ROLL BOOK OF Co. "D," SHOWING BULLET-HOLE AND BLOOD STAINS.



REVOLVER FOUND ON (THE REBEL) HARTLEY'S BODY. Book, which he carried in his left side pocket, and *through the name of Crocker*. This ghastly relic is still preserved by one of the comrades of Co. "D." Corporal Crocker still owns the revolver that was found on the body of his

victim; and, by the way, has made New Haven his home since the war, and is now living in the same city as the lady whose lover he killed on that memorable field. The body of Lieut. Bailey was placed in a rough board box, and tenderly buried by his comrades, at the side of the York River, beneath two weeping-willow trees, and marked by a board. The body of Hartley was interred where he fell. This tragic death of Lieut. Bailey, and the swift retribution that met the handsome, daring Rebel scout, was a marked incident in the history of the regiment.

At daylight on the morning of the 7th, we advanced our line of skirmishers into the woods, and soon had our picket line established in a half-circle, with the York River on the left, and the Pamunkey on the right.

About 9 o'clock Capt. Jay, of Co. F, with a detail from different companies, made an advance through the woods. Seeing a few cavalymen on a hill in advance, his force was so disposed as to capture them, if possible. As the little force advanced, the cavalymen leisurely fell back over the brow of the hill, and the Captain bid his men go on,—saying he was a little lame, and would follow as fast as he could. When the advance reached the top of the hill, they found themselves within short range of a heavy line of battle. Our boys fired their pieces, and then retreated,—some to the cover of the woods on the right and left, and others straight down the field, in the direction from which they had advanced, followed by a shower of rebel bullets. Sergt. Ronk, of Co. "C," sought shelter behind a clump of bushes, where he remained till nearly every branch was shot away by the enemy's balls. Then jumping up and running for his life, he cleared a rail fence at a single bound, and came down in a deep ditch on the other side. He often afterwards declared that he was the worst frightened man in the Army of the Potomac. In this retreat Capt. Jay led the line. He was not lame then: hatless, and with coat-tails flying, he came through the woods upon the reserves, shouting: "Get out of these woods! Get out of these woods!"

When our men discharged their pieces, an officer seated on a gray horse fell to the ground; and the next day, when the advance was made, we found a fresh grave, and the headboard was marked, "Major ——, of the First Regiment of Texans." Two of our men were lost.

The enemy followed up closely, and a general engagement came on. The plan of the Rebels was to drive our skirmishers from the dense woods, and endeavor to get a position in the open ground between the woods and the river, from which they could reach our place of landing and our transports with their artillery fire. The open plain was covered with Union regiments, batteries of artillery and battalions of cavalry, the division having all landed. The battle now commenced in dead earnest. The forest was all ablaze with musketry. They succeeded in driving us away from the woods, but when they attempted to advance, our fire was too much for them, and they were driven back, with the aid of the artillery and the gunboats, which sent over the heads of our men, their ponderous messengers of death. The battle continued till 3 o'clock, when the enemy retired.

After being relieved, we had little to do except to watch the shells as they exploded between the contending lines; and, aside from the danger connected with it, it is one of the grandest things, in the fireworks line, one ever saw. We could not see the shell, but by aid of the sound its path could be traced. At first it rushes along high in air, at a rate that puzzles the eyes and ears to follow it, when—presto! change! and where nothing had been seen before, a little cloudlet of whitish blue smoke appears, and the sharp report soon comes to our ears. The furious whistle or screech of the shell, its tremendous rapidity, its instant explosion and apparently dead stop, make it wonderfully exciting and brilliant.

The casualties of the battle of West Point did not fall heavily on our regiment.

The following extracts are from the reports of the commanding officers, in regard to the battle of West Point:

HEADQUARTERS FRANKLIN'S DIVISION, {
 At BRICK HOUSE, May 7, 1862. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to report that, this morning, about seven o'clock, our pickets were driven in on our left flank; and that, after skirmishing for about two hours, the action became quite sharp at the right extremity of that flank. Our reserves were driven in several times, but returned to their positions with ardor. Finally we held the position which we had taken in the morning, and at several points of the line advanced our positions. Wherever we advanced, the enemy was found in rifle-pits. The day has been a success, and but for the extreme want of forage and provisions, we might have followed it up. As it is, I congratulate myself that we have maintained our position. Gen. Newton's command was most severely engaged, and his conduct and that of Gen. Slocum, who have charge respectively of the right and left wings, was admirable.

All of the officers and men behaved admirably, and with transportation and forage we could move on to-morrow. The killed and wounded and missing amount to 186.

Very respectfully,

W. B. FRANKLIN,
 Brigadier-General Commanding Division.

HEADQUARTERS OF DIVISION, {
 WHITE HOUSE, Va., May 17, 1862. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to make the following report of the landing of my division on York River, near West Point, on the 6th instant; and of the action with the enemy, near the point of disembarkation, on the 7th instant.

In obedience to the orders of the General-in-Chief, the division left Cheesman's Creek during the night of the 4th, using for the infantry and a portion of the cavalry the transportation which had brought them from Alexandria; and for the artillery, canal boats fastened together in pairs, decked over so as to serve as wharves for landing; and a few barges and schooners. I arrived at the point designated for the landing at three p. m. of the 6th. The landing commenced as soon as a reconnoissance of the shore was finished. My ignorance of the topography of the place of landing, and the fact that the enemy's cavalry and infantry were seen in the woods surrounding the plain on which we landed, as soon as the landing

began, convinced me that something was to be feared from the enemy in the morning. During the night one of our pickets and one of the enemy's were killed, and two prisoners were taken by our pickets. From these we learned that the enemy was in large force in our front, and that we were to be attacked in the morning. Precautions were taken during the night to prevent the success of an attack. The roads approaching the landing were obstructed by felled trees; the vigilance of the sentinels was redoubled; the wood surrounding the plain upon which the landing was made, was thoroughly watched by pickets which were posted by Col. Bartlett's Twenty-seventh New York Regiment, the Colonel being general officer of the day, and to their watchfulness and efficiency our success of the next day is, to a great extent, due.

Nothing was heard from the enemy until about nine o'clock in the morning; then firing between the pickets in the vicinity of the road entering the plain from the interior commenced, and increased in violence until the action became severe, between ten and eleven o'clock. The Twenty-seventh New York Regiment, Col. Bartlett, was on picket during the night of the 6th. Three companies helped to commence the contest on the next day. They behaved well; and Capt. Jay, of that regiment, was distinguished for his good conduct and good sense. The other seven companies of this regiment supported Wilson's Battery during the day. I recommend to your favorable consideration Gens. Slocum and Newton, who commanded the left and right wings; both showed superior skill in placing troops on the field. I regret that our loss was so heavy, but it is no larger than might have been anticipated, considering the severity of the attack and the numbers engaged on both sides.

Very respectfully yours,

W. B. FRANKLIN,

Commanding Division.

HEADQUARTERS SECOND BRIGADE, {
NEAR WEST POINT, Va., May 7, 1862. }

SIR:—I have the honor to report that, in the engagement which occurred to-day, I was in command of the centre and left wing of our forces. It was apparent, soon after the commencement of the engagement, that the efforts of the enemy were to be directed mainly against our right wing; and at the request of Gen. Newton, I sent reinforcements to him, consisting of the Fifth Maine, and the Sixteenth and Twenty-seventh New York,

which are attached to the brigade under my command. All of our troops, so far as my observation extended, behaved with great coolness and bravery. The First Massachusetts Battery, under command of Capt. Porter, is entitled to great credit for the accuracy of its fire.

I am greatly indebted to Capt. H. C. Rogers and other members of my staff, all of whom were actively engaged during the entire day.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant, H. W. SLOCUM,
Brigadier-General Volunteers.

HEADQUARTERS THIRD BRIGADE, }
WEST POINT, Va., May 8, 1862. }

SIR:—I have the honor to report the result of the action with the enemy on the 7th instant. Early in the morning of that day, the division having landed at this place the night previous, I made, as far as time permitted, an examination of the ground upon which we had landed; and aided by information obtained from Captain Jay, of the Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers—whose gallant conduct during the day deserves honorable mention—I became satisfied that the map of the locality furnished us was entirely incorrect, in a military point of view; in consequence of which it became necessary to change the location of my brigade to the right of the position.

A little before 9 A. M. the pickets commenced firing on the front of the right of our position, and I immediately directed Capt. Hexamer's battery to harness up and proceed to that point. Pickets then signaled the enemy approaching in large force, with cavalry and artillery, upon the right, which was occupied by my brigade. Soon the firing of musketry in front became very quick and rapid, and in heavy volleys, indicating the presence of a large force before us. After a gallant and obstinate resistance, our pickets and several reconnoitering parties which had been sent out, were driven in by overwhelming forces. The pickets fell back in good order, and, being reinforced by two regiments, were again sent forward. By 11 A. M. the force of the enemy engaged had become so great that my men were forced back to the edge of the woods, retiring slowly and in excellent order. I then threw into the woods, in front of the right, four regiments, with directions to "feel" the enemy, and maintain their ground at all hazards. I am happy to say that this was effectual, and that for three hours—until 3 P. M., when the action terminated—my position was firmly held, when the enemy slowly retired.

Gen. Slocum, who commanded the left and centre of the division, generously furnished me with all the assistance I required. Among the troops engaged on our side were three companies of the Twenty-seventh New York. All the troops engaged behaved with great steadiness.

Our loss in the action was over 200, in killed, wounded and missing. I regret to add a long list of killed and wounded among the officers engaged.

Capt. Hess, of the Thirty-first New York, with a single company in front of a regiment of the enemy, was killed, and his two lieutenants were wounded—one mortally, and the other severely. Of this one company all the non-commissioned officers, save one, were killed, and forty privates killed and wounded,—evincing a degree of heroism which is worthy of all praise.

All the troops engaged behaved with great steadiness, and there were many other instances of heroism among the officers and men brought to my notice, but they are too numerous to be included in a report.

The enemy committed inhuman barbarities upon some of the wounded. One was found with his throat cut, and another bore the marks of eight bayonet stabs in his body.

I have no means of ascertaining correctly the force of the enemy. We know, however, that it was at least Gen. Whiting's division, including the Hampton Legion. Besides this large body of the enemy, a reserve at least 20,000 strong was supporting the attacking force. The attack which they made was evidently with a view to prevent the division molesting their line of retreat, and to drive us into the river, if they obtained the advantage. The gunboats rendered efficient service by throwing shells into the enemy, at a distance of two miles. At the end of the day we occupied a position in advance of that held at the commencement of the action.

I am, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

JOHN NEWTON,

Commanding Right Wing General Franklin's Division.

ROSTER OF SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

MAJOR-GEN. WM. B. FRANKLIN, COMMANDING.

IN THE PENINSULAR CAMPAIGN, 1862.

FIRST DIVISION.

Major-General H. W. SLOCUM, Commanding.

First Brigade.—Col. A. T. A. TORBERT.—1st, 2d, 3d and 4th New Jersey Volunteers.

Second Brigade.—Col. J. J. BARTLETT.—16th and 27th New York, 5th Maine and 96th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. JOHN NEWTON.—18th, 31st and 32d New York Volunteers, and 95th Pennsylvania (Gosline Zouaves.)

ARTILLERY.

Platt's Battery D, 2d United States—Six Napoleon guns.

Porter's A, Massachusetts—Four 10-pound Parrott guns; two 12-pound howitzers.

Hexamer's A, New Jersey—Four 10-pound Parrott guns; two 12-pound howitzers.

Wilson's F, New York—Four 3-inch Ordnance guns.

SECOND DIVISION.

Major-Gen. WILLIAM F. SMITH, Commanding.

First Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. W. S. HANCOCK.—5th Wisconsin, 49th Pennsylvania, 43d New York, 6th Maine.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. W. H. BROOKS.—2d, 3d, 4th, 5th and 6th Vermont Volunteers.

Third Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. DAVIDSON.—33d, 77th, 49th New York Volunteers, and 7th Maine Volunteers.

ARTILLERY.

Ayres's F, 5th United States—Four 10-pound Parrotts and two Napoleons.

Mott's 3d New York Battery—Four 10-pound Parrotts and two Napoleons.

Wheeler's E, 1st New York—Four 3-inch Ordnance guns.

Kennedy's 1st New York Battery—Six 3-inch Ordnance guns.

The next morning after the battle a detail from our regiment accompanied Gen. Slocum beyond our lines, to ascertain the position and numbers of the enemy. Marching through the woods, evidences of the conflict of the previous day were noticeable on all sides. Large trees were splintered by the gunboat shells, dead soldiers were strewn here and there, and the ambulance force was busy gathering the bodies for burial. As the escort was moving leisurely along, they met two colored men coming in from the enemy's lines. They were carefully questioned by the General, as to the location and numbers of the enemy. One of the colored men replied: "Dar's heaps ob dem out in de field. Dis poor uneducated nigger can't count 'em, but dey's like the locusts of Egypt, and dat's as near as I can cipher it, Massa." The escort did not advance further, but soon after returned to camp. Two days the regiment lay in camp three miles from the battle-field, at Brick House Point, and on the 11th moved to Eltham. While here Gen. McClellan rode through our camp, and the same day it was announced that the enemy had evacuated Norfolk. We then began to move up the peninsula, in the rear of the rebel army, which was gradually drawing closer to Richmond.

As we advanced, in a deserted rebel encampment we found numerous loyal secession songs, which their soldiers were encouraged to sing. The following is a sample :

Come, all ye sons of freedom, and join our Southern band ;
We are going to fight the enemy, and drive them from our land.
Justice is our motto, and Providence our guide,
So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS—Wait for the wagon,
The dissolution wagon ;
The South is our wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

Secession is our password, and our rights we'll all demand,
And to defend our firesides we pledge our hearts and hands ;
Jeff. Davis is our President, with Stephens by his side,
Brave Beauregard, our General, will join us in the ride.

CHORUS.

Our wagon's plenty large enough, our running-gear is good,
It's stuffed with cotton around the sides, and made of Southern wood ;
South Carolina is the driver, with Georgia by her side,
Virginia will hold our flag up, and we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS.

There's Tennessee and Texas also in the ring ;
They wouldn't have a government where Cotton isn't king ;
Alabama, too, and Florida have long ago replied ;
Mississippi is in the wagon, and anxious for a ride.

CHORUS.

Kentucky and Maryland are slow ;
They must join ere long, or where will they go ?
The Missouri boys are ready to join our noble tide,
So come along, brave Jackson, and join us in the ride.

CHORUS.

Our cause is just and holy, our men are brave and true ;
To whip the Lincoln invaders, is all we have to do.
God bless our noble army,—in Him we all confide,
So jump into the wagon, and we'll all take a ride.

CHORUS—Wait for the wagon,
The dissolution wagon ;
The South is our wagon,
And we'll all take a ride.

On the 13th started at 3 A. M., and after a ten-mile march in the scorching sun, we reached the sandy plain of Cumberland. Here we formed a junction with our main army, that had come up from Yorktown by way of Williamsburg. Soon after getting into camp, the enemy made a dash on our wagon train, which created some alarm. We were called into line, but the excitement was soon over. Cumberland was made a base of supplies for the Army of the Potomac; and while here Gen. McClellan organized two additional army corps: the Fifth Corps to be commanded by Fitz John Porter, and the Sixth Corps to be commanded by Franklin. By this change, Franklin's division and W. F. Smith's division constituted the Sixth Corps, and Gen. Slocum assumed command of the First Division. Col. Bartlett was put in command of Slocum's brigade, and the 27th Regiment was commanded by Lieut.-Col. Adams.

May 15th, broke camp at daylight, and marched to White House (about eight miles), on the Pamunky River,—a place where it is said Gen. Washington first met the widow Custis, who afterwards became his wife. Rained hard all day; the roads muddy, and baggage delayed. All agreed that it was one of the most fatiguing marches the regiment had ever made. We were not allowed to take the fence rails for fires, and we passed a cheerless, tedious night.

May 20th, marched to Tunstall's Station. Here the mile-posts on the railroad read: "To Richmond 18 miles." Towards evening, advanced three miles, and bivouacked after dark. The next day we moved on to Cold Harbor, on the Chickahominy River; and on the morning of the 22d, in company with the 16th New York, a section of artillery, and two companies of the First New York Cavalry, we were sent on a reconnoissance towards Mechanicsville, under command of Col. Bartlett, and advanced about six miles,—close up to the enemy's lines. After ascertaining the position of the enemy, we returned to camp, where we arrived about 11 P. M., having lost only two cavalrymen—one of whom was killed, and the other captured.

Col. Bartlett was complimented in flattering terms by his



COL. A. D. ADAMS.

superior officers for his skill, and the important information he had gained as to the position and numbers of the enemy. The next morning Stoneman was heard pounding away at Mechanicsville, which soon fell into our hands.

On the 27th broke camp, at daylight, during a hard rain storm, and marched into Mechanicsville. Pitched our tents in a beautiful grove, in the centre of which was a large hotel, built on the crest of a high bank, which sloped back some distance from the Chickahominy. It was a lovely spot, five miles from Richmond, and, in ante-bellum days, a favorite resort for people riding out from the capital, to spend a pleasant afternoon or evening. There were only a half dozen houses in the village, all of which showed the marks of the shelling they had received; and a shot that passed over a wheat field near by, had cut a trough just below the heads, the size and shape of the under side of the shot, as clean as it could have been done with a sickle.

To the left of our position the main army was encamped. Previous to our arrival, the bridges over the Chickahominy had been destroyed, and McClellan built eleven bridges, with logway approaches across the swampy bottom lands which border the stream. These were all soon swept away by a flood, and had to be rebuilt. From this camp we performed picket duty along the river, going as far north as Meadow Bridge,—the enemy saluting us with an occasional shell. One day a twelve-pound conical shell came whistling through the air, and buried itself in the ground near a reserve party. As it did not explode, the men dug it up and took it to a gunner of Upton's battery, who inserted a new fuse, and sent it back, aiming at a supply train that was passing in the distance. It struck and blew up a wagon loaded with ammunition,—the gunner sustaining his reputation of being the best shot in the Army of the Potomac.

A prominent object of interest to all the soldiers, since landing on the peninsula, has been Prof. Lowe's captive balloon, which is attached to headquarters, and in which some of the officers make an ascent nearly every day, for the purpose of inspecting the rebel lines and watching their

movements. Occasionally the rebels train a gun on it, and try to reach it with a shell. They do not succeed, however; but one of these shells, the other morning, came over our lines, and dropped down into the cook-house at Gen. Slocum's headquarters, scattering the camp kettles and demoralizing the cooks,—who were just then preparing breakfast.

Sometimes these ascents are quite perilous,—at least the one made by Gen. Fitz John Porter, in front of Yorktown, early in April, proved to be. The following account of it is taken partly from the *New York Herald*:

YORKTOWN, Va., April 11, 1862.

The exciting event of the day has been a balloon reconnoissance, by Gen. Fitz John Porter, on a scale of rather larger magnitude than was intended. At 5 o'clock in the morning Gen. Porter took his place in Prof. Lowe's balloon. He supposed the usual number of ropes were attached to it, whereas there was only one; and a place in this, as was afterwards ascertained, had been burned by vitriol used in generating gas. Taking his seat in the car, unaccompanied by any one, the rope was let out to nearly its full length—the length is about 900 yards—when, suddenly, snap went the cord! and up went the balloon! This was an unexpected part of the programme. The men below looked up with astonishment, and the general looked down with equal bewilderment.

"Open the valve!" shouted one of the men below. "I'll manage it," responded the general. Up went the balloon! higher!! higher!!! It rose with great rapidity, and the wind was taking it directly over the enemy's lines. By this time every staff officer and hundreds of others were looking at the run-away monster. It was impossible to describe the anxiety felt and expressed for the fate of him, the brave general, who was thus, apparently, being taken directly into the enemy's hands. In the meantime the general, having no wish to drop in among the rebels, thought it best to let the valve take care of itself; and, throwing out a little ballast, soon rose out of the reach of the rebel bullets, and employed his time in taking notes of the rebel objects below. Crowds of soldiers rushed from their tents, and he could hear their shouts distinctly. The map of the country was clearly discernible. He saw Yorktown and its works; York River and its windings.

Fortunately a counter current of air struck the balloon, and its course was reversed. Its retreat from rebeldom was rapid, and when safely over our lines, he opened the valve, the gas escaped, and down he came. The

car struck the top of a shelter tent, knocked the tent into "pi," and left him enveloped in a mass of collapsed oil silk. He crawled out, and found himself in the middle of a camp, not a hundred rods from Gen. McClellan's headquarters; and was soon surrounded by the members of his staff and a squad of cavalry, who had ridden out in the direction of the descending balloon.

"You are a suspicious character!" remarked one of the officers.

"How so?" asked the general.

"In the space of half an hour, you have been *taken up* by a balloon, and *arrested* by a shelter tent."

Gen. Porter made over one hundred ascents in the balloon while on the peninsula.

While at Mechanicsville the battle of Hanover C. H. was fought, May 27th, Gen. Porter commanding; the Fifth Corps engaging the enemy, who had fallen back from Fredericksburg towards Richmond. Our regiment was ordered to be prepared for action, and the reserve artillery in the grove was made ready for an attack.

When we were ordered to prepare for action, a recruit in Co. ——— notified his captain that he did not want to go to the front. He was taken over to headquarters and reported to Gen. Slocum, when he began to cry, and begged to be sent home. The general made game of him, and called him a big baby. "I wish I was a baby, and a girl baby, too!" whimpered the soldier. His tears, however, did not avail, and he was sent back to his company, where he soon learned that he could not clear right out every time a fight was brewing.

The roar of Porter's conflict was distinctly heard, and all indications pointed to an engagement in which the 27th would again be numbered. Nothing came of it, however, as Porter soon routed the enemy.

On the night of the 30th occurred one of those terrible thunder storms for which Virginia is noted. The rain descended in torrents, the flashes of lightning were vivid and continuous, and the thunder at times seemed to fairly shake the earth, and at others sounded like volleys of musketry. In the morning the low lands were deluged, the Chicka-

hominy, had overflowed its banks, the bridges were swept away,—and the army had been cut in two by the rapid and unlooked-for rise! The enemy, taking advantage of this condition of things, determined to fall upon, and if possible crush that portion south of the river. Accordingly, on the 31st, the battle of Fair Oaks was fought; and June 1st, that of Seven Pines. During the latter battle our regiment was called out, and made a feint upon the rebel videttes at the Mechanicsville bridge, but elicited no response. All day we could see their columns moving towards Fair Oaks, but we were cut off from crossing the river to the support of our troops.

June 1st, the regiment went on picket, and received a good shelling from one of the enemy's batteries. A few rounds from one of our batteries soon silenced them. The paymaster arrived on June 2d, and we received two months' pay.

The same day Gen. McClellan issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, {
Camp near New Bridge, Va., June 2, 1862. }

Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac:

I have fulfilled at least a part of my promise to you. You are now face to face with the rebels, who are at bay in front of their capital. The final and decisive battle is at hand. Unless you belie your past history, the result cannot for a moment be doubtful. If the troops who labored so patiently and fought so gallantly at Yorktown, and who so bravely won the hard fights at Williamsburg, West Point, Hanover Court House, and Fair Oaks, now prove worthy of their antecedents, the victory is surely ours. The events of every day prove your superiority; wherever you have met the enemy you have beaten him; wherever you have used the bayonet, he has given way in panic and disorder. I ask of you now one last crowning effort. The enemy has staked his all on the issue of the coming battle. Let us meet and crush him here, in the very centre of the rebellion.

Soldiers, I will be with you in this battle, and share its dangers with you. Our confidence in each other is now founded upon the past. Let us strike the blow which is to restore peace and union to this distracted land. Upon your valor, discipline and mutual confidence that result depends.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,

Major-General, Commanding.

June 4th the regiment was again on picket, and, on the 6th, after returning from picket, received orders to move. We left Mechanicsville just before sunset, and made a detour of several miles to the right of the direct route, and reached our former camp at New Bridge just before midnight. The next morning we were called in line at 3 A. M., and stood under arms until daylight, expecting an attack.

During the 8th the regiment was engaged in building corduroy roads across the Chickahominy swamp; and on the 9th received another lively shelling from one of the enemy's batteries.

Went on picket again on the 13th, and on this date the rebel Gen. Stuart, with about two hundred men, made the entire circuit of our army, capturing two companies of the 5th U. S. Cavalry.

June 15th again we were at work on the corduroy approaches to the bridges across the Chickahominy, and continued at this work till the 18th, when we moved across the river, to the south side.

There were now eleven of these trestle-work bridges across the river. The one on which we crossed is named Woodbury's Bridge, after Gen. Woodbury, of the Engineer Brigade, who constructed it; and it was regarded as a triumph of military engineering. The approach to the bridge on the north side, from the foot of the hill, was of earth, raised about three feet. Deep lateral ditches were made, and the earth from these was thrown upon a layer of brush. There were about twenty cribs built upon the swampy shore and into the stream, and beyond these, six framed trestles. On the other side, there were twenty more cribs, or firm, compact log piers. Stringers extended from cribs to trestles, and from trestles to cribs upon the other side of the stream. Upon these were laid logs of nearly uniform size, for the floor of the bridge; and these were ballasted on either hand by sticks of timber, which extended parallel with the stringers. The driveway, which was eleven feet between these timbers, was covered with earth. The approach to the bridge from the south side was of raised cor-

duroy. The length of the whole structure, including the approaches, was 4,200 feet. The length of the bridge proper was nearly 1,100 feet.

Having crossed, we moved forward over the corduroy, through the wood, into the open country, and went into camp on Garnett's Farm, between the river and the battlefield of Fair Oaks. We were now so close to the enemy's lines that when on picket, in the still morning, we could hear roll-call in their camp. Here we constructed bough houses, as a protection from the scorching sun.

While here we had more road-building, till the 23d, when we took a rest from this work, many of the men having become sick with malaria, which they had contracted while working in the swamps.

June 2d, at 9 o'clock, we struck tents; then policed the camp, and pitched tents in regular order, making a nice camp. There was heavy firing on our left most of the day. During the night there was a heavy thunder shower; the lightning struck and killed two horses in the camp of the 96th Pennsylvania.

Again, at 2 A. M. of the 24th, we heard the bugler sound the notes of reveille, and, after roll-call, were ordered to stack arms, and have all equipments hanging on the stacks, canteens all filled with water, and to hold ourselves in readiness to move at a moment's notice. All day long there was picket-firing on the right.

The bugle routs us out again, at 3 o'clock on the 25th, and we lay on our arms all day; heavy skirmishing by the pickets all day, till 12 at night. We were called in line three times after dark, but everything quieted down, and we slept the balance of the night. During the forenoon of the 26th all was quiet, and till 3 P. M., when suddenly a perfect storm of cannonading burst on our ears, from the direction of Mechanicsville, and continued late into the night. It moved back in the direction of Gaines' Mill, and we infer that our troops are falling back.

On this date, it will be remembered, Mrs. Howland, wife of Col. Howland, of the 16th New York, at her own ex-

pense, furnished every man in the 16th with a neat, comfortable straw hat. They looked *so* comfortable this hot morning, that our boys, wearing their fatigue-caps, almost envied them.

Hark! At 3 o'clock A. M. of the 27th, the bugle sounds, and we are called out and marched down to protect a bridge across the Chickahominy. Here we lay quiet all the morning, stretched under the comfortable shade of the trees. Some played cards; others dozed away the time, under the *soothing* influence of the sound of cannon, on the north side of the river, where the Fifth Corps, under Gen. Fitz John Porter, was engaging the enemy. About 2 P. M. we saw one of Gen. McClellan's aids ride up to division headquarters, and after a few hurried words with Gen. Slocum, gallop away. Soon the entire division was ordered into line, and, turning to the left, took the road towards Alexander's Bridge, across the Chickahominy. After crossing, we moved a short distance towards the left of the line of battle, when we were halted, and our brigade was detached from the division, and marched rapidly to the right, behind the entire line of battle, to the extreme right flank. The shot and shell of the enemy's guns, passing over the line of battle, fell in our ranks all along the march. This march, amid the din and confusion, the screaming of shot and shell, the "zip" of minie balls, was a good test of the metal of our regiment.

Reaching the right, we were ordered to seek shelter in a small ravine in the rear and a little to the left of the crest on which Sykes' division of regulars and the 5th and 10th New York Volunteers were stubbornly holding in check the overwhelming numbers of the advancing rebels. As we lay in line, the half-spent balls from the enemy's guns, passing over the crest, came pattering down all about us, like the big drops of rain on a dusty road, preceding a hard shower in the summer time,—their places marked by little puffs of dust, making our position very uncomfortable. We saw that several regiments of the regulars were staggering under the terrible fire,—when our brigade was or-

dered up, and one regiment after another was moved forward, deployed to the right, and placed in position on the crest. First the 16th New York, led by Col. Howland; then the 96th Pennsylvania, Col. John Cake; the 5th Maine, Col. Jackson; and then the 27th, led by Lieut.-Col. Adams, and Gen. Bartlett, in person, was ordered to fix bayonets, and, with three ringing cheers, charged at double quick up the slope, driving the enemy from the left crest of the hill, on which there was a dwelling and numerous out-houses. No rebel troops, however brave, could stand the unearthly yell that we had learned to give. A part of our line encountered a picket fence, along a garden near the McGee house. This they quickly battered down with the butt end of their muskets, and moved on and took possession of the dwelling and out-houses, from which the enemy had been driven, capturing several prisoners, and among them two officers. A large body of fresh troops soon appeared in our front, but every man held to his place and nobly maintained the fight, without giving an inch of ground to the enemy, until long after darkness came over us, and the position of the rebels could be known only by the flash of their guns.

About dark it was reported to our Colonel that the 16th had moved partly into our front, and that we were firing on our own men. He gave the order to cease firing, but at that moment our supposed friends poured a volley into us, at close range, which our boys, not waiting for orders, returned with interest, and the rebel regiment turned and fled down the road whence they came. We continued to fire, aiming at the flash of the enemy's guns, until near 9 o'clock, when Gen. Bartlett, riding up, gave the order to retire. We now discovered that we were the last regiment to leave the field, all the regiments on the right having been withdrawn; and the order did not come a minute too soon, for a brigade of rebels had already advanced past our left, and were almost in our rear. The regiment left the field in good order, marching as if on parade, and bringing off nearly all our wounded, including Major Gardiner, who had been disabled



MAJOR C. C. GARDINER.

early in the action by the concussion of a shell ; and Capt. White, of Co. B, who had been shot through the hip, and was lying on the ground in rear of his company.

Again a line of battle was formed, near the ravine in which we took shelter in the afternoon, and we remained here till about 12:30, when we retired across the river, and returned to the camp that we had left in the morning.

In this battle there were several incidents which many of the men will recall. In Company "C," just as the charge was ordered, a certain man threw a cracker at private —, who, previous to this battle, had been on detached service. The cracker hit him on the leg, when he fell as if shot, and left the field. The next day he was read off on parade as a coward.

Two men in the same company, during the hottest of the firing, stood up and had a fierce fist fight. One, it seems, had stepped upon the other while he was lying down, and the other demanded satisfaction. The captain had to move to the left of the line and part them.

In Company "B," two men were shot through the leg by the same ball, and afterwards both of them died from the shock, after undergoing amputation.

As we withdrew from the field and approached the river, numerous little fires were burning, at which soldiers were stationed to direct stragglers to their regiments. These men were calling out: "This way to the 1st Jersey!" "This way to the 10th New York!" etc.; and, a little further on, some wag had seated himself on a gate post, and was calling out, "This way for Broadway and Fifth Ave!" His grim humor put new life into many a weary limb, and woke up the irrepressibles all along the line.

During the night, all the Federal forces were withdrawn to the south side of the Chickahominy; the last of the rear-guard crossing after daylight, destroyed the bridge behind them.

In this battle of Gaines' Mill the regiment lost heavily: 12 men were killed, 10 officers and 106 men wounded, and 23 men missing.



CAPT. H. R. WHITE, CO. "B."

Every man in the regiment has reason to feel proud of his record made in this engagement. The brilliant charge of the regiment up the slope, and the stubborn manner in which they held the ground from which the regulars had been driven, even in the face of the fresh troops that the enemy hurled against the position, and the steady manner and perfect order in which they made the retreat, were fully recognized in the general orders of commanding officers.

All about us, in the gathering darkness, lay the bodies of the dead and wounded; the blue and the gray were mixed. The gray, the blue, and the artillerymen, in their red-trimmed uniforms, lay side by side, while the blood flowing from their wounds mingled together. So night closed upon the second of the "seven-days" fight in front of Richmond.

The Fifth Corps had for hours alone withstood the assaults of a rebel force aggregating, towards night, between sixty and seventy thousand men; and, at the close, with the aid of the two fresh divisions—Slocum's and French's, with the Irish brigade—had caused the armies of Jackson and Lee to halt.

Twenty-two cannon fell into the hands of the enemy, the horses having been killed or wounded. Including the two supporting divisions, the troops under Porter numbered about thirty-three thousand men.

At the battle of Gaines' Mill the Union loss was: 894 killed; 3107 wounded; 2836 missing; total, 6837, or one in four engaged. On the Confederate side the loss in killed and wounded was much greater than ours.

The following statement from Comrade Wm. H. Lay, of Co. "D," will be of special interest to the friends of the killed and wounded in the battle of Gaines' Mill:

"On the day of the battle, I made a mistake in not keeping with the regiment when it fell back to the second line. I remained to re-load my piece and give the rebs. one more shot, before doing so. On going back to the line, which had re-formed about ten rods to the rear, and while passing a negro cabin, I heard Col. Adams give the order: "The 27th this way." I turned in behind the cabin, and was,

with two others, ordered by the colonel to go inside and get Henry Frazer, of Co. "H," who was seriously wounded, and carry him to the rear.

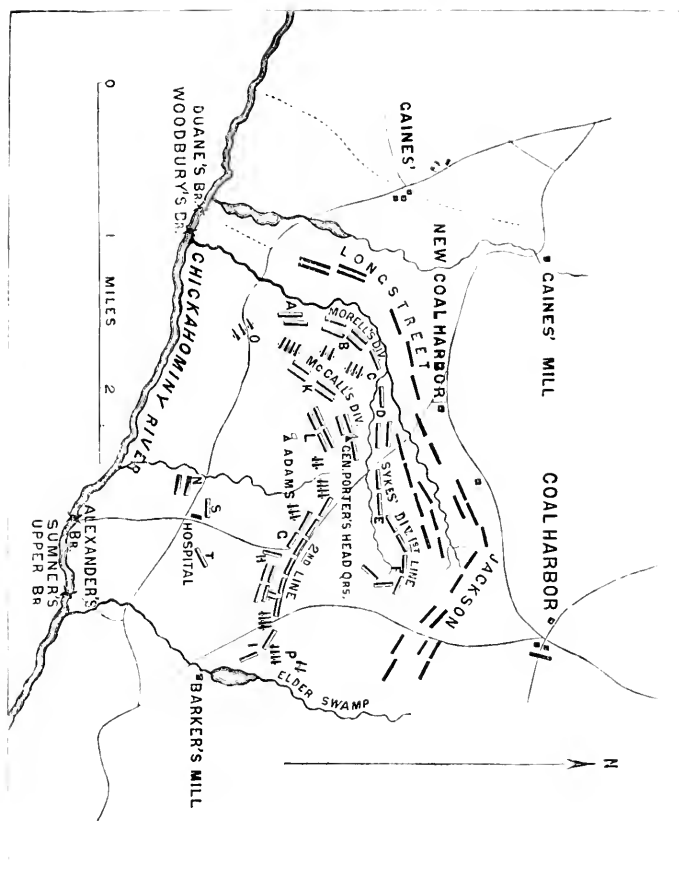
While doing so, our whole line fell back—the enemy advanced, and we were caught! This was soon after dark, and we were placed in a garden near by, until morning, by which time the number of prisoners had greatly increased. Soon after daylight, ten or fifteen of us were paroled, and detailed as nurses to care for our wounded—about 250 in number—the most of whom were scattered over the field where they fell. We did not finish gathering them all in from the field until Sunday afternoon, the 29th, two days after the battle. All the prisoners, except the nurses and wounded, were sent to Richmond.

The suffering of the wounded was intense, as the pangs of hunger were added to the pain from their wounds and the torture of the amputation table. We were without food of any consequence until the 4th day of July, when the enemy brought and issued to us flour, bacon, salt, etc. The flour we made into dough, and baked it on flat stones, placed around a fire built out in the field. This, though as heavy as lead, the men eagerly devoured, and seemingly could never get enough to satisfy the cravings of their hunger. Death came to the relief of many of the boys, whose remains we buried after sundown and before sunrise, as we were too weak to dig graves under the hot sun.

The following is a partial list of the 27th boys who died there, and were buried by us: Corp. James H. Burlison, of Co. "G;" Eugene Rappel, of Co. "G;" Henry M. Gould, of Co. "G;" Alexander Miles, of Co. "G."

I searched among the dead for the bodies of Irwin Burge and Ira Frederick, of Co. "D," who were killed during the charge, but did not succeed in finding them. They, no doubt, were covered, as were the bodies of others scattered all over the field, by a burial party of the enemy, which I saw at work throwing a little soil over them.

At the end of eighteen days, all who were left there were transferred to the hospital at Savage Station, where we re-



BATTLE OF GAINES' MILL.

Morell's Division	{	A.	Butterfield's Brigade.	McCall's Division	{	K.	Meade's Brigade.
		B.	Martindale's "			L.	Seymour's "
		C.	Griffin's "			M.	Reynold's "
Sykes' Division	{	D, G, S.	Warren's Brigade.	Artillery Reserve	{	N.	Cavalry.
		E, H.	Chapman's "			O.	Robertson's Battery.
		F, I, T.	Buchanan's "			P.	Tidball's "
		P to H.	Bartlett's "				



mained about two weeks, when the wounded were all placed aboard cars and forwarded, via Richmond, to City Point, to be paroled. The nurses, after reaching Richmond, were confined in Libby Prison. Here two more weeks slowly melted away, at the end of which time the occupants of old Libby were transferred to Bell Isle, and fed on "fly soup," "beef-hair soup," and once a day a morsel of bread and meat. Sweeter bread, meat and soup, I never tasted before or since(?)

On the 14th day of September, the seven thousand prisoners, who had been packed in the small space of two acres, were released on parole, and escorted by rebel cavalry down the James River to Aiken's Landing; were placed on board of our transports that were there waiting for us, and were once more under the old flag.

The following is an extract from Gen. McClellan's dispatch to the Secretary of War, dated Savage's Station, 12:30 A. M., June 28th.

"I now know the whole history of the day. On this side of the river, the right bank, we repulsed several strong attacks; on the left bank, our men did all that soldiers could accomplish, but they were overwhelmed by vastly superior numbers, soon after I had brought my last reserves into action. The loss on both sides is terrible: I believe it will prove to be the most desperate battle of the war. The sad remnants of my men behaved as men; those battalions who fought most bravely, and suffered most, are still in the best order. My regulars were superb, and I count upon what are left to turn another battle, in company with their gallant comrades of the volunteers. Had I twenty thousand, or even ten thousand, fresh troops to use to-morrow, I could take Richmond! But I have not a man in reserve, and shall be glad to cover my retreat and save the material and the personnel of the army. If we have lost the day, we have yet preserved our honor, and no one need blush for the Army of the Potomac."

The following extracts are from the official reports :

Report of Brigadier-Gen. Henry W. Slocum, commanding First Division.

CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, Va., {
July 8, 1862. }

SIR :—On the 27th of June last, in obedience to orders received from Gen. Franklin, I ordered the brigade commanded by Gen. Newton to cross Alexander's Bridge, to the left bank of the Chickahominy, to the support of Gen. Porter. The order was received at 2 o'clock P. M., and the brigade immediately moved, in light marching order. At 2:30 P. M. I was ordered to cross at the same point, with the remainder of my division. The movement was executed at once, and Gen. Taylor's brigade crossed at about 3 P. M., followed by the brigade of Col. Bartlett. * * * Having received no specific directions as to the disposition of the remaining brigade, under command of Col. Joseph J. Bartlett, of the 27th New York, I directed Col. Bartlett to take position on the extreme left of the line, near the new road leading through the valley, from Dr. Gaines' house to Alexander's Bridge. On approaching the point indicated, Col. Bartlett found our troops engaged to the right of his position, and immediately moved his brigade to their support. He was subsequently ordered to the right of the line, to support Gen. Sykes, whose troops, fatigued by the long contest of this and the previous day, were nearly overpowered by the overwhelming numbers of the enemy. Porter's battery (A), of the First Massachusetts Artillery, was assigned to the command of Col. Bartlett, and remained with his brigade during the day. * * * *

As to the conduct of the officers and men of my division, I have only to say that the division entered the field 8,000 strong, and that the list of killed, wounded and missing amounts to 2,021. These lists attest the devotion and heroism of officers and men. Notwithstanding this fearful loss, all the regiments left the field in good order, and returned to their camps in the same compact and orderly manner that marked their march to the scene of conflict. The brigade commanders, Gens. Newton and Taylor, and Col. Bartlett, are each entitled to the greatest praise, not only for their heroic conduct on the field, but for their untiring efforts after the close of the action, in bringing off the wounded, and in maintaining order and steadiness amid the prevalent confusion.

The loss of the division in officers was particularly severe, not only in numbers, but in the character of those killed and wounded. Col. Tucker

and Major Ryerson, of the Second New Jersey, and Lieut.-Col. Heath, of the Fifth Maine, were killed while gallantly discharging their duty. Their loss is deeply felt in their regiments and throughout the division, and will be lamented by a wide circle of friends. Col. Gosline and Maj. Hubbs, of the Ninety-fifth Pennsylvania, and Lieut.-Col. Marsh, of the Sixteenth New York, were mortally wounded, and have since died. Col. Howland, of the Sixteenth New York; Col. Pratt, of the Thirty-First New York; Col. Jackson, of the Fifth Maine; Maj. Gardiner, of the Twenty-seventh New York; and Maj. Hatfield, of the First New Jersey, were so severely wounded as to be rendered unfit for duty. * * * *

Of the many other officers of less rank—the non-commissioned officers and soldiers—I cannot speak in detail. Like soldiers and like men, they performed their duty and met their fate, and a grateful country will long bear them, and the thousand nameless heroes of this conflict, who have offered up their lives at the nation's shrine, in lasting and honored remembrance.

H. W. SLOCUM,

Commanding First Division Sixth Corps.

Report of Col. Jos. J. Bartlett, Twenty-Seventh New York Infantry, Commanding Second Brigade, of the Battle of Gaines' Mill.

HQRS 2D BRIGADE, GEN. SLOCUM'S DIV., 6TH PROV. ARMY CORPS, {
HARRISON'S LANDING, Va., July 7, 1862. }

SIR:—At daylight on the 27th of June, I put my command under arms, in light marching order, in compliance with orders from Brigadier-Gen. H. W. Slocum, commanding division, and moved at 5:30 A. M. to a position near Duane's Bridge. About 10 o'clock A. M. I was ordered to move back to camp. While on the march the enemy opened a heavy fire of artillery upon our lines, and I was once more ordered back to the bridge, to prevent any attempted passage by the enemy, who were now threatening Gen. Porter's forces on the left bank of the Chickahominy.

After partially destroying the bridge, by order of Gen. W. B. Franklin, commanding Sixth Provisional Army Corps, I was relieved by a portion of Gen. Brooks' brigade, and marched about 2:30 o'clock, pursuant to orders of Gen. Slocum, to cross Woodbury's Bridge, and hasten to the assistance of Gen. Porter's forces, who were at the time being severely

pressed. I accordingly reported to Brigadier-Gen. Slocum, on the first hill rising above the river on its left bank, about 4 o'clock P. M., and was ordered by him to proceed to the extreme left and engage an enemy, who seemed at that distance to be turning our flank. Nearing the position indicated, it was found to be thoroughly protected by Acting Brigadier-Gen. Averell's cavalry and Rush's lancers, and that the enemy was being driven by our infantry through the woods. I discovered, however, that our troops were being repulsed in my immediate front, and hastened to form line of battle to support our hard-pressed lines. The Sixteenth New York, which led my brigade, was already formed and moving forward, when I was ordered by an aid-de-camp of Gen. Porter, commanding, to report with my command on the extreme right of the field, to Brigadier-Gen. Sykes, commanding the division of regular infantry, which I did at about 4:30 P. M., suffering a loss of fifteen killed and wounded, by round shot and shell, while making the flank march across the whole length of the battle-field from left to right.

Immediately upon reporting to Gen. Sykes, I was permitted to cover my command in a ravine to his rear and right, and allow the men to rest, of which they were greatly in need. Capt. Porter's First Massachusetts battery reported to me at this juncture for orders, and seeing no chance to engage the battery, commanded as it was by an officer whose rare merits and brilliant reputation were well known to me, I was obliged to shelter it in the ravine in rear of my infantry, which position it kept until an enfilading fire from a battery on the extreme left of the enemy's line was poured upon it, to which it was impossible to reply from any position that could be taken up by him. I then ordered it to take position to the rear in the second line.

At 5 o'clock P. M. I was ordered by Gen. Sykes to bring forward my men to support the troops on his left and a portion of his own command, who were unable longer to withstand the fierce attacks and withering fire of the enemy, who were slowly but surely forcing back the right of the entire line of battle. At this juncture I ordered forward the Sixteenth New York Volunteers, Col. Joseph Howland commanding. From the position of the regiment it was necessary to change front forward on first company under the most terrific fire of musketry, with the shells and round shot of two batteries raking over the level plain, making it seemingly impossible for a line to withstand the fire a single instant. But with the calmness and precision of veteran soldiers the movement was executed, and the line, giving three cheers, long and loud, rushed on to relieve their now routed friends, led by their noble colonel and myself in

person. The position was gained, and I then ordered up the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania, Col. Cake commanding, to continue my line to the left. The murderous fire across the plain rendered it almost impossible for their gallant colonel, aided by Lieutenant-Col. Frick and Major Martin, to form his line of battle ; and I am pained to state that their noble exertions were not in many instances seconded by some of the line officers, who lacked that impulsive enthusiasm and cool determination required of them under such trying circumstances, and I was forced to lead forward the third regiment in line, the 5th Maine Volunteers, Col. N. J. Jackson. This regiment also changed its front in the most soldierly manner, and under the sweeping storm of iron and leaden hail, sent up their battle-shout and rushed upon the enemy, forcing back his lines and holding the crest of the hill in our front, from which our troops had so recently been driven.

The Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers, Lieut.-Col. A. D. Adams commanding, was now ordered to the front, and after executing the same maneuver of changing front under the same scathing fire, charged bayonets, and giving three ringing cheers rushed at double quick upon the enemy, who occupied the left crest of the hill, on which was a dwelling and numerous outhouses ; nor did they stand to meet the impetuosity of their charge, but retreated so precipitately that they left as prisoners in our hands two of their officers, who were vainly endeavoring to make them stand their ground. Thus the left and right of my line of battle being retaken and established, and the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers being in line and eager for the fight, I ordered them to the front, and most nobly now did they respond to the command. No officer or man faltered, and their solid and unwavering line pressed forward to their position, and completed the front.

The enemy now hurled his fresh troops in double numbers against my line, directing his heaviest fire upon my left, and the Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers and Fifth Maine staggered back under the fearful fire ; but it was the recoil of the lion to gather new strength to support the undaunted resolution of every breast, and once more every man sprang to the front, where they nobly maintained the fight, without giving an inch of ground to the enemy, until long after darkness showed the flash of every musket, and revealed to the enemy how small a force was holding them in check.

To meet the fire which came from our left, Col. Howland, who held the right of my position, changed front forward on tenth company, and the line thus established held its position until all firing of musketry had

ceased on the field, except that from my own brigade; and not until nearly every cartridge had been expended, was the order given to retire behind our batteries, which were posted about 600 yards in the rear.

In retiring, I first withdrew my right regiment in line of battle, then the next from the right, holding the two left regiments to protect the movements, as I was completely flanked on the left by a brigade of the enemy, which he had moved up in the darkness from the woods, and had just opened a galling cross-fire upon my left and rear.

The withdrawal of my brigade was done under my immediate command, regiment by regiment, and in as good order as when they were taken into the field.

From the moment my troops were engaged up to 8:30 o'clock p. m. (at which hour it was too dark to distinguish an enemy at the distance of fifty paces), they nobly held the position assigned to them, and regretted the necessity which compelled them to retire from the field. I formed a new line of battle in front of the hospital on the second hill from the bridge, with the Twenty-seventh and Sixteenth New York, and a part of the Fifth Maine, the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers having, by some unaccountably mistaken order, recrossed the bridge and returned to their camp. At 12:30 a. m. I was ordered to recross the Chickahominy, and repair to the camp occupied by the brigade before the battle.

With many painful regrets I have to report the loss of five hundred officers and men. It is with sorrow that I record the death of Lieutenant-Col. W. S. Heath, Fifth Maine Volunteers, who was killed by a rifle-shot through the forehead, while gallantly leading his men to the charge. Col. N. J. Jackson being wounded in the arm in the first part of the engagement, the command devolved upon this able, accomplished and devoted officer, who fell nobly discharging his duties to his regiment, his State, and his country. Lieutenant-Col. Samuel Marsh, Sixteenth New York Volunteers, was mortally wounded in the neck by a minie ball whilst riding in front of his regiment, waving his sword and cheering his men on to noble deeds. The service has lost in Lieutenant-Col. Marsh an able officer and a true patriot, and his brother officers a genial companion and a noble friend. Lieut. E. T. Ellrich, Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, and Lieut. A. M. Barnard, Sixteenth New York Volunteers, were killed while faithfully and fearlessly discharging their duties.

Were I to direct your attention to the bravery and efficiency, the coolness or the intrepidity of any individual officer, I fear I should by implication wrong the majority of my command. In the reports made to me by the commanding officers of regiments, none have been more favorably

mentioned than others, while all assign the same reason for the omission of a time-honored practice—that when all were brave, energetic and efficient, no invidious distinction could be drawn. It is left for me, therefore, to mention only those whose modesty restrained them from recounting their own valor and efficiency.

I would particularly mention Col. Cake, Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who exhibited rare traits of military excellence. Cool, energetic, fearless and decided, with the assistance of Lieutenant-Col. Frick and Major Martin, he has won an enviable name for his regiment, which will always be sustained while the command rests in its present hands.

To Col. Joseph Howland I am indebted for maintaining the extreme right of my line; for nobly leading his regiment to the charge, and retaking two guns from the enemy. Whatever of noble, moral, physical, and manly courage has ever been given by God to man, has fallen to his lot. Cheering his men on to victory, he early received a painful wound, but with a heroism worthy of the cause he has sacrificed so much to maintain, he kept his saddle until the close of the battle, and not till then yielded to the painful and exhausted condition to which he had been reduced.

Col. N. J. Jackson, Fifth Maine Volunteers, was wounded while leading his regiment to the charge on the extreme left of the line. His coolness and clear, decided tones, kept his regiment like one man moving steadily to the front. In him I lose an able, efficient and manly officer.

Lieut.-Col. A. D. Adams, commanding the Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers, led his regiment in a brave, masterly manner, and maintained one of the most important positions of the line, with a full and clear comprehensiveness of the critical position the whole army would be placed in were he to falter or give way. He was everywhere, encouraging and directing his men, and three times during the terrible fight we were maintaining, he closed up and dressed his thin and serried ranks, and finally led off from the field a weakened but well-aligned battalion. It is enough to say that under his command the Twenty-seventh has fully sustained its former reputation. He was nobly assisted by Major C. C. Gardiner, who was early wounded in the action by a shell.

Major Seaver, Sixteenth New York Volunteers, established a name on this occasion of which he may well be proud. He was fearless, enthusiastic and efficient, and nobly fills the place made vacant by Col. Howland and the lamented Lieutenant-Col. Marsh.

I cannot close my report without mentioning Lieut. Robert P. Wilson, my acting assistant adjutant-general, and Lieut. M. E. Richards, my aide-de-camp. Both were all that could be expected of educated, brave and

dashing young gentlemen. At no moment of the action were they screened from the leaden hail that was showered upon the field. Prompt and correct in promulgating orders, they exposed themselves along the whole front, and were unceasing in their endeavors to aid me in every way. I ask for them your consideration.

I herewith annex an official report of killed, wounded and missing, in my brigade.

Very respectfully,

JOSEPH J. BARTLETT,

Colonel 27th N. Y. Vols., Commanding 2d Brigade.

Capt. H. C. ROGERS, Act. Assist. Adjutant-General.

Report of Lieutenant-Col. Alexander D. Adams, Twenty-seventh N. Y. Infantry, of the Battle of Gaines' Mill.

HQRS. TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLS.,
IN THE FIELD, July 6, 1862. }

SIR:—I have the honor to transmit a report of the action of the Twenty-seventh Regiment of New York Volunteers, on Friday, the 27th ultimo. Together with the other regiments composing the brigade, the Twenty-seventh moved from camp at an early hour towards Duane's Bridge, for the purpose of supporting the divisions of Gen. Porter, then being engaged with the enemy. About 4 o'clock P. M. the brigade was moved rapidly down to Woodbury's (or Alexander's) Bridge,* where it crossed, and turning to the left, was marched toward the left of the field of battle on Gaines' Hill. This regiment, being on the left, was first overtaken by an aid-de-camp of Gen. Porter, who desired that it might be halted while he overtook the head of the column, as Gen. Porter desired that Col. Bartlett's brigade should go to the assistance of the right wing. The delay, however, was momentary. The head of the column filing almost immediately toward the right, the regiment resumed its position and marched across in rear of the line of battle, under a heavy fire of artillery and musketry, to the position assigned. Here Col. Bartlett, commanding, placed

*It will be noticed that there is a discrepancy in the reports as to the name of the bridge crossed. It seems that when the order came in the morning for the division to cross the river, the line started over Woodbury's bridge, but was recalled. The advance to the battle was made over Alexander's bridge.

the brigade, formed in close column by division, in a ravine, where the men were completely covered, and where they were ordered to lie down and rest until called into action.

In about thirty minutes the regiments were called up in succession, deployed into line of battle, changed front forward, and thrown across a slightly rising level field toward the enemy, under a severe fire. The right of the Twenty-seventh was directed upon a house surrounded by outbuildings and an orchard, from which the enemy were firing. When within about fifty yards, and before delivering a shot, at the command, "Forward to the charge!" the line advanced at double-quick, crossed the fence in rear of the house, and came up to the front fence, where it encountered a destructive fire at close range. The enemy did not offer any resistance to the charge, and a rapid, steady fire was opened on him, evidently doing great execution. At this point two officers were taken prisoners and sent to Col. Bartlett.

A fresh force appearing on the right, the fire of the right wing was directed obliquely against it. Soon after, it was represented that we were firing on our own men, and not knowing how far the Sixteenth New York, whose constant volleys were heard on our right, might have advanced, the order was given to cease firing, and re-form line of battle on the fence in rear before mentioned.

While this was being coolly executed, the smoke lifted partially, disclosing an apparently fresh line of the enemy in front. The Twenty-seventh was at once advanced to its former position, and again opened an effective fire. The small buildings offered a partial cover to a few of the men, who were enabled to fire with the utmost precision at a rest. The fire of the enemy slackened about dusk for a little, and word was again brought that our own brigade had advanced on the right so as to come within range of the fire of the Twenty-seventh. These reports coming, as before, from officers, induced another order to cease firing, which, however, was speedily revoked, as the flashes of the muskets revealed the position of the enemy. Again the line opened, though the rapidly gathering gloom rendered the aim somewhat uncertain. The cessation of the firing on the right of the brigade having attracted attention, it was deemed advisable to re-form the line—by this time considerably thinned—on the fence in rear of the house (about three rods), which offered the nearest advantageous position, owing to the location of the various buildings. The appearance of a large force (apparently a brigade) on the left, marching as if to flank this brigade, who responded irregularly to the challenge of the color-bearer (and who were afterwards ascertained to be the enemy), de-

cided the propriety of this maneuver. While this was being accomplished, Col. Bartlett in person gave the order for the regiment to retire in order. On reaching the ravine from which the brigade had advanced, the regiment found itself in its proper position, on the left of the column.

Early in the action two companies or more of the Fifth Maine Volunteers, with Capt. Edwards at the head, asked permission to join the line of the Twenty-seventh, stating that they had become separated from their regiment, their colonel and lieutenant-colonel having fallen, and there being no mounted officer to direct them. The request was at once granted, and they continued with the regiment, doing most efficient service in gallant style.

The conduct of officers and men was admirable, the former seeming to vie with each other in the performance of their duties, and the latter waiting only the word of command, which insured prompt obedience. The temporary confusion caused here and there during the engagement, by the nature of the position, the falling of comrades, and more particularly by the fire of our own battery directly in our rear, the shots from which passed close over, and in three instances caused trifling injuries to the men, was promptly corrected by the united efforts of the officers, non-commissioned officers and men.

Instances of individual heroism are not wanting, though perhaps not suitable for this report.

The list of casualties, heretofore sent to headquarters, comprises 12 killed, 118 wounded, and 32 missing.

I am, very respectfully,

ALEX. D. ADAMS,

Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding.

Lieutenant WILSON,

Act. Assist. Adjutant-Gen. 2d Brigade, Slocum's Division.

Swinton's "Army of the Potomac," page 151, says:

"And thus it happened that, while on the north side of the Chickahominy, thirty thousand Union troops were being assailed by seventy thousand Confederates, twenty-five thousand Confederates on the south side held in check sixty thousand Union troops! When therefore, Lee, with all his divisions in hand, made a general advance, it was with an overwhelming weight and pressure. The right held its ground with much stubbornness, repulsing every attack. That wing was held by Sykes' division of regulars, and Griffin's brigade, and was subsequently reinforced by Bartlett's brigade, of Slocum's division."

Gen. McClellan's entire army was now south of the Chickahominy, and all communication had been cut off with White House Landing. There were probably nearly, if not quite, ninety thousand men for duty in the army after the battle of Gaines' Mill; and with that body of troops united south of the river, and the main portion of the rebel army on the opposite side, with the bridges destroyed, the capture of Richmond would seem to have been an easy task, had McClellan seen fit to advance upon the enemy which remained in the works before Richmond.

The Confederate Gen. Magruder, in his official report of his part in the "Seven-Days" struggle, says:

"From the time at which the enemy withdrew his forces to this side of the Chickahominy, and destroyed the bridges, to the moment of his evacuation—that is, from Friday night until Sunday morning—I considered the situation of our army as extremely critical and perilous. The larger portion of it was on the opposite side of the Chickahominy, * * * and there were but twenty-five thousand men between his (McClellan's) army of one hundred thousand and Richmond."

While we were in camp at Mechanicsville, in the early part of June, some of the scouts of McDowell's army reached our lines with the intelligence, that that army was within a few days' march of us, and would soon join us. McDowell and Fremont were in the Shenandoah Valley, holding Stonewall Jackson in check, and expecting to come to our support, and help take Richmond. But on the 25th it was learned, through a deserter, that Jackson had eluded McDowell and Fremont, and with fifteen brigades, under Whiting and Ewell, was on his way to join Lee, and attack McClellan. It was Jackson, with these forces, who opened the fight on our right, at Gaines' Mill.

June 28th. On this date was inaugurated the famous "change of front," or retreat of our army across the peninsula to the James River. The 27th Regiment was called out at 5 A. M., in heavy marching order, and moved towards the river to support one of our batteries. About 9 o'clock we were shelled out by the Confederate batteries on the north side of the river, in the vicinity of Porter's position

of yesterday. We were ordered to fall back about a mile, out of range, where we remained till 2 o'clock, when we moved down to the river, in the woods, and went on picket duty for the night.

The next morning, the 29th, we joined in the general movement to the rear, and when we reached Savage's Station, the line was halted and line of battle was formed, facing to the rear. After remaining awhile, we moved on, and the scenes that met our eyes beggar description. It had been found necessary to destroy the Commissary stores and Quartermasters' supplies, to prevent their falling into the hands of the enemy. There were many smoldering piles, and others still burning; and there were deafening and incessant reports from the explosion of shells and ammunition among the stores that were being destroyed. A train of cars loaded with ammunition, was set on fire, and then the engine was started, on a down grade, and it made a rapid run for the river; and, the bridge being destroyed, it plunged in, amid the roar of bursting shells!

Here we found the hospitals filled with the wounded from the battle-field of Gaines' Mill. Scores of mangled men lay upon the ground around the hospital tents: their wearied, haggard and smoke-begrimed faces, which looked up to us, appealed not less strongly than their words, that they should not be left to fall into the hands of the enemy. Capt. Wells, of Co. "C," succeeded in getting control of three ambulances, and loaded into them all the wounded of his company, and some other wounded men of the regiment, and these were taken away before the enemy came up.

Certainly these scenes were more trying to the spirit of the soldier than the combats that ensued. The narrow roads were choked with the endless trains of artillery, army wagons, and ambulances with their sad burdens.

Truly, "This is a time that tries men's souls." What is to become of the wounded who cannot bear the jolting and swaying of the ambulances? Are the hospital tents, with their faithful nurses, to be abandoned to the enemy? It may be that the safety of the army demands it. Various



CAPT. C. A. WELLS, CO. "C."

are the reflections of men of diverse temperaments. Now we hear from a dust-begrimed veteran, with sleepless eyes, an optimist to the core: "I have not the faintest doubt of the final triumph of our cause, and I have the firmest faith in our commander-in-chief." Then one officer replies to another, who asks: "Where are we going?" "To the James, to take transports to Fortress Monroe. The Southern Confederacy will be recognized within a week."

We moved on from Savage Station, across White Oak Swamp. There was heavy firing in our rear, by the troops in and around Savage Station. After crossing the swamp we went on picket, and remained all night. Early Monday morning, the 30th, we were ordered out to support one of our batteries on the right of Charles City road, in a position to prevent the enemy crossing or repairing the bridges, which had now been destroyed. A terrific cannonade was kept up all day, and we were under fire most of the time, but no one was hurt in our regiment, except the adjutant, who was knocked off from his horse.

We held our ground till 2 o'clock A. M. of the 1st of July, when we moved on till 9 o'clock, at which time we halted to breakfast, on our small allowance of rations; and again, at noon, to boil coffee, when we moved on to Malvern Hill, and took up a position on the right of the army. Here we went into the woods and threw up small breastworks, as we were ordered to hold this position, to prevent a flank movement of the enemy. We remained there till 2 o'clock on the morning of the 2d.

Malvern Hill is an elevated plateau, about a mile and a half by three-fourths of a mile in area; generally cleared of timber, and converging roads running over it. It possesses great natural advantages. In front are defensible ravines, and the ground, sloping towards the north and east, affords the artillery a clear range. Towards the northwest the plateau falls abruptly into a flat, extending to the James River. The dwelling which crowns the hill, is a quaint structure of the last century, built of red brick, and stands about a thousand yards from the river,—commanding a beautiful

view of the river for many miles. It was immediately occupied as headquarters of the various corps and divisions; and the signal officers took possession of the roof, where their parti-colored flags were to be a guide for the artillery of the gunboats stationed in Turkey Bend.

It was an eventful period in the retreat to the James. Lee had determined to bag and capture the National army, or drive it into the James. The right of our line was made as secure as possible by barricading the roads and slashing the timber. On the left, it was feared the main attack would be made. Porter's corps held the left, with his artillery advantageously posted; while the reserve artillery was so disposed that the fire of sixty guns could be concentrated on any point in front or to the left. Ten siege guns were planted on the crest of the hill, and all the batteries available were ready to deal out their missiles of death. Between 9 and 10 A. M. the enemy commenced feeling of the left wing. At 2 P. M. a column moved to the right, within the skirt of wood in front of Heintzleman, but beyond artillery range, and soon disappeared. About 3 P. M. a heavy artillery fire opened on Kearney's left. The infantry lay upon the ground until the enemy was within short range—when they sprang to their feet, and gave them a deadly volley! which forced the rebels to retreat in disorder. Again all was quiet till 6 o'clock, when brigade after brigade, having formed under cover of the woods in front of Couch and Porter, started on a run across the open plain, and attempted to charge on our batteries; but the fire of the artillery and infantry sent them reeling back to the woods, leaving the ground covered with their dead and wounded. Then came the bayonet charge of our lines, capturing many prisoners and colors. It would seem that, after these repulses, they would abandon the undertaking. Not so: again, at 7 P. M., from the dark pine forest, at a double-quick, came their yelling hordes once more, determined, if possible, to take the position so sternly defended; but they were compelled to retire to the shelter of the ravines, woods and swamps, utterly broken.

Shortly after 9 o'clock the artillery ceased its fire, and the Army of the Potomac had again checked the advance of the Confederate Army.

We had plainly won a battle, and still occupied a position on and around Malvern Hill, from which, it would seem, offensive operations could have been directed against a beaten enemy; but the order came to fall back, and take position at Harrison's Landing, on the James River.

Wednesday, July 2d, at 2 A. M., we started on the march, and, though it was short, it was unexampled for mud, slush, vexation and misery. Rain fell incessantly. The roads were mainly used by the artillery and wagons, and the soldiers were compelled to take their way, generally, through the fields and woods. Mud was everywhere, and many lost their shoes, and even stockings, in the clayey, dark-brown mixture. Many fell out by the way, weakened, as they were, by a week's steady marching and maneuvering, and a very small allowance of sleep; while hunger added its pangs, to help fill our cup of misery. And yet we can all recall the laughter which rang out sometimes at an unlucky fall, accompanied by a curse from the victim.

So we plodded along till after noon, when we went into camp in an immense wheat field—the stalks as high as the waist; but before night not a green spear or root was discernible, as the whole field had become an area of gray paste, by the ceaseless tramp of soldiers and horses. We drew a scanty supply of rations, a half-gill of whiskey, and then lay down and slept soundly till the next morning.

The familiar sound of cannonading awoke every one early on the 3d, and we were called out in heavy marching order. We stood along the road all day, as the mud was so deep that we could not find a place to sit down. We moved about a mile, and went into camp, in a nice field, drew a full supply of rations, and felt quite recruited.

July 4th we moved our camp again, about a mile, cleared off the ground, pitched our tents in good order, and found ourselves in a pleasant camp, near a supply of good water. We then turned in to help celebrate the Natal day. The

gunboats and batteries fired a National salute, just to let the enemy know that the "Yankees" were still alive.

The week of battle was over; and, according to McClellan's reports, "The total loss of our army, in the engagements from the 26th of June to the 1st of July, inclusive, was 15,849;" that of the Confederate army, 19,749. The Confederate losses, in killed and wounded alone, were greater than the total losses of the Army of the Potomac, in killed, wounded and missing. McClellan says: "No praise can be too great for officers and men who passed through these seven days of battle; enduring fatigue without a murmur; successfully meeting and repelling every attack made upon them; always in the right place at the right time; and emerging from the fiery ordeal, a compact army of veterans, equal to any task that brave and disciplined men can be called upon to undertake!"

**Report of Brigadier-Gen. Wm. B. Franklin, commanding Sixth Corps,
of Operations June 27-July 2, including the Actions at White
Oak Swamp Bridge, and the Battle of Malvern Hill.**

HEADQUARTERS SIXTH PROV. ARMY CORPS, /
CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, Va., July 17, 1862. \

GENERAL:—I have the honor to make the following report of the action of the corps under my command, between June 27th last and the time of its arrival at this place:

On June 26th my command was stationed as follows, viz.: Slocum's division was in reserve, encamped on the Courtney Clearing. * *

On the morning of the 27th of June I was ordered to send Gen. Slocum's division to the east side of the Chickahominy, to report to Gen. F. J. Porter. After the division was put in motion, and had partly crossed, the order was countermanded, and the division returned to camp. The order was reiterated about 2 o'clock, and the division crossed the river by Alexander's Bridge, and very soon became severely engaged with the enemy. * *

On the morning of the 28th of June, finding the enemy in great force

at Garnett's, a new battery in the valley of the river, and a battery of heavy guns at Gaines' Hill, I withdrew all the forces to the edge of the wood inclosing Golding's farm: Slocum's division on the right of the road, and Smith's on the left, connecting with Gen. Sumner's line. We were severely shelled from all of their batteries, just before the movement commenced, and while it was going on. Just after the movement was completed, two Georgia regiments made an attack upon the pickets. They were handsomely repulsed, with great loss, with the help of Capt. Mott's battery. A colonel, lieutenant-colonel, and about twenty privates were taken by our troops. In the morning of the 29th of June, I was ordered by the commanding general to move my command as follows, viz.: Slocum's division to Savage Station, in reserve. * * * Gen. Slocum arrived at Savage Station at an early hour, and was directed by the commanding general to cross the White Oak Swamp. * * * During the morning of June 30th I posted Gen. Slocum's division on the right of the Charles City road, by order of the commanding general.

About noon I was directed to assume command at the position guarding the crossing of the swamp, and repaired there at once. I found that a terrific cannonade had been opened by the enemy upon the divisions stationed there. * * *

The enemy kept up the firing during the whole day, and crossed some infantry below our position, but he made no very serious attempt to cross during the day, and contented himself with the cannonading and the firing of his sharpshooters.

Nightfall having arrived, and the wagons having all disappeared, I took the responsibility of moving my command to the James River, by a road to the left, which had not been much used, and arrived at headquarters safely, about daylight. * * *

On July 1st, the two divisions of my command were posted toward the right of the position near Turkey Creek. They held this position during the day and part of the night; and, in compliance with orders from the commanding general, moved to Harrison's Bar. * * *

Too much praise cannot be given to the officers and men of my command, for the fortitude and courage shown by them in the fatiguing and distressing marches made in the interval between June 27th and July 2d.

In Gen. Smith's division every march was made at night. In Gen. Slocum's it was nearly as severe. The nervous excitement of being under fire every day for nearly a week—often without the opportunity of returning the fire—has caused a prostration from which, in many cases, the men have not yet recovered.

I think that all of the general officers of the two divisions deserve to be made major-generals, and I hope that they will be so made.

Col. Pratt, Col. Bartlett and Col. Matheson deserve to be made brigadier-generals. * * * * *

I have the honor to be, General,

Your obedient servant,

W. B. FRANKLIN.

Report of Brigadier-General H. W. Slocum.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, SIXTH PROV. ARMY CORPS, {
CAMP NEAR HARRISON'S LANDING, Va., July 10, 1862. }

SIR:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the movements of the division under my command, from the close of the battle of Gaines' Mill, on the 27th ult., until its arrival at its present position.

The division returned from the battle-field at Gaines' Hill at about 11 P. M., leaving on the field, in killed, wounded and missing, one-half of its regimental commanders, about one-fourth of the non-commissioned officers and soldiers, who had so recently crossed the river to the support of Gen. Porter. The men, weary with the labors and excitement of the day, were allowed but little rest. Early the following morning their camp at Courtney's was changed to a position where they could be better sheltered from the fire of the enemy's batteries planted at Garnett's and Gaines' Hill.

The same evening, the 28th, orders were received by me to move the division to Savage Station, there to await further orders. The movement commenced at 11 P. M., but was delayed at Trent's Hill, by the passage of other troops, so that the division did not arrive at Savage's until about 5 A. M. on Sunday, the 29th. At this place I received orders from Gen. McClellan, in person, to move the division across White Oak Swamp. We crossed at 2 P. M., and at 5 P. M. I was ordered to proceed to a point on the Long Bridge road, about one and a half miles beyond the swamp. * * * The division reached this point at 7 P. M., and fully one-half of the effective force was immediately sent out on picket duty for the night.

On the following morning I took position on the Charles City road, about one mile from its juncture with the Long Bridge road, and about an

equal distance from Brackett's Ford. In anticipation of an attack by a force said to be approaching on the Charles City road, this road was blockaded as thoroughly as possible. Soon after our arrival our line of battle was established, and Upton's Battery (D), Second Artillery, and Porter's and Hexamer's Volunteer Batteries placed in position. The infantry necessary to support the artillery was posted on the flanks of the batteries, and the balance so disposed as to be entirely protected from the fire of the enemy's artillery. The bridge near Brackett's Ford was destroyed by our troops immediately after our arrival, and an infantry force, with one 12-pound howitzer of Hexamer's battery, placed to defend the position. At 10 o'clock the enemy appeared at this point, and attempted a reconstruction of the bridge, but were repulsed. At 11 A. M. our pickets on the Charles City road were driven in, and the enemy immediately appeared in force in a large open field in our front,—their position being partially screened from our view by a narrow belt of woodland. They opened fire from two batteries, which was at once replied to by Porter's and Upton's batteries, and two pieces of Hexamer's battery. * *

The artillery fire was continued by the enemy in our front until nearly dark, but our troops were so well covered that we suffered but few casualties, our total loss not exceeding twenty-five in killed and wounded.

At 7 o'clock it was reported to me that the left of our line, held by Gen. Heintzelman, was severely pressed; and the fire of the enemy in our front having ceased, I ordered the brigade of Col. Bartlett to move to the front and gain possession, if possible, of the field on which the enemy first appeared. As soon as his brigade moved down the road leading to this position, a strong force of the enemy's infantry appeared, drawn up in line a short distance beyond a creek separating our position from that held by the enemy. Upton's battery of light 12-pounders was at once moved to the front, and a very effective fire of canister opened upon them, which caused their well formed lines to disappear. * * *

The fire on our left was continued until a late hour in the evening, and at times the shells, and even musket balls from the enemy, fell in the road directly in rear of our position.

At 9 P. M., having expended nearly all our ammunition, and being destitute of rations, I sent a staff officer to general headquarters to report our condition. At 11 P. M., having obtained permission of Gen. Heintzelman, I moved the division to Malvern Hill. We arrived at this point at daylight; and at 9 A. M., the 2d instant, moved to a position on the right of our line. From the time of our arrival, until the commencement of the engagement on this day, the men were employed in constructing abatis,

and otherwise strengthening our position. During the engagement on our left, the division was under arms.

At 11 P. M., orders were received to move to our present position, where we arrived at daylight on the 3d inst. *During this entire week the troops were allowed scarcely an hour of undisturbed rest, either by night or day; yet the division marched into its present camp in good order, having very few stragglers, and without the loss of any arms, ammunition, clothing or wagons; and with a cheerfulness prevailing among the soldiers, as well as officers, which to me was as astonishing as it was gratifying.*

Great credit is due to the brigade commanders, Gens. Newton and Taylor, and Col. Bartlett, for their vigilance and untiring efforts on the field, as well as on our night marches.

They were constantly with their commands, cheering them by noble example, as well as words.

To the members of my staff, Capt. Rogers, Assistant Adjutant-General,
* * * * * and Surgeon Burr, I am greatly indebted. They were with me during the entire week, and proved very efficient in the discharge of their respective duties.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. W. SLOCUM.

A Soldier's Letter, and a Woman's Answer.

HOSPITAL, June, 1862.

I write with a great deal of pain, dear girl,
 I've not been able before, since the fight ;
 And my brain is still so much in a whirl,
 That I can tell you but little to-night,
 I'm wounded—don't start!—'tis not very bad,
 Or, at least, it might be worse ; so I said,
 When I thought of you, " I'm sure she'll be glad
 To know that I'm only wounded— not dead !"

I've lost my left arm ! there, now you know all !
 A minie ball shattered it, and I fell !
 The last that I heard was our Captain's call,
 Until—the rest is too painful to tell !
 I've had throughout, the most excellent care,
 And am doing finely, the Surgeon says ;
 So well, indeed, that the prospect is fair
 For a homeward trip, before many days.

But I've something else, dear Mary, to say—
 And I'd say it if it cost me my life—
 I've thought of it well—there's no other way !
 You're released from your promise to be my wife !
 You'll think me foolish at first ; then you'll think
 Of the loose, armless coat-sleeve at my side ;
 And your proud and sensitive heart will shrink
 From the thought of being a cripple's bride.

'Tis a bitter struggle to give you up,—
 For I've loved you more than ever of late !
 But down to its dregs I've drained the cup,
 And am calm, though my heart is desolate.
 I'm coming home, and, of course, we must meet ;
 My darling, this once, one boon I implore :
 Let us still be friends—for that will be sweet,
 Since now, alas ! we can be nothing more,

The Answer.

SWEET HOME, July, 1862.

MY ROBERT! how brave and noble you are!

Too brave and too noble, I know, for me;

But you've too little faith in me by far,

If you believe I want to be free.

I'm not released from my promise—no, no!

'Twas never so sacred to me before;

If you could but hear how I've longed to go,

And watch by your side, you'd doubt me no more.

I read your name in the terrible list!

But the tears froze back that sprang to my eyes,

And a fearful pain, that I could not resist,

Crushed my heart till I only longed to die.

The blessed tears, by and by, came again,

And I felt, as you in your letter said,

A feeling of gladness, 'mid all my pain,

That ROBERT was only wounded—not dead!

Oh, darling! to think you have suffered so,

And I all these long, weary miles away;

You've needed me very often, I know;

While I could do nothing but hope and pray.

But hardest of all is the bitter thought,

That you have been suffering so much for me;

Poor ROBERT! your manly letter has brought

A strange mixture of joy and misery.

But you are coming home to my arms and heart:

You're right—I AM proud and sensitive, too!

But I am only so when we are apart,

And now I shall only be proud of you!

You're coming home to be happy and rest,

And I wait the moment of blissful calm,

When I shall be held to a soldier's breast,

By a Patriot Hero's one strong arm!

July 5th, we had to go out on picket a mile and a half from camp. Three companies were on the outposts, and the other seven in reserve. The men in reserve had a nice time, for blackberries were plentiful, and were a fine relish for the soldiers. We returned from picket at 10 A. M., and we well remember it as the hottest day we had ever experienced. These sandy ridges along the James are said to be the hottest places in all Virginia. In the afternoon we left our guns, and took up the spades, picks and shovels, and commenced our share of the work of throwing up entrenchments in front of our lines. This work resulted in a system of ponderous barriers, from the old church on Westover Heights, on the bank of Herring Run, along the position of our lines, to the James. It was dig, dig, dig, lift and throw, until the bank reached the height of the embrasures and platforms for the field pieces.

July 8th we turned out to welcome the President of the United States, who rode, with the Commander-in-Chief and his staff, through the principal streets of the vast camp, amid the plaudits of the soldiers. We seem yet to see that rugged form towering above general and staff, and those massive, grand features of our War President, ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

From this time till the 17th the regiment was kept busy at picket duty and working on the breastworks, when, on this date, we moved camp about two miles, and put up our tents near the rifle-pits. Here we remained a few days, and busied ourselves fixing up camp, digging a well from which to supply the camp with water, working on the forts, and the usual camp duties. First, at 5 A. M., the bugle notes are heard calling us out of our nests for roll-call. It again sounds for Surgeon's call; then for breakfast. At noon it sounds for dinner, and at 4 P. M. to fall in for work on the fort. Sometimes it sounds at 11 A. M. for inspection, and again at 1 for police duty,—for the camp is kept scrupulously clean.

The 20th finds us again on picket, and where we find plenty of blackberries,—and the men are happy. The 21st

we drew new clothing. From the 26th to 28th the weather was terribly hot and sultry. All quiet in camp; no duty except picketing, as we are strongly intrenched for many miles. If Lee attempts to make an attack on us here, he will become an "angel," and with the angels stand; but we do not think he will be so unwise as to trap himself.

Each man received sixty rounds of cartridges on the 29th, as there were indications of an attack. No enemy was in sight, however, but we were kept on the alert till the evening of the 31st, when the enemy, having placed a battery on the opposite side of the James River, shelled our camps. We could follow the course of the shells, as the burning fuse was discernible in the darkness. The gunboats soon wheeled into line, and silenced the hostile guns. About twenty Union soldiers were killed, and forty wounded. A large number of horses were also killed.

On the 3d of August the paymaster arrived, and the men were paid off. There was but little duty for the next week or more, and the men amused themselves with the games incident to pay-day. Weather exceedingly hot, and many horses dying from the effects of the heat.

August 8th, in pursuance of an Act of Congress, and a general order from headquarters, the musicians of the regimental bands assembled at headquarters, and were mustered out of service. One band only is hereafter to be allowed to a brigade. This order causes a great deal of dissatisfaction among the troops.

August 10th we sent away our knapsacks and baggage on the transports, as orders had been given to move. Did not get off, however, till the 14th, when the boys bid good-by to Harrison's Landing, and marched about three miles, and were again stationed for picket duty, where we remained till 4 P. M. of the 15th; then marched to Charles City Court House.

At sunrise on the 16th we started on a twenty-mile march. The day was very hot, and the roads dusty. A portion of the country through which we passed was very fine, with large mansions, surrounded by extensive plantations.

About sundown we crossed the Chickahominy, near where it widens out into a bay, at its junction with the James. The pontoon bridge on which we crossed was 2200 feet long, and said to be the longest and best ever constructed. The train of artillery moved in the centre, and two ranks of infantry marched on each side. We went into camp about a mile from the river. While crossing, a gunboat stood guard over the moving column. The next day made a very rapid march, at which the men grumbled a good deal, as melons and fruit were quite plentiful along the route; but there was no time to indulge, nor even to sample them. During the day we passed the house which was the birth-place of ex-President Tyler. It was under guard, to prevent defacement and pillage. At about 3 P. M. we passed through Williamsburg, a quaint, moss-covered town,—once the centre of the aristocracy of the Old Dominion. Here we saw the College of William and Mary, founded during the last century; and had a good view of the fortification that, in May, cost us so much to capture. Five miles from here we went into camp, having marched twenty-five miles. Only a few of the regiment stacked arms, as the day had been unusually hot, and the march so rapid that many had fallen out by the way, and did not reach camp till after dark. Two months before, a conquering and exultant army had passed through the historic town of Williamsburg; but now we turn back from the city we had confidently expected to hold. The next day we made another march of fifteen miles, and camped within the fortifications of Yorktown.

It seems that McClellan wanted to make a stand at Williamsburg, and there recruit his forces, and advance again on the enemy. This plan was not favored by the Washington authorities, and, by their orders, on down the peninsula was heard the tread of the receding columns.

Reveille at daylight on the 19th, and for the first eight miles of our march we passed line after line of the enemy's works, which they evacuated at the time of our advance up the peninsula. Our men realized, for the first time, the

great strength of this fortified position, from which, the engineers said, the enemy could never have been driven, Fort Magruder being one of the most extensive and formidable works known in modern times.

At 4 A. M., August 20th, we took up the line of march from Yorktown, and started for Newport News, and camped three miles below Warwick C. H. In this camp and along the route, we feasted on green corn, apples, plums and peaches.

At 7 A. M., the 21st, we started on our march, and moved nine miles, to Newport News, three companies—B, F, and G—acting as rear-guard to pick up stragglers; and a hard day's work they had. From our position here we can see the masts of the frigate *Cumberland*, which was sunk by the Confederate ram, *Merrimac*.

The next day, the 22d(?), we embarked on the steamer *John Brooks*, and started down the bay. Next morning we found ourselves anchored near Fortress Monroe. The movement of this large fleet down the bay at night, each vessel carrying its many-colored signal lights, made a scene of unusual grandeur.

Our next move was up the Potomac, to Aquia Creek, where we made a short stay, and then moved on to Alexandria, and about noon of the 24th(?) disembarked and went into camp near Fort Ellsworth. August 27th we pushed out on picket duty near Avondale; and, August 28th, marched to Fairfax, and then on to Centreville.

We did not get into the second Bull Run fight in time to do any good, only to help check the retreat; and, after that battle, we marched back to Alexandria; and, September 1st, went into camp at Fort Lyon.

The following letter from Dr. George Burr, Medical Director of our Division, to his wife, gives quite fully the part taken by our division in the second Bull Run campaign :

CAMP NEAR ALEXANDRIA, Va., September 4, 1862.

MY DEAR WIFE:—For the *fourth* time we are back. Alexandria seems to be a hard place to keep away from. As I wrote you what we were about to do, we marched towards Manassas on Friday last. The division encamped for the night about seven miles out, and next morning pushed on. A heavy cannonading had commenced, indicating that a severe battle was in progress. I did not leave with the division. I had been confined to my bed the day before, and though feeling much better in the morning, I did not feel able to march, and so remained behind. Staid that night at Alexandria, with Dr. Griffin, of Great Bend, who is there employed as physician for the railroad men. Saturday morning I felt much better, though somewhat weak. The sound of the cannonading, however, with the division hastening towards it, made it impossible for me to remain behind, for on no account would I have it go into battle without my going with it. So I started on foot, and walked seven miles ; got into a sutler's wagon and rode seven miles further, to Fairfax Court House ; there found that Gen. Slocum was pushing on as rapidly as possible ; so I started towards Centreville, again on foot ; walked about six miles, when I overtook Gen. Slocum. The battle was still going on, and the division pushed forward, past Centreville, on towards Bull Run. We arrived within a mile of the battle-field about sundown, where the division was halted. It soon became evident that our men were falling back. First, a few stragglers came along ; then their numbers increased, until the road was completely filled with a disorganized mass of men, teams and ambulances. There was nothing now to be done but to save a complete rout of the army, and this duty devolved upon our division. It was kept in perfect order, and the regiments were placed in good positions for defense, and our artillery so posted as to command every point from whence the enemy could make a charge.

Col. Bartlett had the post of danger, as well as of honor, for he remained all night in that position, until the entire army had fallen back, and was re-formed at Centreville.

When I was told we were to go back to Centreville, I retraced my steps, for I was still on foot,—weary enough, I assure you, and my feet so blistered that every step caused me much pain. On reaching Centreville, long after dark, I could hear only inquiries, “Are there no surgeons?” “No

hospitals?" I at length got a piece of candle, and opened the old stone church, that was used at the other Bull Run battle, and the poor wounded fellows began to turn in at once. The church was soon filled with wounded men—some able to walk; others brought by their comrades. I attended to them all night, without ever sitting down, and all the next day likewise. In the course of the night other surgeons came in, and also the next day. The wounded also kept coming in, especially after daylight Sunday morning. We, however, attended to them all, and by night, on Sunday, put them on board of ambulances, to be taken to hospitals. I performed one amputation of the arm, and two or three fingers; and cut out perhaps a *peck* of balls from different parts. I assure you I was very willing to go to bed at night. I had eaten but very little for several days; Saturday morning, at Alexandria, I ate only a small piece of dry toast, and drank freely of tea. The sutler's wagon had ginger cakes, cheese and dried herrings: of these I ate some. Had nothing else until next day along towards noon. The Sanitary Commission men brought some bread, cold meat, and some kind of *cordial*, all of which answered a good purpose. I am somewhat surprised at my own endurance, for, after resting one night, I was as bright, and felt as well as ever the next day, with the exception of my sore feet.

Monday night we were ordered to fall back to Fairfax. So, at evening, we packed up, and this time I had a horse. We commenced the march about 9 o'clock in the evening, but we were soon blocked by teams, and the greatest confusion that I ever saw was prevailing. It was rainy, also, and everything was gloomy enough. The enemy, we knew, were on our left flank, and really we were at their mercy, had they only known our situation. Despairing of getting through under several hours, Gen. Slocum said we would try and get some rest. So we built a fire by the side of the road, spread our india rubber blankets and ponchos, and went to sleep. At daylight we rode forward, the division having passed us.

The next day we were ordered back to Alexandria, and a little before dark, reached the camp we left a few days before. We are now in a new camp, on the hill, near the seminary, on the opposite side from where we were last winter.

Thus ends the campaign. Many will call it a failure. It is true we have failed to take Richmond, but we have not been defeated; and after a thorough reorganization, we shall be more powerful than ever. General McClellan is again in full command, and he is the only man we seem to have as yet. Had it not been for his army, Washington would now be in the hands of the rebels, and our cause probably ruined.



CHAPTER IV.

SOON after reaching Alexandria, from the peninsula, Gen. McClellan was relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and Gen. John Pope was placed at its head. The latter was busy marshaling his forces for the disastrous battle of second Bull Run, which will be remembered in history for the frothy orders of Gen. Pope, that were prefaced with—"Picks and shovels to the rear!" "No more lines of retreat!" "Honor is at the front!—Shame and disgrace are at the rear!" These orders, with the jealousy of the subordinate officers, of which Fitz John Porter was made the "scapegoat," have given this campaign a prominent place in the history of the rebellion. Pope blazed forth like a meteor, and disappeared as quickly. McClellan was once more placed in command, on September 2d, and the first part of September, orders were given to move through Maryland, to intercept Lee's army, which, following up the victory at Bull Run, was now attempting to transfer the fighting ground from Virginia to the Northern States. We remained at Fort Lyon till the evening of the 5th, when we broke camp and moved towards Washington, and crossing the Long Bridge, about midnight, we moved slowly through the city, on towards Georgetown; and about daylight, after a fifteen-mile march, camped on Georgetown Heights. The following night we made another seven-mile march. After this we continued to march every day, passing Darnsville, then Sugar Loaf Mountain on the 12th,



LIEUTENANT-COL. J. H. BODINE.

where we saw some dead cavalrymen, who had been killed on the skirmish line; then through Paducah, and near Frederic, and through Jefferson; and, on Sunday morning, the 14th, arrived at Burketsville, on the east and under the shadow of South Mountain, and near to the enemy's lines. The 96th Pennsylvania had the lead to-day, and, advancing through the village, Col. Calk reported that he had not found the enemy. This report not suiting Gen. Slocum, he rode up to Gen. Bartlett and said: "General, I want you to order my old regiment to move out and find the enemy." Gen. Bartlett then rode up to Col. Adams, and pointing with his sword, said: "I want you to take your regiment and go to the top of that mountain, unless you find the enemy!" We were soon ordered forward, and in heavy marching order, at double quick, deployed as skirmishers on an open plain, facing the mountain,—the centre of the line following the road which crosses the mountain at this place, known as Crampton's Pass. As we advanced, the enemy opened on us with artillery, stationed half-way up the mountain, and with a heavy volley of musketry from behind trees and rocks, and a stone wall at the foot of the mountain. The skirmishers advanced in splendid line till within thirty or forty rods of the wall, when we were ordered to rally, and give place to the line of battle that was coming on close behind us. One squad of the pickets took shelter in a barn-yard, behind the sheds and outbuildings, where they kept up a lively and telling fire till the main line came up. Another squad of pickets, not hearing the order to rally, found themselves between the two lines of battle, and were obliged to lie down,—the bullets cutting up the ground all around them. Others joined the main line in the charge on the stone wall. As our men went over the wall, some of the rebels tried to retreat, and others threw down their arms and surrendered. Those on the retreat were exposed to our fire from behind, and very few of them made their escape. On went our line, up the side of the steep mountain,—so steep in many places that the men had to pull themselves up by taking hold of the bushes. We

soon had their second line on the retreat; and, after an action lasting three hours, drove them over the mountain, capturing one piece of artillery, about three hundred prisoners, and three stands of colors, one of which was taken by the 16th New York. On this flag was inscribed the following: "COBB LEGION—IN THE NAME OF THE LORD!" Our advance was so rapid that some of the sharpshooters had not time to climb down from the trees. During the day we could hear heavy cannonading on our right. This proved to be another battle on South Mountain, where Gens. Burnside and Hooker drove the enemy out of Turner's Gap, some six miles to the north. Two braver "soldiers' battles" were never fought than these of Crampton's Pass and Turner's Gap, on South Mountain. Our regiment lost in this fight, six men killed, two officers and twenty-five men wounded; total, thirty-three. The total loss of the division in this battle was 5 officers and 109 men killed, 16 officers and 381 men wounded, and 2 men captured. Total, 513.

The following interesting account of this battle is from the *Century Magazine*:

Upon Franklin's arrival at the foot of the mountain, at Burkettsville, at noon of the 14th, he found the enemy posted behind a stone wall, while the artillery were on the road, well up the heights. About 3 P. M. Bartlett's brigade, supported by the brigades of Newton and Torbert, and all of Slocum's division, advanced upon the enemy, and a severe contest ensued. The enemy, overpowered, fell back up the hill, firing upon our men from behind rocks and the natural defensive positions presented by the ground, until they reached their artillery, where they made a more decided stand. Their riflemen took advantage of every possible cover of ledge and rock and tree. * * *

A Vermont soldier told me that, during this up-hill fight, while climbing over a ledge, he slipped and fell eighteen or twenty feet, between two rocks. Rapid as had been his tumble, upon his arrival he found himself preceded by a Confederate soldier. For an instant they glared angrily at

each other, when the "reb." burst out laughing, saying: "We're both in a fix! You can't gobble me, and I can't gobble you, till we know which is going to lick. Let's wait till the shooting is over, and if your side wins, I'm your prisoner; and if we win, you're my prisoner!" The bargain was made. "But," said my informant, "didn't that reb. feel cheap when he found I'd won him!"

After this fight we remained two days in camp, near the top of the mountain, where we buried the dead of both armies, and cared for the wounded. Water was scarce in this camp, as it had to be brought in canteens from the foot of the mountain, more than a mile away.

Gen. McClellan, reporting on this battle, says:

"Slocum's division was formed on the right of the road leading through the gap, and Smith's upon the left. A line formed of Bartlett's and Torbett's brigades, supported by Newton, whose activity was conspicuous, advanced steadily upon the enemy at a charge on the right. The enemy were driven from their position at the foot of the mountain, where they were protected by a stone wall, and steadily forced back up the slope until they reached the position of their battery on the road, well up the mountain. There they made a stand, but were soon driven back, retiring their artillery in echelon, until, after an action of three hours, the crest was gained, and the enemy hastily fled down the mountain on the other side."

September 17th, heavy cannonading commenced at daylight, and soon after, we formed our line and moved over the west side of the mountain. While descending, we had a view of the well cultivated valley lying beneath, with good farms and good buildings, the latter resembling more fully the farm buildings of the North, rather than those of the South. But little opportunity, however, was given us to take in the beauty spread before us, for we could hear, a few miles in front, a continuous roar of cannonading and musketry, and we must hurry on to take our part.

About noon we reached Keedysville, and found many of the houses in possession of our surgeons, and fast being



DR. WM. H. STUART, ASSISTANT-SURGEON.

filled with our wounded. The streets were almost blocked with ambulances, waiting to unload their mangled, suffering burdens, while the surgeons and assistants, with coats off and sleeves rolled up; with hands and amputating instruments covered with blood, looked more like butchers in the shambles, than like professional men in hospitals. On we went, and, two miles further, we reached the battle-field of Antietam, and were placed in line of battle; then, loading our pieces, we moved forward across fields, through bits of wood and over fences, continually passing the dead, in blue or gray, and meeting stretcher-carriers with wounded, on their way to the rear.

Finally we took position in a cornfield, about the centre of our lines, where the heaviest fighting had taken place, some two hours before. The dead lay so thick that we had to pull them out of the way to make room for the troops to form their lines. This ground had been fought over twice before we reached it, each side holding it in turn. The corn was trampled to the ground, and some bushes that were left standing, were completely riddled with bullets. Here we formed our line, and remained all day, supporting some batteries, with one company out as skirmishers. We took but little part in the fighting, the most severe of which seemed to be on our left, by Burnside's corps, at Monocacy Bridge. The bridge had been captured by our men during the day, and Gen. Lee, seeing the importance of regaining it, hurled brigade after brigade of his best troops against it. But it was no use. Burnside, with his corps, had come there to stay; and they met every charge of the enemy with a counter charge, and advanced till they occupied the heights beyond.

Darkness now settled upon the field, and we unrolled our blankets and laid down, behind our stacks of guns, ready to "fall in." We were called in line several times during the night, by the pickets firing at each other. When, on each occasion, quiet was restored, the wearied men would lie down among the dead and fall asleep. Thus ended the first and principal day of the Antietam battle; and although

we took but little part in the fighting, it was the hardest-fought battle of the war, up to this date.

September 18th we were called in line at daylight, as an attack was expected. We remained standing under arms till sunrise, when Maj. H. C. Rogers, of Gen. Slocum's staff, and some other officers were sent out to meet a flag of truce from Gen. Lee, when, after a short parley, it was agreed to cease hostilities until 5 P. M., in order to bury the dead, and carry off the wounded that lay uncared for between the lines. The bodies of the dead, having lain so long exposed to the sun, were rapidly decomposing, and the stench was almost unendurable. Many of the men could not eat, and became sick from breathing the tainted air. The day was spent with pick and shovel, digging long trenches, in which the dead were buried. In one space of less than half an acre, sixty-five members of a South Carolina regiment were picked up and buried. The work was not all completed when 5 o'clock, the hour for the expiration of the armistice, had arrived; and, without warning, the enemy fired on our stretcher-carriers, wounding five and taking seven prisoners. After this, Maj. Rogers was once more sent out with a white flag, and the time of the armistice was extended until morning. The night was passed in comparative quiet, the men sleeping till daylight.

At sunrise our skirmishers advanced, and found that the enemy had retreated during the night to the opposite side of the Potomac. In this, Lee had outwitted McClellan, taking advantage of the truce to retreat across the river, but leaving his wounded in our hands.

About noon we received orders to move, and marched across the field, when the stench from the unburied dead again sickened some of the men. Guns and equipments by the thousand lay scattered about the fields, showing with what haste the enemy had retreated. We shortly came to the bank of the Potomac and camped, but Lee's army had disappeared over the hills on the Virginia side. Thus ended the first attempt of Lee to carry the war into the Northern States.

September 20th, about dark, we started and marched all night to Williamsport, Md., where we arrived about noon of the 21st. It was thought that the enemy would make an attempt to recross the river here; so we were sent to receive them; but, after two days, we marched back to Bakersville, near the field of Antietam, where we camped till November. Here the time was spent in camp and picket duty. Our picket line was along the Potomac, the regiment being on duty near Shaffer's Mill, eight miles above Dam No. 4. The rebel pickets were often in sight, on the opposite side of the river.

Wednesday, September 24th.—The orders are that we lie in camp a day or two, so that the boys can wash up their clothing, and bathe in the creek. We are having good times; can go out of camp and get anything we want to eat—soft bread, pies, and flour from which we make pancakes, which are a great luxury.

September 25th.—Are still lying in camp at Bakersville. Nothing of interest is being done in camp. The boys all feel in good spirits, for all they have to do is to go out and get chickens, turkeys and flour, and then make pot-pies for dinner.

Monday, September 29th.—Still in camp. Nothing of importance doing, only some of the officers are having a spree, and raising the ———— generally throughout camp. Dress parade as usual, at 6 P. M.

October 4th.—The army was reviewed by Gen. McClellan and President Lincoln. The same day a squad of returned prisoners, who had been captured at the first Bull Run battle, returned to camp, and were given a warm reception. These men had been held as prisoners more than ten months, and had been in parol camp at Annapolis, Md., for some months, waiting to be exchanged. All seemed glad to be back in camp, and said they were ready again to meet the enemy. (For a detailed account of the prison-life of these men, see the last chapter.)

October 5th, the Articles of War were read to the regiment, for the first time, by Col. Adams; and about the

same time, the following general orders, relating to the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, were issued:

General Orders No. 160.

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
CAMP NEAR SHARPSBURG, Md., Oct. 3, 1862. }

The commanding general extends his congratulations to the army under his command, for the victories achieved by their bravery at the passes of the South Mountain, and upon the Antietam Creek.

The brilliant conduct of Reno's and Hooker's corps, under Burnside, at Turner's Gap; and of Franklin's corps, at Crampton's Pass, in which, in the face of an enemy strong in position, and resisting with obstinacy, they carried the mountain, and prepared the way for the advance of the army, won for them the admiration of their brethren in arms.

In the memorable battle of Antietam, we defeated a numerous and powerful army of the enemy, in an action desperately fought, and remarkable for its duration, and for the destruction of life which attended it. The obstinate bravery of the troops of Hooker, Mansfield and Sumner; the dashing gallantry of those of Franklin, on the right; the sturdy valor of those of Burnside, on the left; and the vigorous support of Porter and Pleasanton, present a brilliant spectacle to our countrymen, which will swell their hearts with pride and exultation. Fourteen guns, thirty-nine colors, 15,500 stand of arms, and nearly 6,000 prisoners taken from the enemy, are evidences of the completeness of our triumph. A grateful country will thank this noble army for achievements which have rescued the loyal States of the East from the ravages of the invader, and have driven him from their borders.

While rejoicing at the victories which, under God's blessing, have crowned our exertions, let us cherish the memory of our brave companions who have laid down their lives upon the battle-field: Martyrs in their country's cause, their names will ever be enshrined in the hearts of the people.

By command of Major-General McClellan.

S. WILLIAMS,
Assistant Adjutant-General.

**Report of Major-Gen. William B. Franklin, U. S. Army,
Commanding 6th Army Corps, of the Battles
of Crampton's Pass and Antietam.**

HEADQUARTERS SIXTH ARMY CORPS, {
CAMP NEAR BAKERSVILLE, Md., Sept. 3, 1862. }

GENERAL :—I have the honor to submit the following report of operations of the corps under my command, in the battle of the 14th instant, at Crampton's Pass. In compliance with instructions of the commanding general, the corps advanced, on the morning of the 14th instant, from a point three miles east of Jefferson, in the direction of the Blue Ridge. At Jefferson a halt was ordered, to afford Gen. Couch an opportunity of coming up. After a short delay, upon learning that this division was still some distance in the rear, I advanced to the vicinity of the village of Burkettsville. Upon ascertaining that the pass over the mountains at this point—which I was directed to secure and hold—was occupied by the enemy in force, I caused immediate preparations to be made for an attack. The enemy was strongly posted on both sides of the road, which makes a steep ascent through a narrow defile, wooded on both sides, and affording great advantages of cover and position. Their advance was posted near the base of the mountain, in the rear of a stone wall, stretching to the right of the road at a point where the ascent is gradual, and for the most part over open fields. Eight guns had been stationed on the road, and at points on the sides and the summit of the mountain, to the left of the pass.

It was evident that the position could be carried only by an infantry charge. Accordingly I directed Major-Gen. Slocum to advance his division through the village of Burkettsville, and commence the attack upon the right. Woolcott's First Maryland Battery was stationed on the left, and to the rear of the village, and maintained a steady fire on the positions of the enemy until they were assailed and carried by our troops. Smith's division was placed in reserve on the east side of the village, and held in readiness to co-operate with Gen. Slocum, or support his attack, as occasion might require. Capt. Ayres' battery, of this division, was posted on a commanding ground to the left of the reserves, and kept up an uninterrupted fire on the principal battery of the enemy until the latter was driven from its position.

The advance of Gen. Slocum was made with admirable steadiness, through a well-directed fire from the batteries on the mountain, the brigade of Col. Bartlett taking the lead, followed, at proper intervals, by the

brigades of Gen. Newton and Col. Torbert. Upon fully determining the enemy's position, the skirmishers were withdrawn, and Col. Bartlett's brigade became engaged along his entire line. He maintained his ground steadily under a severe fire, for some time under a manifest disadvantage, until reinforced by two regiments of Gen. Newton's brigade upon his right, and the brigade of Col. Torbert and the two remaining regiments of Newton's on his left. The line of battle thus formed, an immediate charge was ordered, and most gallantly executed. The men swept forward, with a cheer, over the stone wall, dislodging the enemy, and pursuing him up the mountain-side to the crest of the hill, and down the opposite slope. This single charge, sustained as it was over a great distance, and on a rough ascent of unusual steepness, was decisive. The enemy was driven in the utmost confusion from a position of strength, and allowed no opportunity for even an attempt to rally, until the pass was cleared, and in the possession of our troops. * * *

The victory was complete, and its achievement followed so rapidly upon the first attack, that the enemy's reserves, although pushed forward at the double-quick, arrived but in time to participate in the flight, and add confusion to the rout.

Four hundred prisoners, from seventeen different organizations, seven hundred stand of arms, one piece of artillery, and three stand of colors were captured, while numberless articles of equipment, knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, etc., were abandoned by the enemy in their flight.

The gallantry of the officers, and the spirit and dash displayed by the troops, are worthy of the highest praise; and I respectfully call attention to the recommendations made in the accompanying reports of Major-Gen. Slocum and the commanders of brigades, and solicit for them the favorable notice of the commanding general. I also respectfully refer to the reports in question for a detailed account of the operations of the respective brigades, and for the names of such officers as have won honorable mention for their gallant bearing in the field. While fully concurring in the recommendation offered in behalf of Cols. Bartlett, and Torbert, who have certainly earned promotion on this and other occasions, I respectfully and earnestly request that Brigadier-Gen. Newton may be promoted to the rank of major-general, for his conspicuous gallantry and important services during the entire engagement.

The prompt and energetic action of Dr. White, the medical director of the corps; of Dr. Bradley, his assistant; and of the medical staff of the different organizations engaged in bringing off and caring for the wounded, is worthy of the highest praise.

Our total loss, in killed and wounded, is 530. Of these, 16 are officers, 5 of whom were killed. The total loss, killed, was 110; wounded, 420.

The losses of the enemy are not accurately known. We buried 150 of their dead, and took charge of more than 300 of their wounded, who were left upon the field.

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. B. FRANKLIN,

Major-General, Commanding Sixth Corps.

**Report of Major-Gen. Henry W. Slocum, U. S. Army,
Commanding the First Division, of the
Battle of Crampton's Pass.**

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, SIXTH CORPS, }
CAMP IN THE FIELD, Sept. 24, 1862. }

SIR:—I have the honor of submitting the following report of the action of this division in the engagement at Crampton's Pass, on the 14th inst. The division encamped, on the night of the 13th, about three miles east of Jefferson, on the road leading from Urbana to Jefferson. At daylight on the 14th instant the division left camp, moved through Jefferson, and at 12 M. met the pickets of the enemy, near Burkettsville. Col. Bartlett, commanding the leading brigade, at once deployed the Ninety-sixth Regiment Pennsylvania Volunteers as skirmishers, who drove in the enemy's pickets, and advanced to the village. The other regiments of the division were then advanced to a position about half a mile east of the village, where they were completely concealed from the view of the enemy, and covered from the fire of his artillery. Wolcott's First Maryland Battery was then advanced to a point to the left of the infantry, and replied to the enemy's artillery, until preparations for the attack of the infantry were completed.

At 3 P. M. the column of attack was formed in the following order: The Twenty-seventh Regiment New York Volunteers deployed as skirmishers, followed, at a distance of 200 yards, by the Fifth Maine and Sixteenth New York Volunteers, in line of battle; the brigades of Gen. Newton and Col. Torbert followed, each brigade being in two lines, the

regiments in line of battle, and the lines 200 yards from each other—the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, of Bartlett's brigade, which had advanced into the village, formed in rear, and joined the column as it advanced; the One Hundred and Twenty-first New York Volunteers was held as a reserve, at the point where the column was formed. As soon as the advance began, the enemy opened with a heavy and well directed artillery fire; but the troops advanced steadily, every line in the entire column preserving its alignment with as much accuracy as could have been expected at a drill or review. The line of skirmishers soon drew the fire of the enemy's infantry, which appeared in strong position in rear of a stone wall, which afforded them an admirable cover.

The position and strength of the enemy having been ascertained, the skirmishers were withdrawn, and Col. Bartlett led the first line to a point within 300 yards of the enemy's line. A severe engagement ensued, the enemy having greatly the advantage in position, and being aided by at least eight pieces of artillery, posted on the side of the mountain. The position of this pass and its approaches rendered it evident that, in the attempt to carry it, reliance was to be placed mainly upon the infantry. I had, therefore, left all the artillery of the division in rear; but, fearing that the stone wall behind which the enemy had taken cover, would prove an insurmountable obstacle to the advance of my lines, I at once used every effort to bring forward a battery, with the view of driving the enemy from his position. But, before the battery was fairly in position this obstacle had been overcome by a most gallant charge of the infantry, and the enemy were fleeing in confusion up the mountain, closely pursued by every regiment of the division, except the one in reserve, each vying with the other in the pursuit.

The enemy made another stand at the crest of the mountain, but was speedily dispersed, and pursued through the pass and into the plain below. The victory was complete, and resulted not only in the utter rout and dispersion of the forces opposed to us, but in the capture of over 300 prisoners, 3 stand of colors, over 700 stand of arms of the most approved pattern—1 piece of artillery, and a very large number of knapsacks, haversacks, blankets, etc. * * * * *

Of the gallantry of the officers and men under my command, I cannot speak too highly. Although greatly reduced in numbers by losses on the peninsula, although fatigued by long marches, and constant service since the opening of the spring campaign, each regiment—indeed, every man did his whole duty, not reluctantly, but with that eagerness and enthusiasm which rendered success certain.

To attempt to designate any regiment, or any regimental or line officers, as being entitled to particular notice, would be an act of injustice to all others. I cannot, however, without great injustice omit to call attention to the conduct of the brigade commanders, Gen. Newton, Col. Bartlett, and Col. Torbert, all of whom led their brigades in the action, and gave renewed evidence of their skill and courage. Col. Bartlett, commanding the leading brigade, was on this, as on all former occasions, conspicuous for his gallantry, and the skill with which he handled his troops under a most galling fire. I sincerely trust that both Col. Bartlett and Col. Torbert, commanding their respective brigades, both of whom have given abundant proofs of their qualifications for the positions which they now occupy, as brigade commanders, may be rewarded by the promotion they have so well earned.

I append a list of casualties, showing the number of officers killed, 5; wounded, 16; men killed, 109; wounded, 381. Total killed, 114; wounded, 397; aggregate loss 511. This list embraces many of the bravest and most gallant officers and soldiers of the division, for a more particular reference to whom I respectfully refer to the reports of the brigade commanders, which are herewith enclosed.

I am greatly indebted to the members of my staff, Major Rogers, Assistant Adjutant-General; Lieutenants Guindon and Shannon, Aids-de-Camp; and to Capt. Urquhart, of Col. Bartlett's staff, for the zealous manner in which their respective duties were discharged.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. W. SLOCUM,

Major-General Volunteers, Commanding.

Report of Col. Joseph J. Bartlett, Twenty-Seventh N. Y. Infantry, Commanding Second Brigade, of the Battle of Crampton's Pass.

HDQRS. SECOND BRIGADE, FIRST DIV., SIXTH CORPS, }
———, 1862. }

MAJOR:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by my brigade in the battle of Crampton's Pass, Sunday, September 14th, 1862:

My command, after a march of ten miles, arrived opposite the village of Burkettsville and Crampton's Pass about 12 o'clock M., with the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, Col. Cake commanding, deployed as skirmishers. The enemy's pickets retired from the town, and opened an artillery fire from two batteries upon the line of skirmishers. I was ordered by Major-Gen. Slocum to halt, until he could mass his troops and arrange the plan of the assault, as the appearance of the mountain pass convinced all that artillery was of no avail against it, and that nothing but a combined and vigorous charge of infantry would carry the mountain.

It being decided that the attack should be made on the right and flank of the road leading over the mountain, I was ordered to lead the column, under cover from artillery fire, and as secretly as possible, to a large field near its base, where the column of attack was to be formed, each brigade in two lines, at 200 paces in rear.

About 4 o'clock P. M. I ordered forward the Twenty seventh New York Volunteers, Lieutenant-Col. A. D. Adams commanding, to deploy as skirmishers; and upon their placing the interval ordered between the column of attack and their line, I advanced at quick time the Fifth Maine Volunteers, Col. A. J. Jackson commanding; and Sixteenth New York Volunteers, Lieutenant-Col. J. J. Seaver commanding. My line of skirmishers found the enemy at the base of the mountain, safely lodged behind a strong stone wall. Their entire line, being now developed, exhibited a large force. My first line advanced rapidly and steadily to the front, under a severe fire of artillery from the heights above, and musketry from behind the wall and the trees on the slope above it. Halting behind a rail fence, about 300 yards from the enemy, the skirmishers were withdrawn, and the battle commenced.

By some unexplained and unaccountable mistake, more than 1,000 yards intervened between the head of the column of Gen. Newton's brigade and my own line; and nothing but the most undaunted courage and steadiness on the part of the two regiments forming my line, maintained the fight until the arrival of the rest of the attacking column. On their arrival, the Thirty-second New York Volunteers, Col. Matheson commanding; and the Eighteenth New York Volunteers, Lieutenant-Col. Myers commanding, were sent to report to me, by order of Gen. Newton commanding Third Brigade. The Fifth Maine and Sixteenth New York Volunteers having expended their ammunition, I relieved them, and formed them twenty paces in rear.

The New Jersey brigade, Col. Torbert commanding, now arrived on the left of the line, and commenced firing by its first line; and the Ninety-

sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers having joined my command, and been positioned by me on the extreme right, it became apparent to all that nothing but a united charge would dislodge the enemy and win the battle. A moment's consultation with Col. Torbert decided us to make the charge immediately, at a double quick ; and the order was passed along the line, to "cease firing," and the command given to "charge !" and our whole line advanced with cheers, rushing over the intervening space, to the stone wall, and routing the enemy. The charge was maintained to the top of the mountain, up an almost perpendicular steep, over rocks and ledges, through the underbrush and timber, until the crest, overlooking the valley beyond, was gained. The victory was decisive and complete, the routed enemy leaving arms, ammunition, knapsacks, haversacks and blankets, in heaps by the roadside.

The great natural strength of the enemy's position, supported by his well-served batteries, made it absolutely necessary that the first attempt should be successful, or great confusion and slaughter must ensue. The success was fully and clearly established by the masterly arrangement of the column of attack by Major-Gen. Slocum ; and circumstances seemed to have been controlled by some master hand, to enable us to carry out the clear instructions received before the assault. All orders were carried out in detail. No more and no less was done than to execute the plan, during the fiercely contested assault, which was so clearly expressed in the bivouac.

I have the honor of reporting the capture of one battle-flag, by the Sixteenth New York Volunteers.

The action of my own regiments, and of the Thirty-second and Eighteenth New York Volunteers, who were under my command, recommend them to the highest consideration of their general officers. There were no officers, field or line, who did not distinguish themselves upon this occasion ; and the highest praise should be awarded the soldiers under their command.

It is with sorrow I have to report the death of Major Martin, Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania Volunteers, who fell gallantly leading his wing of the regiment to the charge.

My warmest thanks are due to the brave, able and gallant assistance rendered me on this, as on all former occasions, by Lieut. R. P. Wilson, acting Assistant Adjutant-General, and Lieut. M. E. Richards, acting Aid-de-camp.

Among the surgeons of the several regiments, Surg. N. S. Barnes, Twenty-seventh New York Volunteers, I wish particularly to mention for

gallantry in following his regiment into battle, and establishing his field hospital close to the scene of action, thereby rendering immediate and valuable assistance to the wounded.

JOS. J. BARTLETT,
Colonel, Commanding Brigade.

Report of Lieutenant-Colonel Alexander D. Adams, Twenty-seventh New York Infantry, of the Battle of Crampton's Pass.

HDQRS, 27TH N. Y. VOLS.—IN THE FIELD, NEAR }
WILLIAMSPORT, Md., Sept. 23, 1862. }

LIEUTENANT:—I have the honor to submit the following report of the part taken by this regiment in the action of Crampton's Pass, September 14th, 1862:

On leaving Jefferson, the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania was sent out in advance, as skirmishers; and, soon after, the Sixteenth New York was assigned to support a battery; so that the Twenty-seventh had the advance on approaching the pass. The presence of the enemy having been discovered, the brigade was drawn into a ravine, in column by battalion, to avoid his artillery, and to prepare for storming the gap. Shortly after, the Ninety-sixth Pennsylvania having been recalled and placed in the column, the brigade moved, under cover as far as practicable, toward the pass, and at 3:30 the Twenty-seventh—still leading the column—was ordered by Col. Bartlett, commanding brigade, to deploy as skirmishers, advance on the pass, and develop the enemy's position,—the center of the line, which was at least a mile long, being directed a little to the right of the pass. Almost as soon as the deployment was completed, and the flank companies had been thrown forward a little, bringing the line into the form of an arc, the skirmishers became briskly engaged, simultaneously on the right and left, with a superior force of the enemy, posted at the base of the mountain, behind stone fences and houses.

The firing at once became general along the whole line, and was very rapid, and at close range. In ten or fifteen minutes the first line of attack of this brigade had advanced to the left of the center of the line of skirmishers, and opened a fierce fire on the enemy in the woods in front. After considerable interval, the musketry continuing fiercely, the Second

Brigade, in column, Gen. Newton's, having been brought up to support the attack, and the skirmishers, as well as the first line of Col. Bartlett's brigade, having expended their ammunition, the colonel commanding directed that the skirmishers should retire and rally on the center, for the purpose of re-forming the regiment. This was done in good order, though, owing to the extent of the line, it necessarily occupied some time,—the charge which carried the pass being made when but three or four companies had formed. As soon as the flank companies had come in, the regiment was placed in the position previously indicated by Gen. Bartlett, where it remained until the next morning. The action had terminated in the total rout of the enemy before this position was taken up.

The conduct of this command, during the entire engagement, was most admirable. Though exposed to the fire of the enemy's artillery, while advancing over the open fields, there was no faltering or hesitation, and the severe musketry fire of the enemy was returned with the cool deliberation and steady aim of experienced marksmen.

It is reported by prisoners, that the manner and steadiness of the advance convinced the enemy that he had not raw troops to deal with. The great extent of the line rendered the transmission of orders difficult, and I am greatly indebted to Major Bodine and Adjutant Thompson, for the aid which maintained the proper disposition and unbroken continuity of the line. All the officers, save one, maintained and added to the reputation they had won in the previous history of the Twenty-seventh.

It would not be proper to conclude this report without mentioning the efficient conduct of Surgeon Barnes, of this regiment, whose hospital was established nearest to the field, and who was the first surgeon to visit the wounded, collected in the houses at the foot of the mountain, and on the field after the action was over.

The casualties are: 6 killed, and 27 wounded; among the latter are Lieuts. Seely and Christman, and Color-bearer Sergt. McMahon.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

ALEXANDER D. ADAMS,

Lieutenant-Colonel, Commanding.

Report of Major-Gen. Wm. B. Franklin, U. S. Army, Commanding Sixth Corps, of the Battle of Antietam.

HDQRS. SIXTH ARMY CORPS—CAMP NEAR BAKERSVILLE, Md., }
October 7, 1862. }

GENERAL:—I have the honor to make the following report of the operations of this corps, under my command, in the battle of Antietam, on the 17th ultimo:

For the preceding two days I had been encamped in rear of Rohrer'sville, in Pleasant Valley. During the night of the 16th I received orders to move towards Keedysville, in the morning, with two divisions, and to dispatch Gen. Couch's division to occupy Maryland Heights.

I started at 5:30 A. M. Gen. Smith's division led the column, and its head arrived at the field of battle about 11 o'clock. This division was ordered to take post in a wood on the left of the stone bridge across the Antietam; and I was directed to place Slocum's division on the right of the same bridge. Before the arrival of Slocum's division, Gen. Smith was ordered to go to the assistance of Gen. Sumner, forming on his left. He at once obeyed this order, and arrived on the field at a most opportune moment. His first brigade (Hancock's) formed as the support of two of Gen. Sumner's batteries (then severely pressed by the enemy), drove away his skirmishers, who had already advanced close to the batteries, and occupied some buildings and fences in front of his position. This brigade was the means of saving two batteries, and occupied a position during the remainder of the action, sometimes under very heavy cannonading.

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Slocum's division arrived on the field about 11 o'clock. Immediately after its arrival, two of his brigades (Newton's and Torbert's) were formed in column of attack, to carry the wood in the immediate vicinity of the white church. The other brigade (Bartlett's) had been ordered by General Sumner to keep near his right. As this brigade was to form the reserve for the column of attack, I waited until it came up. About the same time Gen. Sumner arrived on the spot, and directed the attack to be postponed; and the enemy at once proceeded to fill the woods with infantry, and planted a battery there, which opened a severe fire upon us.

Shortly afterwards the commanding general came to the position, and decided that it would not be prudent to make the attack, our position on the right being considerably in advance of what it had been in the morning. This division therefore held its place until it was finally removed,

on the 19th. On two occasions, during the afternoon of the 17th, the enemy opened upon us from the wood with artillery fire. In each case their fire was soon silenced, and, it appeared from an examination of the ground afterward, with heavy loss of artillery and men.

In this position, suffering severe cannonading at intervals, which they bore like the veterans they are, my command remained without change until daylight on the 19th, when a general advance was made by the pickets, under orders from headquarters. This advance revealed the fact that the enemy had retreated during the night.

The batteries of the corps, under command of Capt. Ayres and Lieut. Upton were splendidly served, and did excellent execution.

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My staff were very efficient, and behaved well. Without any previous knowledge of the field, and with a large extent of ground covered by my command, its duties were arduous in the extreme. * * *

I am, General, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

W. B. FRANKLIN,

Major-General, Commanding.

Report of Major-General Henry W. Slocum, U. S. Army, Commanding First Division, of the Battle of Antietam.

HEADQUARTERS, FIRST DIVISION, SIXTH CORPS, {
CAMP NEAR BAKERSVILLE, September 26, 1862. }

SIR:—I have the honor to report that, early on the morning of the 17th instant, the division under my command left Crampton's Pass to join the main army, then already engaged with the enemy, near Sharpsburg. We reached the battlefield about 12 M., and immediately took position in front of the white church, on the Hagerstown and Sharpsburg turnpike, relieving a part of Gen. Sumner's corps. Our infantry, though not actively engaged, were exposed to a heavy artillery fire from the enemy until sundown, and are entitled to great credit for their gallantry under a severe fire, which they were unable to return. The artillery of the division, under command of First Lieut. Emory Upton, Fifth U. S. Artillery, was well served, and did good execution. The batteries of Capt. Hexamer, First New Jersey Volunteer Artillery; Capt. Wolcott, First Maryland Volunteer Artillery; and Lieut. Williston, Battery D, Second U. S. Artillery, were

all engaged, and their fire proved very accurate and effective, twice silencing the enemy's guns, and holding in check a large force of his infantry. The officers and men of the division lay or rested upon their arms in line of battle for over forty hours, without leaving their position, and deserve great credit for their fortitude displayed on that occasion.

I append a list of casualties, showing a loss of 5 men killed, 2 officers and 56 men wounded, and 2 men missing ; making a total loss of 65.

I am, sir, very respectfully,

Your obedient servant,

H. W. SLOCUM,

Major-General Volunteers, Commanding.

On October 22d our knapsacks that were sent off at Harrison's Landing, on the 11th of August, were returned to us, many of them having been pillaged of their valuables.

October 31st we were called at 3 A. M., and after making coffee, fell in line and started on the march, taking the road to the left of Antietam, through Keedysville, and after a pleasant march of about ten miles, we camped near Crampton's Pass, on the opposite side of the mountain from where the fight took place.

September 14th we crossed the mountain, passing over the battle-field and to the right of Burketsville, where we halted a few minutes ; and while here several of our wounded that were left at the village on the day of the fight came to see us. We continued our march through Maryland two days more, then crossed the Potomac on a pontoon bridge at Berlin. This brought us into Loudon county, Va., and our march is to continue up Loudon Valley, which is a continuation of Pleasant Valley in Maryland. Every day there was more or less cannonading in front, as our troops came up with the rear guard of the enemy.

November 4th the regiment was rear guard, and while waiting for the lines to pass us, a vote was taken to see how the men stood for Governor of New York. Wadsworth received twenty-three majority in the regiment, Company "D" giving only one vote against him.

The 6th and 7th we stayed in camp at White Plains, on account of a severe snow storm. The next day we came to Thoroughfare Gap, when the officers, seeing smoke on the opposite side of the mountain, thought it came from the camp of the enemy. A battery was hastily put in position, our lines of battle formed and skirmishers sent to the front, who soon returned and reported that Gen. Sigel was on the other side with some twelve thousand men. We continued our line of march and at night camped at New Baltimore. The next day, the 10th, Gen. McClellan, having been removed from the command, rode through the camp, taking leave of the army. He was accompanied by General Burnside, who assumes command. The men were wild with excitement. They threw their hats into the air and cheered their old commander as long as his escort was in sight. The rank and file are very much dissatisfied with his removal, as the soldiers have always idolized him. The next day one soldier writes in his diary: "Here we are still in this miserable old camp. There is much excitement among the men. We are growing uneasy as dogs, and hardly know how to content ourselves, on account of the change in commanders. The troops are all discouraged and don't care whether the Union is saved or not." The soldiers at this time did not realize what Gen. McClellan might have done after the battle of Antietam, by following up the enemy more rapidly.

The following is the order relieving Gen. McClellan:

WASHINGTON, Nov. 5, 1862.

By direction of the President of the United States, it is ordered that Major-Gen. McClellan be relieved from the command of the Army of the Potomac, and that Major-Gen. Burnside take command of that army.

By order of the Secretary of War.

E. D. TOWNSEND,

Assistant Adjutant-General.

McClellan's Farewell Address.

HDQRS. ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
CAMP NEAR RECTORTOWN, Va., Nov. 7, 1862. }

Officers and Soldiers of the Army of the Potomac :

An order of the President devolves upon Major-Gen. Burnside the command of this army. In parting from you, I cannot express the love and gratitude I bear to you. As an army, you have grown up under my care. In you I have never found doubt or coldness. The battles you have fought under my command, will proudly live in our nation's history. The glory you have achieved, our mutual perils and fatigues, the graves of our comrades fallen in battle and by disease, the broken forms of those whom wounds and sickness have disabled—the strongest associations which can exist among men—unite us still by an indissoluble tie.

We shall ever be comrades in supporting the constitution of our country and the nationality of its people.

GEO. B. McCLELLAN,

Major-General United States Army.

Gen. Burnside's order assuming command of the Army of the Potomac was now prepared, and read as follows :

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
WARRENTOWN, Va., Nov. 9, 1862. }

General Order No. 1.

In accordance with General Orders No. 182, issued by the President of the United States, I hereby assume command of the Army of the Potomac; and the exercise of my every energy in the direction of this army, aided by the full and hearty co-operation of its officers and men, will, I hope, under the blessing of God, ensure its success.

Having been a sharer of the privations, and a witness of the bravery of the old Army of the Potomac in the Maryland campaign, and fully identified in the feelings of respect and esteem for Gen. McClellan, entertained through a long and most friendly association with him, I feel that it is not as a stranger that I assume this command. To the Ninth Corps, so long and intimately associated with me, I need say nothing : our histories are identical. With diffidence for myself, but with a proud confidence in the unswerving loyalty and determination of the gallant army now entrusted to my care, I accept its control with the steadfast assurance that the just cause must prevail.

A. E. BURNSIDE,
Major-General, Commanding.

Burnside halted here several days around Warrenton, and reorganized the army upon a novel plan. The six army corps were consolidated into three grand divisions, the right, center, and left, respectively commanded by Gens. Sumner, Hooker, and Franklin. The Sixth Corps now formed a part of the left grand division, and was commanded by Gen. W. F. ("Baldy") Smith. The first division, to which our regiment had always been attached, was now commanded by Gen. Brooks, a stern disciplinarian and an able soldier, Gen. Slocum having succeeded to the command of the Twelfth Corps.

On this march the matter of supplies was a vital one to us. The supply trains were often delayed, and yet the strictest rules had been issued that the country through which the army passed should be "protected." No plundering was allowed. But it was a hard thing to restrain hungry men from occasionally helping themselves to any good thing they could find. One day Corp. ———, of Co. "C." walked into camp and directly past Gen. Brooks' headquarters, with a fine sheep swung over his shoulders. The General halted him and in a peremptory voice demanded his reasons for disobeying orders. "General," said the soldier, "No sheep must try to bite me. If it does, I shall shoot it, orders or no orders," and immediately walked on to his tent. It is needless to say that the General that day had mutton chops for dinner.

One day, Col. ———, of our brigade, calling his orderly, asked: "What's that I smell cooking? Has any one killed the dog?" "Oh, no sir; it's mutton broth!" "How's that? Have the men been robbing any of the farmers?" "No, sir; our men wouldn't do that." "Then, where did the mutton come from?" "Well, sir, this morning about daybreak, two men of the ———th regiment were seen carrying a sheep toward camp. They seemed, sir, to have brought it some distance. Two or three of our boys slipped on their belts, and, taking their muskets, started for the "forgers," who supposing, they were about to be arrested by a detail of the *provost guard*,

dropped the sheep and ran. Of course, sir, the boys couldn't think of leaving the carcass there, and—and—we're to have a mess of mutton broth for dinner."

I have just finished my dinner, and as some of our men could not forage, I would like all to know what a good soldier's dinner is: *Recipe*—Take a quart cup and put in one spoonful of coffee, one spoonful of sugar, fill to the brim with water; put it over a fire of coals and boil; this is coffee. 2. Take a frying-pan, cut three slices of fat pork, fry to a crisp. 3. Take five "hard-tacks," soak them in cold water ten minutes, place them in the pan with your pork; fry ten minutes. Having done this, your dinner is ready. Then sit down upon the ground; take your knife (your fingers serve as a fork) and eat heartily. This is what may be called a good dinner, a cheap one, and the recipe should be carefully preserved.

Sunday, November 16th, broke camp, and started on the march about 7 o'clock. Passed through New Baltimore and Greenville, then turned south and marched through Catlett's Station, going into camp two miles beyond. The day's march was fifteen miles. Here the little gray rabbits were very numerous; they seemed to start up from every bush. The men knocked them over with sticks and stones, and that night rabbit pot-pie was the favorite dish in camp. On this march I congratulated myself on having confiscated a pillow-case full of flour. I carried it on my shoulders nearly two miles, when one of the battery boys offered to relieve me by carrying it to camp on a gun carriage—and he did relieve me most effectually, for I have never seen it since. After two days more of marching, we went into camp near Stafford Court House, where we remained for some time. The weather was cold and stormy, and as we had only green pine for fires, the men were soon smoked up, and became the color of a sugar-cured ham.

November 27th the regiment was ordered on picket, and after a long march they formed the line a few miles from Aquia Creek. This being Thanksgiving Day in the State of New York, the boys are thinking much of home. This

is the way one man gives his experience, in his diary, next morning :

“Four of us are on post near the forks of a road. We are not allowed to have any fires on the post at night, and the boys complain bitterly of the cold. We built us a shanty of brush and got some hay and made a comfortable bed. It was a bright moonlight night, and as I passed up and down my lonely beat, I had pleasant thoughts of home and often wished I could have a share of the good things from the home Thanksgiving table; for our rations were very short and I had only a small piece of boiled beef, with coffee and crackers, and a lot of ripe persimmons, which are very plentiful in this section. But war will have an end, and we will return and join our loved ones, and share of the good things there.”

The men on reserve, however, fared much better. They foraged about the country and had a good supply of chicken, bread, eggs, milk and sweet potatoes.

Returned from picket duty on the 29th, and remained in this camp until December 4th. While in camp at Stafford Court House, one of the hospital tents took fire and one patient was suffocated. There was one case of small-pox while in this camp. The patient was quarantined in a small tent at some distance from the camp.

We marched at daylight on the above date—a long march—and camped on the top of a hill, where the wind was piercingly cold. We gathered some dried grass and made as comfortable beds as possible. The next morning we removed our tents and put them in a piece of woods where it was more sheltered, and made ourselves quite comfortable. It began to rain about 9 o'clock, and we did not expect to move; but about noon orders came to pack up, and we started back towards Belle Plain, a place that we passed yesterday. We had a very hard march of four miles. The rain had turned to snow; it was very muddy and very cold, and proved to be the most disagreeable march we had ever had. They led us out on the open plain near the river, where we stacked arms, just at dark.

The snow and mud were several inches deep. The cold wind swept over the plain. There was no wood for fires and no place to lie down. Being thoroughly soaked, the men could not stand it; so we left the plains and went into the woods on the heights, about a mile back from the river. Here we built huge fires and remained all night, drying our clothes and blankets, and getting but little sleep. The weather cleared about midnight, and there was an eclipse of the moon that attracted a great deal of attention.

The next morning we returned to the plain, took our arms, and went into an old camp near the landing. It seems that our brigade had been detailed and sent here to guard the landing and unload boats.

The following day, December 7th, was the coldest day we had ever experienced in Virginia. Ice formed in the Potomac so that the boats had great difficulty in landing, and some of the men crossed the river on the ice. Many took to the woods again, and spent their Sunday around the fires, having suffered very much from cold and hunger. To this day the men well remember their experience at Belle Plain. One soldier, writing to a comrade recently, says: "Whenever I hear the wind blowing on some cold and snowy day or night, I shudder and think of Belle Plain."

On fatigue duty, unloading boats, during the 8th and 9th. The sutler arrived on the 9th, and put up a big tent, well stocked with goods, but refused to sell to the men except for cash, and at exorbitant prices. That night some of the men made a charge upon the establishment, tore down the tent, and seized the goods. Some had an armful of tobacco; others, fine-tooth combs; some, boxes of sardines, buckskin gloves, and the various articles usually kept on sale. It took half the night to swap round, and get things evenly divided.

The next morning we were made glad by orders to march and join the division. We started at 8 o'clock, and while on the march, all along the line, men were shouting, "Who'll

swap a right for a left?" and *vice versa*. When they obtained these gloves from the sutler the night before, time was too pressing to notice whether all had mates or not. After marching five miles we went into camp, at White Oak Church.

The roll of the drum summoned the men in line at 5 A.M., on the morning of December 11th, 1862. At about 8 o'clock we left our camp at White Oak Church, taking up the line of march towards the river. Cannonading commenced in the direction of Fredericksburg very early, and continued very rapidly all day. About noon we reached the Rappahannock, a short distance below Fredericksburg, and from our position on the bluffs, bordering the valley, we had a fine view of Fredericksburg and the fortified hills in rear. It was a beautiful day,—a warm sunshine and smoky atmosphere reminding one of a Northern Indian summer. Below, on the river, the engineers brigade was engaged laying the pontoon bridges, subject to the annoying fire of the enemy's sharp-shooters, who were plainly seen on the other side of the river.

We were marched down to a level plain near the bank of the river, when suddenly all the batteries, which had been stationed on high ground a little back from the river, opened fire and sent a continuous stream of shells over our heads, across the river, into the city, and over the plain below. Sixty shells a minute went whizzing through the air, and crashing through buildings, while the earth fairly shook beneath the terrific cannonade. The scene was one of awful grandeur. A dark column of smoke rose heavenward from the doomed city, showing that the explosives were doing effective work. The bombardment continued about an hour, when the pontoon bridges in our front were completed, and we were ordered to advance. Above, opposite the city, the bridges could not be completed till the troops had crossed over in boats, and driven the sharp-shooters out of the houses. This was done in a most gallant manner by the 89th New York, the 19th and 20th Massachusetts, and the 7th Michigan.

Just at dark the 27th crossed the river, following a Rhode Island regiment that moved off to the right, while our regiment moved obliquely to the left, and advanced with the steadiness of a dress parade, about a mile, when we found ourselves close up to the enemy's lines; and we could see through the darkness the outlines of moving forms. The men all along the line wondered at the mysterious movement, sending a regiment squarely up to the rebel line, with no troops to support us, and a river between us and our army. A halt was made and the men lay down, but soon a retreat was ordered, in a whisper, and the regiment marched back to the river in good order, recrossed the bridge and went into camp for the night.

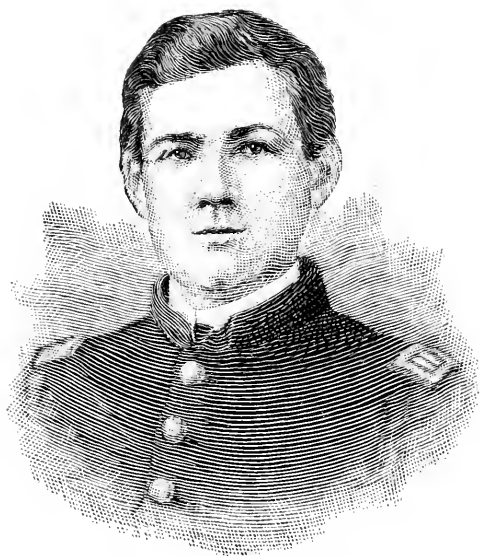
While all this was going on, the men of the 89th New York and other troops were holding high carnival in the lower part of the city. Houses were entered and articles of food seized. Bacon and eggs were plenty. The soldiers were determined to enjoy one square meal. They baked hot cakes in the kitchen and ate them with sugar and molasses. Mattresses and beds were carried into the streets and laid upon the sidewalks for a place to rest. Some dressed themselves in the old-fashioned clothes found in the houses, and sang to the music of pianos that were also taken into the street. A citizen of Fredericksburg remarked after the war, that he believed "a Yankee could eat, drink, and lie down to sleep in the very jaws of death; for," said he, "on that eventful night when the Confederates were still in the city, the Union soldiers acted as though there was no one to fight north of Richmond. Why," he added, "it was the biggest jamboree Fredericksburg ever saw!" Indeed it was a first-class "jamboree," from the time Burnside opened on the town with his artillery.

December 12th we were called at 4 A. M., and at 8 o'clock the troops began to cross the river. Soon after, our regiment fell in and marched over, taking position first on the right, then on the left, and finally moving to the center of the line, advanced about a mile. A dense fog shielded our movements from the enemy, who were posted on a range

of hills in the form of a half circle, reaching from above Fredericksburg southeast, some four miles, while we were on a level plain, extending from the river some two miles, to the foot of the hills. About 9 o'clock the fog lifted, and the enemy opened on us with their batteries from the fortified heights in our front. We were ordered to take shelter in a ravine, which protected us from their fire. They continued to shell us for about an hour, many of the shells bursting right over us, and our batteries occasionally replying. At last all became quiet, and as the ravine furnished us wood and water, we made ourselves comfortable, and leisurely cooked our dinner.

At 3 P. M. the enemy opened on us again, and this time fired pieces of railroad iron, about two feet long, which went over our heads, burying themselves in the opposite bank, doing us no harm, but making a horrible noise. Whenever the discharge of a cannon in the fort was seen, the men would cry out, "Lie down! another blacksmith shop is coming!"

Brisk firing now commenced on our right,—first cannonading, then musketry. It was our troops charging the heights back of Fredericksburg, and, although we could not see them, every comrade knew, from the noise, that it was desperate fighting. At dark all became quiet, and remained so all night, but it was so cold we could not sleep. The morning of the 13th, cold, foggy and dark, found us still in the ravine, and in line of battle before daylight; and, as one soldier writes: "We expect to try our hand to-day. God grant to give us success, and take me to Himself, if I am killed. I will trust in Him, and not fear what man can do unto me; and will try and do my duty, and fight worthy the cause we are defending." But no orders to march were received, and after standing under arms for an hour, we were dismissed, and allowed to cook our breakfast. About noon our batteries on the right began to shell the heights, which brought on an artillery duel, that was kept up at intervals all day. There was also heavy musketry firing at intervals on our left, and also on the right;



CAPT. H. SEYMOUR PIERCE, CO. "G."

but the only engagement in our front was an advance just at dark by the First Jersey brigade, who carried two lines of the enemy's works, but could not hold them, and were driven back with heavy loss. After this, all became quiet, and we stacked arms for the night.

Sunday, December 14th, there was more or less picket firing all night, so we got but little rest. The enemy opened the ball a little to the left of our position, and soon after the firing became fast and furious on the right. Our men were making another desperate effort to carry the fortified heights back of Fredericksburg. Twice they reached the outer works, but with numbers so reduced that they could not carry the works, and had to retreat. About 8 o'clock we were sent to the front to relieve the 8th Jersey regiment on picket, and were ordered close up to the enemy's works, where we lay down and were partially protected by a slight rise in the ground, and further protected by our knapsacks, which every man set up before him. Every head that came up above their line of works would receive a volley, and they would answer us with one in return. Picket firing was kept up most of the day and numbers were killed on both sides, but none of our regiment were hurt. The rebels finally sent in a flag of truce, asking for time to bury their dead, and picket firing ceased. Some of our boys went over and shook hands with the rebels. One deserter gave himself up to our regiment. The weather was very fine and we passed a comfortable night, but were not allowed to sleep. Just before daylight on Monday, the 15th, we were relieved by the 96th Pennsylvania, when we moved back to the ravine and cooked our breakfast. Here we remained quiet all day. There was but little firing anywhere along the lines, and at night we prepared for a good rest, but at midnight orders came to move, and we marched back and crossed the river.

It was now evident that our army had been defeated again. The whole army was safely withdrawn across the river during the night. All were much discouraged and disheartened. We had learned nothing definite of our loss,

but imagined that it was very great, and began to fear that we should never conquer the rebels. Our regiment went into camp on a side-hill a little back from the stream, and we lay down to rest. Soon it commenced raining hard and continued so till morning, when we arose, wet, hungry, and tired, but thankful that our lives were spared and that we were not wounded.

Soon after daylight on the 16th, the enemy having got a battery in position, began to shell our camp, as a parting salute. This caused us to pack up lively and move back out of range, where we put up our tents and had a good day's rest. Thus ended the first battle of Fredericksburg, under Burnside, that for courage, bravery, and reckless sacrifice of life had not been equaled in any battle of the war. After dark we were ordered to go on picket on the bank of the river, where we relieved the 2d Pennsylvania Reserves, who cautioned us not to show ourselves, as the enemy would pick off any one at whom they could get a shot. The night was very cold, and even the reserves could not sleep.

At daylight we found the enemy's pickets on the other side of the river, and could see that they were carefully watching us. After a while one of our men, without exposing himself, called out, "Hello, Johnnie!" The answer came back, "Hello, Yank!" "Say, Johnnie, we won't fire if you won't!" "All right; we won't fire unless the officer of the day comes and orders us to, and then we will fire high until you get under cover."

Taking them at their word, we stepped from behind our shelter, when they did the same; and we all walked down close to the shore, where the river was not more than four or five rods wide, and opened conversation with the "Johnnies." We found some of them were the Texans, whom we had fought at West Point and Gaines' Mill; and others of the 4th Alabama, whom we had already met four times in battle. We invited them to come across the river, and have a social time, with the promise that they should return without hindrance from us. Soon a boat was found, and pushed off from the other side, filled with Texans. On



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MAJOR-GEN. W. B. FRANKLIN.

reaching our side of the river, we cordially shook them by the hand, and while some entertained them, others of our men took the boat and crossed over to the rebel side, where they met with just as friendly a reception.

We could treat them to coffee, and they in turn gave us tobacco. The boat went back and forth all day. We had found them brave men in battle, and now found them to be more intelligent than the ordinary Southern soldier. The men traded knives, pipes, rings and other trinkets, and wrote down each other's names, with a promise that if either were taken prisoner, the other should do all he could for the captive's comfort; and before the war closed, there were several instances where the promise made that day was faithfully carried out. Others said, that if we ever met in action again, to cry out our number, "27th New York," and they would not fire on us.

Just before dark we parted, after a general hand-shaking, and each one betook himself to his own side of the river, ready to shoot at the word of command. Soon after dark we were relieved from picket, and moved back to our camp in the woods, where we remained till the 19th, when we broke camp, and marched back near White Oak Church, where we were very glad to take a rest, having been under fire for six days.

The loss of the Army of the Potomac had been very severe. Official returns stated it to be as follows: Gen. Hooker, 3,548; Gen. Franklin, 4,679 (of which 1,531 were prisoners); Gen. Sumner, 5,494; Engineers, 50; the total amounting to 13,771. The enemy's loss was said to be only half that number. The Confederate position was strongly intrenched from right to left and lavishly supplied with artillery, while our own field batteries were worked at a great disadvantage.

Gen. Burnside in his official dispatch to Major-Gen. Halleck, said: "For the failure in the attack I am responsible, as the extreme gallantry, courage and endurance shown by them (the officers and soldiers) were never exceeded and would have carried the points had it been possible. To the

families and friends of the dead I can only offer my heart-felt sympathy ; but for the wounded I can offer my earnest prayers for their comfortable and final recovery."

ROSTER OF SIXTH ARMY CORPS.

DECEMBER 13, 1862.

Right of the Left Grand Division.—Major-Gen. W. B. FRANKLIN, commanding.

Sixth Corps.—Major-Gen. W. F. SMITH, commanding.

FIRST DIVISION.

Brigadier-Gen. W. T. H. BROOKS, commanding.

First Brigade.—Col. A. T. A. TORBERT, commanding 1st, 2d, 3d, 4th, 15th and 23d New Jersey Volunteers.

Second Brigade.—Brigadier-Gen. J. J. BARTLETT, commanding 27th, 16th, 121st, New York, 5th Maine and 96th Pennsylvania.

Third Brigade.—Col. G. W. TOWNE, commanding 18th, 31st and 32d New York and 95th Pennsylvania.

ARTILLERY.

Williston's D, 2d United States; McCartney's A, 1st Massachusetts; Hexamer's A, 1st New Jersey; Woolcott's A, 1st Maryland.

SECOND DIVISION.

Brigadier-Gen. A. P. HOWE, commanding.

THIRD DIVISION.

Brigadier-Gen. JOHN NEWTON, commanding.



CAPT. H. C. ROGERS, CO. "D."
(Assistant Adjutant-General, on the Staff of Gen. Slocum.)

CHAPTER V.

DECEMBER 20th the paymaster came, and the men received four months' pay, \$52.00. This was followed by the usual amount of excesses on the part of some of the men; but, we are glad to say, the 27th had as few men who indulged in the ordinary camp vices as any regiment in the department.

Soon after camping at White Oak Church we received orders to make ourselves comfortable for the winter, as here would be our winter quarters. The weather continued quite cold, and there was little camp duty besides inspection, till the 25th, when we had a mild, pleasant Christmas, and cabin building became the great industry of our camp. A ration of whiskey was served to the men this morning, and some of them became "ga-loriously" happy.

Christmas was a lively day in camp. Most of the men spent the day industriously working on their cabins, with little to eat, while others were casting about for materials for a Christmas dinner. Foraging was out of the question, for there were too many troops in the neighborhood, and the country had been thoroughly scoured. So we had to depend entirely upon the commissary and the sutler for the wherewithal. Some pooled their rations, and had a family dinner in one of the tents. Happy was the squad whose culinary department could show a frying-pan, and a quart tin cup for boiling coffee. But it was a dark day that did not show some pleasure, and many a soldier can look back to that Christmas dinner in camp and say that he had

more rollicking fun and a greater amount of hearty enjoyment with half a dozen companions curled up in the corner of his little tent, than now, even when seated beside a well filled table and surrounded by friends. Then fancy free, with few ties to bind him to life, he was determined to extract all the pleasure possible out of existence as he went through it.

So there was much sunshine even in a soldier's life. Our cabins were usually built large enough for two, and were partly in and partly above ground. The Virginia red clay was good ground on which to build. First we would dig a hole about two feet deep and six feet square; then build walls of small pine logs, from four to six inches in diameter, laid up "cob-house" fashion, two or three feet high and resting on the edge of the cellar already dug. These were covered with shelter tents that let in plenty of light, and the logs were banked and plastered with clay, which made them wind proof. A fire-place was made by digging a recess two feet square into the clay on one side, and above this a chimney was made with split sticks that extended above the top of the tent and were well plastered inside and out with the tough Virginia clay, which was a good substitute for mortar. Our bed was just high enough from the ground to make a comfortable seat in front of the fire-place, as it took up about two-thirds of the cabin. It was made of poles or pieces split thin enough to make a good spring bottom. On these were placed cedar boughs; or, when they could be had, gunny-bags, filled with straw, made more comfortable beds. Knapsacks, overcoats or boots were used for pillows, and our two blankets made the covering.

Our cabins completed, the men turned in and built comfortable log houses for the officers' quarters.

We remained quietly in this camp several weeks, with nothing to disturb the monotony of camp life. There was the usual routine of drill, reviews and inspection, with an occasional tour of two or three days of picket duty. The weather was cold, and snowy much of the time. We vis-

ited our friends in the different regiments within a radius of ten miles of our camp, read all the books and papers we could get, gave a good deal of thought to the culinary department, and having got tired of government rations, we bought flour, sugar and lard of the commissary, made crullers, cakes and pies, and these, helped out with an occasional box from home, made a *menu* that home folks might envy. Some enterprising comrades turned their little tents into bakeries, made crullers and sold them to the men.

The annoyances which the soldiers were sometimes subjected to in the way of bad biscuit or unwholesome meat were the means of developing much wit and linguistic sprightliness that otherwise would have remained dormant, and tended also to stimulate culinary ingenuity. Some wag would declare that B. C., on the cracker boxes at this time, denoted that the hard-tack was made before the Christian era, and kindred jokes abounded at the expense of salt junk and desiccated vegetables. The following variety of delectable dishes, all made from government rations, illustrate the culinary ingenuity. "army scouse," "lumgullion," "dingbats," "flippers," "succotash," etc.

The story went the rounds of the camp one morning, that Captain ——n, late the night before, after having imbibed too much "Commissary," blundered without ceremony into the quarters of Captain ——s, in search, as he said, "of something sour—either vinegar or pickles—as he felt very sick!" Captain ——s answered from his bed, "that he had no pickles, but that there was a bottle of horseradish standing on the Company desk, that would answer every purpose." The bottle was found, the cork removed with some difficulty, and a large spoonful bolted down. It did not stay, however! and the victim expressed the opinion that it must have become spoiled! "Oh, no!" replied Captain ——s, "you have just taken the top of the bottle; dip lower down, and you will find it all right!" A second dose was self-administered, with the same nauseating effect,—when, upon examination, the boozy captain found that he had swallowed about half the contents

of a bottle of "Hair Pomatum!" Captain ———n, now a temperance man, is always ready to say, "Smoke at my expense!" whenever the word horseradish is mentioned.

The most enjoyable part of our time was that spent in writing letters to "the girls we left behind us," and our history would not be complete without quoting some of these:

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

CAMP OF THE 27TH REG'T N. Y. VOLS., }
NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, VA., Dec. 29, 1862. }

MY DEAR FRIEND:—I was made very glad this afternoon by receiving your welcome letter. Almost the only comfort we have to cheer a soldier's life is receiving letters from our friends, and gladly do we spend our leisure time in answering them.

And now let me begin just where your letter found me, and review the last few weeks of our campaign.

I was sitting in my little tent with my comrade, each of us doing some mending, when the letters came. You know our shelter-tents are very small, and when we remain in camp any length of time they are very inconvenient. So to remedy this, we build up a pen of logs and pitch the tent on top, and by banking up the earth around and building a fire-place in one side, make ourselves a comfortable home. In such an one, which we spent all day Christmas in building, are we seated to-night. Christmas was a pleasant but not a very merry day; for the scenes through which we have passed during the last two weeks have so depressed our spirits that the holidays bring but little cheer to us. Our repulse at Fredericksburg, followed by the extreme cold weather and the discomforts attending, of course gave rise to a great deal of murmuring among the troops. They do not seem to blame Burnside so much, although the attempt to cross at this point seemed a piece of the greatest folly, and had it not been for great stupidity on the part of our enemies, our whole army could have been driven into the river. But the blame rests farther back, upon those at home and the Washington authorities, who have kept up the constant cry, "Why don't the army move?" and so have forced a campaign unwelcome and impracticable. They could not be satisfied after removing our General. He was the only one that has realized the strength of his foe and shaped his plans accordingly, and who held the confidence

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of his men. To-day the whole army is praying for his return, and may God grant that he may come back to us. Not until this is done, and the cowards at home shall cease their cry, and, as you say, "shall on with the garb and off to the wars themselves," may we look for success.

Personally I am not at all discouraged at our late repulse. I feel that God had a purpose in thus humiliating our nation; and I fear that we must have many such a lesson before peace is established. Something must be done to unite our people. When we become a unit, as the South is to-day, and the administration adopts a different policy, then shall I look for success to our arms.

I am very glad that you agree with us in regard to Gen. McClellan, and your letters came with much cheer for us; for of all my correspondents, except mother, you are the only one who takes the same view of affairs as the soldiers do. Most of my friends seem to rejoice that he was removed, and seem to believe the absurd falsehoods that are circulated by his enemies, but they will yet change and be as glad as we to see him returned.

Since Christmas the weather has been very mild and warm, and this, together with the short rest, has raised our spirits; the gloom is fast disappearing, and by New Year's I think the army will be itself again. Many are hoping that we shall be allowed to rest the remainder of the winter, as they do not believe in a winter campaign. I hardly think we shall remain here long, and I am ready at any time when orders come, to go where duty calls. I have firm confidence in Him who has ever sustained me, and my faith shall never waver. It is not so hard as you seem to think for us to live on faith. Even in the darkest hours I find the greatest comfort. I thank you heartily for your kind sympathy, for it is this

"That cheers the soldier's lonely way,
And makes him to his lot resigned."

It is getting late, and I must retire to rest on my couch made of cedar boughs spread upon the ground, where I shall sleep as sweetly as if lying upon a bed of down. So, bidding you good night and wishing you a Happy New Year, I remain

Your friend,

P. S. December 30th.—This morning we have received orders to be ready to move in twelve hours, with three days' rations and sixty rounds of cartridges. Where we are to go, we cannot tell. It is a dark time in our country's history. God grant that the clouds may soon be raised.

Jan. 1, 1863.—To-day the army and the nation are thrilled by the advent of the "EMANCIPATION PROCLAMATION." Every contraband who might be waiting upon an officer's mess, or cleaning an officer's horse, every colored servant, every African mule-driver, on this 1st of January, 1863, becomes at once as completely a new object of interest to the average soldier as if the black man had just dropped from the clouds before his startled eyes. There are various shades of sentiment with which this immortal proclamation is received. There are some men in every company who perfectly comprehended the relation which slavery sustained to secession, and who had foreseen the necessity of an emancipation measure, when the first gun was fired. There are others who to-day look upon the measure as a dangerous expedient.

Confirmatory Emancipation Proclamation.

WHEREAS, On the 22d day of September, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-two, a proclamation was issued by the President of the United States, containing, among other things, the following, to wit:

"That on the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, all persons held as slaves within any State or designated part of a State, the people whereof shall then be in rebellion against the United States, shall be then, thenceforward, and forever free; and the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authority thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of such persons, and will do no act or acts to repress such persons, or any of them, in any efforts they may make for their actual freedom."

"That the Executive will, on the first day of January aforesaid, by proclamation, designate the States and parts of States, if any, in which the people thereof respectively shall then be in rebellion against the United States; and the fact that any State, or the people thereof, shall on that day be in good faith represented in the Congress of the United States, by members chosen thereto at elections wherein a majority of the qualified voters of such States shall have participated, shall, in the absence of strong countervailing testimony, be deemed conclusive evidence that such State and the people thereof are not then in rebellion against the United States."

Now, therefore, I, ABRAHAM LINCOLN, President of the United States, by virtue of the power in me vested as Commander-in-Chief of the Army and Navy of the United States in time of actual armed rebellion against the authority and Government of the United States, and as a fit and necessary war measure for suppressing said rebellion, do, on this first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand eight hundred and sixty-three, and in accordance with my purpose so to do, publicly proclaimed for the full period of one hundred days from the day first above mentioned, order and designate, as the States and parts of States wherein the people thereof, respectively, are this day in rebellion against the United States, the following, to wit : Arkansas, Texas, Louisiana (except the parishes of St. Barnard, Plaquimines, Jefferson, St. John, St. Charles, St. James, Ascension, Assumption, Terre Bonne, Lafourche, St. Mary, St. Martin, and Orleans, including the city of New Orleans), Mississippi, Alabama, Florida, Georgia, South Carolina, North Carolina, and Virginia, (except the forty-eight counties designated as West Virginia, and also the counties of Barkley, Accomac, Northampton, Elizabeth City, York, Princess Anne, and Norfolk, including the cities of Norfolk and Portsmouth), and which excepted parts are for the present left precisely as if this proclamation were not issued.

And by virtue of the power and for the purpose aforesaid, I do order and declare that all persons held as slaves within said designated States, are, and henceforward shall be free ; and that the Executive Government of the United States, including the military and naval authorities thereof, will recognize and maintain the freedom of said persons.

And I hereby enjoin upon the people so declared to be free, to abstain from all violence, unless in necessary self defense ; and I recommend to them that, in all cases when allowed, they labor faithfully for reasonable wages.

And I further declare and make known that such persons, of suitable condition, will be received into the armed service of the United States, to garrison forts, positions, stations and other places, and to man vessels of all sorts in said service.

And upon this act, sincerely believed to be an act of justice, warranted by the Constitution, upon military necessity, I invoke the considerate judgment of mankind, and the gracious favor of Almighty God.

In testimony whereof I have hereunto set my name and caused the seal of the United States to be affixed.

Done at the City of Washington, the first day of January, in the year of our Lord one thousand, eight hundred and sixty-three, and of the Independence of the United States the eighty-seventh.

ABRAHAM LINCOLN.

Our quiet camp life at White Oak Church was not disturbed by any great amount of duty. All sorts of rumors filled the air, of a raid here, or a flank movement in some other direction, but we continued to enjoy ourselves in our snug winter quarters until the night of January 19th, 1863, when orders came to move, the next morning.

Tuesday, January 20th, as soon as our breakfast was over, we dismantled our cabins of their canvas roofs, as they had to serve us for tents on the march, and about noon bid a sorrowful adieu to our comfortable quarters and fell in line. Just before starting, an order from Gen. Burnside, was read to us by Gen. Bartlett, stating: "That we were about to meet the enemy once more," and that "the auspicious moment had arrived to strike a great and mortal blow to the rebellion, and to give that decisive victory which is due to the country."

We had a long march of twelve miles. The weather was very cold, but pleasant. The pontoon train was along, and it was ordered that an attempt should be made to cross the river above Fredericksburg.

The air had been so cold during the week, and the frosts so keen, that the roads seemed as firm as adamant, and the trains were moved with celerity. When we reached that portion of our line in the rear of Falmouth, we found that the troops that were encamped in and around Falmouth—though none of those whose camps were in view of the Confederates—had changed their positions. The expedition was evidently to be a surprise.

It was a splendid day, and mounted and foot made good time over the firm roads. Auspices were favorable, and rank and file were hopeful of a successful result. We went into camp just at dark, in a dense pine forest; could not build any fires as the green pine would not burn. The ground was frozen so hard that we could hardly drive the tent-pins. Scarcely had night arrived, when a storm arose, a storm in earnest. The wind blew a gale and rocked the trees spitefully. The night was very dark. The rain soon dissolved the firm crust that had borne us up all day. The

tent-pins would not hold, and down came the tents. The wheels of the artillery and wagons settled into the oozing mud, hours before an attempt was made to move them. Our blankets were wet through, and we found ourselves lying in a pool of ice-cold water. Morning dawned upon a dank, wet body of men. No one got a wink of sleep, and all, in that cheerless wilderness of trees and mud, agreed that it was the most tedious night that we had ever passed.

About 8 o'clock we packed up and marched on two or three miles. Our blankets were wet and very heavy; the mud was deep, and we had a hard time. One soldier, in his diary, puts it in this way: "Marched at 8 o'clock. Every rag wet; knapsack heavy as a mountain; poor me nearly frozen to death; expect to cross the river and have a fight."

We went into camp in a piece of oak woods, about noon. Built up large fires, dried our blankets and clothes, pitched our tents and made ourselves quite comfortable. The rain continued to fall all day and night, and defeated our plans, for we soon heard that the move was given up—for which the rebs. may thank their stars.

Friday, January 23d.—The men are in excellent health and fine spirits, after having had a good night's rest, and a gill of whiskey in lieu of rations, which are getting quite short. The clouds cleared away about three, and the sun shone out warm and bright,—when we were ordered to pack up, and made a short march up the river, very near the shore, where we are to guard one of the pontoon trains, which is stuck in the mud, and help draw it and the artillery up from the plain to higher ground back from the river.

Looking across the river, we could see a big tent fly, which the rebs. had put up early Wednesday morning, on which they had written with charcoal:

"BURNSIDE STUCK IN THE MUD!"

They were greatly elated at the discomfiture of our army, and amused themselves by offering to come over and extricate our men from the mud; to aid them in crossing, and to show them around on the other side.

Saturday, the 24th, our entire division was set to work pulling the pontoon wagons out of the mud. Every wagon and gun was down to the axle in the mud, and it was vain to try to draw them with the mules. So a long rope was made fast to each side of a wagon, and from one to two hundred, and sometimes three hundred men would take hold of the ropes, and at a given signal would start and draw them up a hill to some high ground, where they were parked, and left for the mud to settle. This gave us a hard and dirty day's work, but at the same time lots of fun.

At one time, when we were all tugging away at the ropes, a spruce young officer rode up, dressed in a bright uniform, with white gauntlets, and, in a peremptory tone, ordered some of the men to pull harder,—when a man who had hold of one of the ropes, and was dressed in an old blouse, with a slouch hat, looked around over his shoulder, and said, "Who are you, any way?" "I am Lieut. Hunter, in command of the engineers." "Well, I am Major-Gen. Brooks, in command of this division, and I order you to get down from that horse and take hold of the rope with these men." And down he had to come, saluted by a derisive cheer from the men; and the boys soon had his new uniform well splattered with mud.

After a few hours' work Sunday morning, the last boat was drawn out; and we, looking as though we had been buried in the mud and dug out again, were ordered to march back to our old camp at White Oak Church. We reached our cabins about dark; and, though the men had been allowed to march at will and pick their way, the mud being knee-deep, they were very tired. The officers had ordered that barrels of whiskey should be placed beside the street, with the heads removed, and every man was urged to take a big ration. We then wrapped ourselves in our damp blankets, and lay down on our old beds, without shelter, and awoke next morning with our garments steaming from the heat and moisture. Thus ended the march that has gone into history under the name of "Burnside Stuck in the Mud!"

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It was the second unsuccessful attempt to take Fredricksburg, which still held out against us, while the enemy's pickets would tauntingly call across the Rappahannock to our pickets, and ask, "When are you coming over again?" "Have you got your mules out of the mud?" But we can quietly bide our time, for we know that eventually the place must fall into our hands,—not without hard fighting, however; but this we are ready for when the weather will permit.

In this last movement Gen. Burnside had acted almost solely upon his own responsibility. The sentiment of his general officers was almost unanimously against it, and some of them freely expressed themselves in opposition. This was a powerful reason for abandoning the plan, aside from the inclemency of the weather.

Gen. Burnside now expressed his intention to either partly re-officer and reorganize his army, or to resign his commission as major-general; for he had become convinced not only that he did not have the co-operation of a large number of his subordinate officers of high rank, but that some of them were doing all in their power to thwart his plans. He accordingly prepared an order dismissing from the service Gens. Hooker, Brooks, Cochrane and Newton; and relieving from their commands Gens. Franklin, W. F. Smith, Sturgis, and Ferrero, and Col. Taylor. Proceeding to Washington, he asked the President to approve of this order, or to accept his resignation. The President referred the order to his military advisers, who declined to recommend its approval.

Accordingly, unwilling to accept his resignation, the President relieved Gen. Burnside of the command of the Army of the Potomac, and not long after assigned him to the command of the Department of the Ohio. Gen. Hooker was made Gen. Burnside's successor. At the same time, Gens. Sumner and Franklin, at their own request, were also relieved, and ordered to report elsewhere. These changes were announced to the army January 26th.

In taking leave of the army, Gen. Burnside issued the following order:

HEADQUARTERS ARMY OF THE POTOMAC, }
FALMOUTH, Va., Jan. 26, 1863. }

General Orders No. 9.

By direction of the President of the United States, the commanding general this day transfers the command of this army to Major-General Joseph Hooker.

The short time that he has directed your movements has not been fruitful of victory, or any considerable advancement of our lines; but it has again demonstrated an amount of courage, patience, and endurance that, under more favorable circumstances, would have accomplished great results. Continue to exercise these virtues; be true in your devotion to your country and the principles you have sworn to maintain; give to the brave and skillful general who has so long been identified with your organization, and who is now to command you, your full and cordial support and co-operation, and you will deserve success.

In taking an affectionate leave of the entire army, from which he separates with so much regret, he may be pardoned if he bids an especial farewell to his long-time associates of the Ninth Corps.

His prayer is that God may be with you, and grant you continued success, until the rebellion is crushed.

A. E. BURNSIDE,

Major-General.

President Lincoln's letter to Gen. Hooker, upon his appointment to the command of the Army of the Potomac, was a characteristic document from a remarkable man, and was as follows:

EXECUTIVE MANSION, }
WASHINGTON, D. C., January 26, 1863. }

Major-General Hooker:

GENERAL:—I have placed you at the head of the Army of the Potomac. Of course I have done this upon what appeared to me to be sufficient reasons, and yet I think it best for you to know that there are some things in regard to which I am not quite satisfied with you.

I believe you to be a brave and skillful soldier, which, of course, I like. I also believe you do not mix politics with your profession, in which you are right. You have confidence in yourself, which is a valuable, if not

an indispensable quality. You are ambitious, which, within reasonable bounds, does good rather than harm; but I think during Gen. Burnside's command of the army, you have taken counsel of your ambition, and thwarted him as much as you could, in which you did a great wrong to the country and to a most meritorious and honorable brother officer. I have heard, in such a way as to believe it, of your recently saying that both the army and the government needed a Dictator. Of course it was not for this, but in spite of it, that I have given you the command.

What I now ask of you is military success, and I will risk the dictatorship. The government will support you to the utmost of its ability, which is neither more nor less than it has done, and will do for all commanders. I much fear that the spirit which you have aided to infuse into the army, of criticising their commander, and withholding confidence from him, will now turn upon you. I shall assist you, as far as I can, to put it down. Neither you nor Napoleon, if he were alive again, could get any good out of an army while such a spirit prevails in it.

And now beware of rashness, but with energy and sleepless vigilance, go forward and give us victories.

Yours, very truly,

A. LINCOLN.

Notwithstanding some grave defects in his character and habits, Gen. Hooker, as a soldier, had enlisted the confidence and won the affection of the men. The plucky qualities which had given to him the name of "Fighting Joe," seemed to be an assurance of the activity and energy that were so necessary to the successful endurance of the contest; while his kindly nature, and his genial, social temperament, won the love and good wishes of all who came in contact with him.

In appearance, when in command, he represented the dashing, chivalrous soldier, of whom we have read in history and fiction, inspiring confidence and awakening our enthusiasm. As he rode along the line while reviewing a corps, mounted upon a snow-white steed, horse and rider seeming but one; erect in all the pride of command; his hair nearly white, contrasting strongly with his ruddy complexion, he looked the perfect ideal of a dashing, gallant, brave commander. We soon learned that his skill in organization fully equalled his bravery upon the battle-field; and

the results were apparent in the improved discipline and *morale* of the troops.

And it must be recorded on every page that illustrates the splendid military achievements of Hooker, that he was the commander who knew how to inspire confidence in himself, by considerably reposing confidence in others.

Gen. Sumner, after being relieved, retired to his home in Syracuse, N. Y.; but his enforced idleness, and the absence of the military surroundings to which he had been accustomed during the best part of his life, chafed the veteran soldier, and probably hurried him to his end. He died on the 21st of March following. The words of a brilliant writer, when afterwards speaking of him, were fully merited: "We have had better captains than Sumner, but no better soldiers—no braver patriots."

The words which trembled upon the dying lips of the old general— "May God bless my country, the United States of America"— were the key-note of his life. Green be the turf above his grave.

Gen. Hooker, upon assuming command, immediately began improving the discipline and perfecting the organization of his troops, and with such success that he had, some two months afterward, as he declared, "The finest army on the planet!" He broke up the "grand divisions," which many officers had considered useless formations; infused his own vitality into the staff and administrative service; and gave distinctive badges to the different corps. This latter idea was one of the best ever adopted, and the soldiers of the army took pride in the display of the badges of their respective divisions and corps.

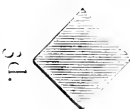
These badges were made of flannel cloth, cut into the shape designated for each corps, an inch and a half long, and were ordered to be worn on the top of the cap, or on the left side of the hat.

The 1st Corps was designated by a disk; the 2d, by a trefoil; the 3d, by a lozenge; the 5th, by a Maltese cross; the 6th, by a plain (or Greek) cross; the 11th, by a crescent; and the 12th, by a star. (See next page.)

Each corps had three divisions, and the badges, whose form determined the corps, also designated the divisions by colors. The badge of the first division of each corps was made of scarlet cloth; the second, of white; and the third, of blue. The headquarters flag of each division was decorated in the same way.

The idea of corps badges first originated with Gen. Kearney, who had, some time before he was killed, directed that the men of his brigade should wear a badge to indicate the command to which they belonged.

By means of these badges, any officer or man could tell at a glance to what command any body of men belonged. The 27th, being in the first division, sixth corps, wore a red Greek cross. When the order to wear badges was first issued, Gen. Bartlett conceived the idea of making a badge that would also indicate his brigade: so he ordered them to wear a cross, with the standard longer than the arms, or a regular "crucifix;" but this gave rise to so much profane wit, and made the brigade a "butt" for so many irreverent remarks from other commands, that it was soon abandoned.



The same day, the 26th, everybody was busy fixing over their cabins, and getting comfortable quarters constructed. Gen. Slocum visited our camp, and we gave him three times three hearty cheers. We now settled down to the regular camp duties, and with the exception of a few individual mishaps, camp life was quite endurable. Occasionally a tent would take fire and burn down over its luckless occupant. One man cut off his foot while chopping wood; and one wrote in his diary as follows:

"Wednesday, January 28, 1863.—Snowed all day; mud knee deep; my fire-place caved in; cold as Greenland; I am in a peck of trouble! My country! oh my country!"

would that my patriotism had been less ! so that I had never fought for thee !”

“ January 29.—Snow ten inches deep ; made a new ‘shebang ;’ snow all melted before night.”

We now had plenty of time to write letters, and some of these, with their answers, will show better what a soldier was doing or thinking, than any other line of history :

CAMP OF 27TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLS., NEAR WHITE /
OAK CHURCH, Va., February, 1863. A

MY KIND FRIEND:—It is a bright, beautiful day, and not unlike the one you described in your letter, received two weeks ago. But what changes have we experienced during these two weeks : Cold, rain, snow, and mud, have been the order with us ; and, I assure you, we know how to appreciate pleasant weather now. As I apprehended, our regiment started on the march the day after my last was written. We had to leave our comfortable quarters only to experience a week of the most extreme cold and exposure that it has ever been our lot to endure. It being a “variety,” the men bore it without a murmur, but were thankful enough to get back to our old camp, which we reached Sunday night.

You have already read the particulars of the last move, in the papers ; so I will not write them, only to say that our division had it much harder than the rest of the army, having been left behind to guard and drag the pontoon train out of the mud. But it is all over, and for the past week we have been busy building up our huts again, and we are now even more comfortable than we were before ; and can enjoy it, without any fear of another move at present. For the last attempt has clearly demonstrated the fact that a winter campaign in Virginia is out of the question.

Gen. McClellan learned this long ago, but the new generals and the people have only just found it out. Your letter came straight, as you charged it, and it met me when returning to camp, at just the right time to revive my spirits ; for I was very weary with the fatiguing march. That was a Sabbath long to be remembered, but now that we are settled comfortably in camp, we try to forget by-gones, laugh at our discouragement, and keep in the best of spirits.

There is beauty even in war, but how hard for us to see it. Yet God’s purposes will be accomplished. The day of good may be near at hand, or it may be far away, and we may not live to see it ; but what are our lives

compared to the existence of the Nation? At present our cause looks particularly dark. There has been another change of generals, but no more satisfactory. Still, "Fighting Joe" has gone to work with a will, and he may yet prove to be "the man;" but we look for nothing till the tried and worthy "Little Mac" is returned. We grieve much at the loss of Sumner and Franklin. We know them to be gallant and brave, and hope that Franklin may be returned. Our old Colonel—now General—Slocum is in a fair way to rise still higher, and will probably take Franklin's place. He came to visit his old brigade one day last week, and made us a nice little speech. He is a favorite with all who know him. Our division commander—Brooks—has never distinguished himself, but is liked quite well. He had some difficulty, during the late move, with Gen. Burnside and Gen. Smith, and is now in Washington, under arrest. And our favorite, Joe Bartlett, is now in command of the division. He, too, is bound to rise, and will soon get the other "star." The boys are now all looking anxiously forward to the time of our discharge: only three months more, and we shall be free. This is now all the talk in camp, and there are some rumors that we are to be discharged before. For if there is to be no move till spring, we can hardly see the object in keeping us; but I do not look for a premature discharge.

(Evening.)—I think if you were to look into our tent to-night, you would almost envy us our situation. We are seated beside a good warm fire. Our tent is much better than it was before we moved: we have dug down deeper in the ground, and built the logs up higher on the sides. We are each writing letters by the light of a tallow candle. We have just finished our supper, and have had an excellent meal of potatoes and pancakes, with butter to eat on them. Yes; as good as you can get up at home. The butter, mother sent me in a box; the flour and potatoes we buy of the commissary. I won't give in to any woman on getting up a meal. If you don't believe me, step in and take breakfast with us in the morning, and I will prove it. To-day there has been an inspection of our brigade, all the men being called out: I, being on duty, did not have to go, but I shall have to be up a good part of the night. Discipline among the old troops is about "played out." Excuse my soldier phrase.

Oh! what a sick lot of men the new troops are. They do not seem to understand how to make themselves comfortable: so that they suffer very much from exposure, and just sit down and complain. One of our boys made a visit to the ——— regiment to-day. They are in camp fifteen miles from here. He says "they have not fixed up their camp at all, but have their tents pitched on the ground, the same as we do in summer,

They are already very tired of the service. It is amusing to hear them talk. I reckon they will get enough of it before their time is out."

I hear that my brother has entered the service. It must be quite lonely at home, but mother, judging by her letters, seems to keep quite cheerful. I hope you will do all you can to comfort her.

Yesterday, Sunday, we had no service in camp. Our Chaplain does not seem to exert himself much in the line of his calling. Very few of the men have any regard for religion, and Sunday is disregarded and profaned, to a great extent.

Last evening we spent quietly in our tent, but were disturbed until midnight by a lot of men and officers of a regiment camped near us, who had collected in a tent near by, and spent the evening in drinking, and singing religious and profane songs alternately. They held a mock prayer meeting, some exhorting, and others cursing in a most profane and vulgar manner: while, in our tent, we read one of Beecher's sermons, from the "Independent." Awful good boys, aren't we?

Colporters and exhorters are numerous through the camps, and there have been many conversions among the men of the Sixth Corps. I must relate another incident, to show the tone of some of the officers in relation to religious things:

Zealous Col. ———, having been informed that seven men in a neighboring regiment had been baptized, ordered his sergeant to detail fifteen men to be baptized,—adding that he did not propose to be outdone in anything by Col. ———, of the ——— regiment!

I had a good joke played on me one day last week, by a comrade from another company. He was in my tent a short time, and proposed (for sport) that he should write to some young lady of his acquaintance whom I did not know, and sign my name; and I was to do the same, and sign his name. Of course I agreed. Anything for fun here in camp. But to-day I learn that he has written to an old acquaintance of mine, and has got me into a bad box. So the fun is all on one side. It is getting late, and I must retire so as to be ready to get up at three in the morning.

Orders have just come for our regiment to go on picket to-morrow, to be gone four days. How provoking! but never mind—all for variety! Many thanks for your sympathy and kind remembrance. Please write soon to your true friend,

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A Woman's Answer.

HOME, Feb. 10, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND:—Welcome was your little white-winged messenger, as it dropped in on us last Friday evening, just when “the candles were lit in the parlor.” We had a great many fears that, on account of your marching, our letters had failed to reach you, and had gone to swell “Uncle Sam’s” already long list in the “Dead-letter Postoffice.” I sometimes think your letters do us as much good as ours can you. In our lonely winter of watching over the sick—for sister E. is gradually wasting away—it brings us much cheer to hear from our friends.

Your invitation to breakfast with you I certainly would accept, if there were not *so many ifs* in the way. I would love to visit my old acquaintances in camp, and well imagine the good visit you and Major W. must have enjoyed. But now, just as you are nicely settled again, the papers say the Army of the Potomac is to advance! How provoking. Variety, to be sure, is the spice of life; but too much spice is as bad as none at all. I can appreciate your feelings on returning again to your old camp. You almost felt like singing “Home, Sweet Home,” when you saw it again, didn’t you?—(I had forgotten you never sing)—for it was your soldier home.

I do think you have had a regular splitting up time among your generals, and hardly know how to understand it. Those whom I have always supposed to be the best of all, are censured and dismissed. How strange! Yet perhaps I do not know, being only a woman! When Burnside took McClellan’s place, I prophesied a short term of service for him,—that he would soon be dismissed, and McClellan eventually returned. Not that I disliked Burnside, for I have thought well of him, judging from past events. And sure enough, he is relieved; and, strange as it may seem—I hope it is something more than rumor—yesterday’s papers said the President wished to return McClellan, but, the cabinet objecting, postponed it for the present. Yet the papers added, that it was thought in two weeks he would be returned. Can you imagine that I said I would not go back, if I were he? ’Twas a quick thought that prompted it, but I hope if he does, his accusers will all own his blamelessness, and be convinced that he knows, more than they what ought to be done. Oh, when that time comes, and he rises pre-eminent above his detractors (as I almost feel confident he will), as high as the tallest trees are above the lowest shrubs on the hillside, won’t we *shout aloud and clap our hands for joy!*

But I am getting rather demonstrative, am I not? Never mind; the

case calls for it. I am so—wicked, some would say, that I ask no greater enjoyment than to see his accusers as deeply sorry and humbled for the injustice they have done him, as they have been abusive against him. All the powers of earth combined can never convince me that he is wrong, as long as his conduct is as Christian and upright as it ever has been. He wrong? No! When the sun withdraws its light, and the stars forget to shine, then it will do to talk of his faults; but till then, let all be satisfied to talk no more; and while time lasts, as there is no danger of being deprived of these lights, so there will be no opportunity of talking against him. But you must think my letter is a panegyric on McClellan, but when I get to writing about him, I hardly know when to stop.

You wrote that you were to start next day for a four days' picket excursion(?) Did you have as extreme cold weather as we had, these days? You must have had a tedious time, for it was the most severe cold here that has been known in a long while. I always think of our soldiers at such times, particularly for fear they suffer. I have been so little versed in the arrangements of the army, that I have never known just how your letters are carried to you. Have you a postmaster connected with your regiment, who attends to such matters? Some have, I know. Also, are your tents arranged together, with the headquarters for a center guiding star? and are you in the "woods," or on a plain? I try to imagine your situation, but feel, when I have finished my sketch, it is nothing but imagination after all. You must miss Sabbath privileges, but I cannot see why your chaplain does not hold regular services. Sabbath after Sabbath, as we gather in our church and listen to Mr. B——, our dear, good pastor, my thoughts involuntarily turn to those who once met with us, with the wish they could enjoy his discourses too. But, though away, he always remembers them, and craves heavenly blessings for them, and the protection of Him who gives His angels charge concerning them.

And now good-night. May sweet slumbers and pleasant dreams be yours to-night; and when the home feeling will creep over you, and you sigh for the "leeks and onions of Egypt," and wonder if they think of you at home, just draw the long sigh that betokens homesickness, sit down in one corner of your tent, and write to your true friend, in her far-away Northern home.

March 2d to 13th.—But little doing in camp. Occasional details were made to build corduroy roads. These roads would sink so deep in the mud that others had to be built over them, and it was with the greatest difficulty that our supplies could be brought over from Aquia Creek. "Another mule lost in the mud," was a common phrase in camp.

March 15th, we started out on a four days' picket tour, with cooked rations. We were relieved by the 95th Pennsylvania, and when we returned to camp, orders were read in regard to more thorough police duty. For the next few days police duty was in full operation, and the camp put on its former cleanly appearance.

March 22d, there was brigade inspection by the Inspector General, which is thus recorded in a comrade's diary: "General inspection—didn't get to our company until dark. We were just as well satisfied, whether the Inspector was or not. Our company shows to the best advantage in the dark. In fact they love darkness rather than light, because—their breeches are dirty!"

It was a favorite pastime for some of the men to slip past the regimental guards and stroll out over the country for the purpose of hunting rabbits, which were very numerous about the old fields and swamps. As the country was thickly studded with camps, it was rather dangerous sport, and an order was issued forbidding any soldier going out of camp with his musket, except on special duty. Bob Way, the "famous jumper" of Co. "C," and "Pony Blair," his tent-mate and inseparable companion, had been out on an excursion of that kind, and, returning, passed near division headquarters. Unfortunately for them, they came upon Gen. Brooks, who commands the division. The boys saluted and marched steadily on, but the General was not so easily fooled. "Halt!" he roared. "What are you men doing here with your muskets, and without an officer?" The boys saw they were in for it, and knew the old General well enough to quickly determine that they had better make a clean breast of it; so they meekly



MAJOR-GENERAL W. T. H. BROOKS.

replied, "We were looking after a rabbit." "Ah!" said the General, in his blandest tones, "so you were hunting rabbits, were you? Well, I can save you the trouble." Calling to a staff officer, he said: "Mr. Parsons, these men are looking for rabbits; just show them to the rabbit pen." Following the officer, they were conducted to the guard-house, where they were kept for a few hours, and then released.

Confinement in the guard-house was a mild punishment compared with some of the methods adopted at headquarters. Passing the vicinity, one would observe several men lugging rails upon their shoulders and marching around in a circle under guard, and near them others stand-



MODES OF PUNISHMENT.

ing upon barrels, and still others were marching around with a barrel overcoat. This was a favorite mode of punishment with the old General, but the rogues were usually disporting themselves in their limited circles, not feeling very keenly the humiliation it was designed to produce.

Still another mode of punishment was to make the culprits sit astride a pole, elevated and supported upon forked posts about ten feet high, each man wearing a placard stating the nature of his offense. (See cut.)

Sometimes the offender would be put on special log duty. Two or three sticks of four-foot fire-wood, not excessively large, but fair size, were placed at one end of a line, and as many more at the other end. The transgressors were re-

quired to shoulder a billet at one post and carry it in "common time" to the other, there to lay it down, and taking up another, to return over his beat and deposit it at the place of departure, and so on for several hours. The punishment consisted not in the laborious character of the occupation, but in the fact that it was useless labor, and known to be such by every one else as well as the offender.

Another Soldier's Letter.

CAMP OF THE 27TH REG'T N. Y. VOLS.,
NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, VA., March —, 1862.

DEAR FRIEND:—Your ever welcome letter of — date received. You ask me to describe the incidents of a regiment on the march.

To the uninitiated, a day's or night's march of an army might seem easy to define—nothing more than the change of its location some ten or perhaps twenty miles, entailing a promenade interesting or the reverse, according to the nature of the country. But this would be a very faint idea of the reality, especially when, often after tramping for hours under a hot sun, darkness brought no halt, and the marching extended far into and perhaps through the night.

Orders have been received to prepare to move, and daylight is faintly glimmering when the first stir is made among the shelter-tents, in answer to the bugle notes of reveille. Breakfast is hurriedly cooked and eaten, if the boiling of a quart cup of coffee and the frizzling of a piece of pork on a smoking log may be termed a culinary process.

The laggards and epicures are still enjoying the last mouthfuls when the bugles again sound the "general," which means, "Strike tents, pack up, and form regimental line." A large army has in it elements of a well regulated community, and it is as easy for fifty thousand soldiers to bestir themselves as a dozen. So in a moment, acres of tents melt away like spring snow, and the white camp has given place to thousands of armed black figures standing amid surrounding camp-fires and skeleton tent-poles. Now time drags, unless your regiment is near the van of the column, for it takes an hour, perhaps more, for the different regiments, brigades, divisions, and corps to debouch from their places of bivouac and take the road in their right order.

At length the column is fairly under way, the men fresh and lithesome in the morning air, when "Halt!" sounds the bugle. Some other corps, or perhaps an ammunition train, comes in from another road, and you lie

here for an hour. Then the bugle again sounds "Forward!" and the line is off again. Two or three miles are made at a brisk pace, when the gait becomes slower, and the column seems to move by inches. Old soldiers know what this foretells. A stream is being crossed, and the fording-place permits the passage of only a few men at a time. Over they go, however, perhaps waist deep in water, and, as soon as the opposite bank is reached, the closing up process begins, and "Double-quick" is the word. The longer the column is, the slower by degrees becomes the march of those not yet over, and a long running march in wet clothing will be the lot of those who bring up the rear after crossing the stream.

The men think it would have been just as well if they had been allowed to straggle up leisurely and save their wind, for no sooner does the last straggler come pulling up to join his command, than "Halt!" is blown again, and down all sink on the ground for a rest.

Now something seems to be in the way, for after a few minutes comes an order to turn out of the road, and the line pushes through the bushes and brakes on each side, and past a long ammunition train, discovering at length that one of its wagons has been stalled, i. e., stuck in the mud. The drivers of the mules are pulling, hauling, striking and swearing, and the mules are kicking and plunging as only army mules can do and survive. The line is at length past the obstruction, and again takes the road. Perhaps it is noon by this time, and if there is no hurry, a halt may be made to boil the much-loved coffee; but if, on the contrary, it be necessary to make up lost time, the column presses on, each man nibbling hard-tack as he goes, or biting into his piece of bacon if he is the lucky possessor of such a morsel. There is no time for rest now, and the tired men sweep along with the steady swing indicative of the veteran.

On the morning start, the regiment was noisy with conversation and loud jokes were passed from one to another. One soldier would call out, "Hey, Jim; what are you here for, anyhow?" Jim would answer with grim facetiousness: "Thirteen dollars a month and found—dead." A voice would follow with some other absurd question that would receive an equally ludicrous reply, and then would burst forth the chorus, "John Brown's Body," sung by everybody who had voice enough left, followed by "Rally Round the Flag," and under the inspiration of the air and words the regiment would jog along as though unconscious of the surroundings.

Later in the day, words grow fewer, and laughter and song more scarce; and now, late in the afternoon, the soldiers have no stomach or spare wind for words, and scarcely anything is heard but the groan of some sufferer

from blistered feet, or the steady clink of the bayonet, swinging at the left side, against its neighbor, the canteen. An occasional straggler drops from the column: he may be really sick, and will wait for an ambulance; or he may be what army vernacular terms a "cooler" or a "boiler," and, if fortunate enough to elude the lynx-eyed provost guard, will shirk off into a piece of woods, cook his pot of coffee and drink it, take a quiet smoke, and come straggling into camp a long time after the regiment has reached it.

For hours the troops have been travelling along a road which, at all points, was "a right smart distance," "two screams and a holler," or "a right smart git" from the haven aimed at. Such, at least, have been the answers received from grinning contrabands and pipe-smoking dames along the way. Up hills, down into valleys and across brooks, the column moves, with the grim and silent woods often upon each side; and, although the sun sinks, still no indications of a halt have appeared.

Sometimes during the last few hours of a march, each side of the road will be lined with stragglers whom it is impossible to force along further, their powers of locomotion having completely given out. At times both men and horses seemed to plod along mechanically, asleep to everything but the fact that it was their business to walk and cover ground. The men would doze while jogging along, to be suddenly startled by a halt, or some obstruction in the road.

Soon, however, straggling orderlies, and perhaps an aid, pass the column towards the rear, and eager questions are again asked as to the distance yet to be traversed. Perhaps camp is only a mile away, but a long mile it appears to be, ere the first indications, in the shape of some headquarter's tent, or the encampment of a battery, are seen. Gradually the column leaves the road, brigade after brigade, turning to the right or left, and are marched straight ahead,—some into ploughed fields, and others into thick woods, where they halt, stack arms, break ranks and proceed to cook supper. Water and wood may be directly at hand, or both may be half a mile away. It is certain that every regiment cannot be in the same proximity to these necessities of a soldier's existence; but even the growlers are at length satisfied, or appear to be, and in an hour the great bivouac of thousands is silent.

And this experience may happen day after day upon a continuous march—sometimes not so hard, and at other times infinitely more so, especially when rain sets in to drench everybody, convert the roads into heavy, sticky clay, and thoroughly spoil every one's good nature.

Yours, truly,

March 23d and 24th. - There was company drill in the forenoon and afternoon. This caused a great deal of grumbling. As our time is so soon to expire, the men think they have had enough of such duty.

On the 25th all cartridges were taken up, and fresh ammunition issued. From this time till after the first of April, "base ball" was the popular amusement in camp, and a select nine from our regiment played many games and return games with the 32d New York Regiment, the 27th winning a good share of the games. This sharp exercise put the men in good condition after the winter of idleness in their tents and cabins.

April 14th.—This has been another "red letter" day with the regiment. For a week the camp has been in a ferment of excitement over the removal of Gen. Bartlett, our brigade commander. It seems that Congress, for political reasons, has failed to confirm his appointment as Brigadier-General, and he has put off his uniform, and dresses in citizen's garb. Monday was the day on which he was to take leave of his old brigade, and we were ordered to turn out at 1 o'clock to bid him farewell; but we were happily disappointed. Early in the day he was summoned to Gen. Hooker's headquarters, where he received a dispatch from the President re-appointing him; and at 4 o'clock the brigade was ordered out to welcome him back, on the same ground where we had supposed, only a few hours before, we were to see him take his leave. He appeared in full uniform, and read the following telegram:—

"Tell General Bartlett to put on his clothes again, and return to his command.

A. LINCOLN."

Gen. "Joe" then made a rousing speech, and said, "he did not even ask for a confirmation. All he asked was the privilege of leading such noble and generous soldiers into battle once more!"

He then rode off, followed by cheers of joy from his veteran followers. Had he not been returned, it is a question whether the two-years regiments would have followed any



CAPT. SAMUEL M. HARMON, Co. "I."

other leader into another battle. They would have feared to risk their reputation in the hands of an untried man.

April 3d the 6th Corps was reviewed by Gen. Hooker. The men were all in fine spirits and expected to move soon. There was another hard snow-storm on the 5th, and more or less rain till the 8th, when there was a grand review of the Army of the Potomac, by President Lincoln, which left the men in good spirits and ready for a move. Under this date, one diary says: "Went to the review of the army; saw Father Abraham; saw Gen. Sedgwick, and several other great guns."

The following, from a diary, tells how another soldier spent April 13th: "A very beautiful day. My health is excellent. Regimental inspection at nine; general orders were read to the men relative to re-enlistment, and also a part of the Articles of War. I attended service at White Oak Church at three, and heard a most excellent sermon by a missionary of the Christian Commission. I also attended a prayer-meeting, on Saturday evening, at the same place; it was very interesting. Meetings are now held in the church every evening, conducted by the Christian Commission, and are well attended. This is the happiest Sabbath I have passed in a long time. There is but little prospect of moving, yet plenty of rumors. During our stay in the army we have made the acquaintance of several Mr. Say-So's. They are not very reliable. News from Charleston is very encouraging. This army is in good spirits, and most of them ready for a move."

April 13th. - This morning all the cavalry in the army have broken up their camps and are moving up the river, but we do not know their destination. With a comrade I went over to see the captive balloon, which is now kept up every pleasant day. The station is located far enough back from the river to be out of range of the rebel cannon. Two men usually make the ascent, equipped with large field-glasses and telegraph instruments. From an elevation of about two thousand feet they can overlook the rebel works and telegraph their observations to headquarters.

April 14th received orders to move, and drew sixty rounds of ammunition and ten days' rations, but the weather continued stormy and the contemplated move was delayed several days. The time was taken up with reviews, inspection, picket, pay-day, and writing letters, another of which we quote :

A SOLDIER'S LETTER.

CAMP OF 27TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLS.,
NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, Va., —, 1863.

DEAR FRIEND.— Your letter came Monday afternoon, and was read with the same pleasure that all of your letters give me. To day we are having one of your cold March days. The ground is frozen ; a cold wind is blowing and a few flakes of snow are flying. It is time for spring, but winter seems loth to leave us. We have had a few pleasant days, but none warmer than it was there the day you wrote. It is a mistaken idea that we are far enough south to enjoy a warm climate. We have about the same changes and degree of temperature that you have had in York State. No signs of flowers or vegetation yet, and besides, were it warm weather, I don't believe this country would produce a flower, the land is so barren and poor, except along the river.

You wish to know something about the mail arrangements in the army. At Washington there is a military postoffice where all the letters for the soldiers are sent. Here they are sorted, letters for each division being put together. Then agents bring them to army headquarters, where they are delivered to the letter-carriers of each division. These sort and give them to the brigade carriers, and these in turn deliver them to the headquarters of each regiment, and then they are sent to the companies. We usually get a mail every day.

As to the camp, it is a very interesting picture. Now that the men have built log huts, it is more like a city. The streets are regularly laid out. The headquarters are a little distance off, in a line with the main street, and the line officers' tents are on the left, fronting the company streets. This part of Virginia is not hilly, but very rolling.

When we laid out this camp, on the 19th of December, it was in a dense forest of pine and cedar, and not far off was plenty of oak timber ; but now scarcely a tree is left standing, and we have to go a mile and a half for wood, and " tote " it in on our backs. In some places where the trees had been cut high, we took the second cut off the stumps, and even

dug out the stumps where it was easy digging. We get but little at a time, as it is not safe to leave any out-doors at night, for some find it easier to steal than to carry it from the woods. The land is now nicely cleared, and you can imagine what a change it has made in the appearance of the country. Citizens returning would not know their own farms.

The roads are rapidly improving here, and it is quite evident that Gen. Hooker contemplates another move as soon as practicable. He has issued orders to the different generals to procure all necessary supplies, dispose of all surplus baggage, and have their commands in readiness to move at a day's notice. The rebels are still in strong force on the other side of the river. We can plainly see them at work on their fortifications. Whether "Joe" intends to attack them here again, it is hard to tell. If he does as well with his army in action as he has while we have been in camp, he will win for himself a noble name. He has won the esteem of all the army, because he has been so prompt in supplying the wants of his men. Never has an army lived better than we have this winter. We have been content, and in fact have enjoyed ourselves much of the time.

The question now uppermost in our minds is, shall we return to the service after we are discharged? Many say they will not. I have not fully decided, but think that after a short visit home I shall re-enlist, and may do so without returning home. The soldiers are much pleased with the Conscription Act, and think it will hasten the end of the war, but it must make a great many squirm, at home. Some, it seems, talk of resistance, and we hear that there are organized bands to resist the draft. We may have to come home and put them down, and would like nothing better than to see the skulkers who are urging others, forced to go themselves, also our Northern secessionists; I think the Northern fault-finders might reap some benefits from a soldiers' campaign. So let them come, we say, and tell their friends not to shed a tear.

The pressed pansies you sent me were the first bright objects that have greeted our eyes in many a month. Nothing could be more acceptable than such tokens in a time like this. There seems to be nothing beautiful on the face of the "Old Dominion" since war, with its devastating heel, has trampled upon its "sacred soil."

I long to return to my own home-land, with all the attractions and social pleasures that it now affords, and for the new ones that it will afford; for a brighter day will soon come, even for the South, which was always attractive for its sunny skies, but uninviting because a dark, dark spot has dimmed its brightness. This shall remove, and our whole country be

held up to the world, a picture bright and beautiful with attractions that we cannot now even name—a country whose God is the Lord, shining as the sun and surpassing all others in brightness. This is not a dream, but a fulfillment, to accomplish which we are ready to sacrifice our blood upon the altars of our country. And for this service we ask no better reward than the sympathy and support of friends at home.

With best wishes, I remain,

Yours truly,

A WOMAN'S ANSWER.

HOME, April, 1863.

MY DEAR FRIEND—Here I am again, and so full of good wishes that, if the envelope had not held me tightly in its grasp, I should have scattered them all along the way, among the blue coats I passed. But though that might have divided them among the many, it would not have been fulfilling my errand, so as I am safely here, open me carefully and take my greetings,—greetings that come from one who loves her native land; who thinks with gratitude of the soldiers who are striving to defend her in her hour of distraction; and whose most ardent wish is, that "He who removeth kings, and setteth them up," may so order in His infinite wisdom, that the summer's sun may shine o'er a peaceful country,—a country where the cannon's roar and the din of arms have ceased, for brothers war no more with brothers.

The beautiful spring has come once more. Its balmy breathing air to-day; its warm sunshine seems full of beauty to us, after the winter's cold breath; yet there is a sadness about it, for its gentle breezes murmur

Advance!" on the Rappahannock, and I wonder if there is a stir among the camps. God protect them if there is, and shield them by His mighty power. He is a refuge in the time of trouble; and how sweet to be able to cast all our care on Him, feeling that Jesus still lives to intercede for us, and that He will. For if He died to save us, will He not plead for us, now He is ascended on high. "Blessed be the name of the Lord for ever. For wisdom and might are His."

How my thoughts follow the soldiers as they march! I can imagine them plodding on; every footfall I seem to notice. Yes, our soldiers go not alone. A thousand womanly hearts go with them, hearts full of gratitude to our country's preservers. They note their privations and know

their sacrifices, and are hourly dropping prayers around their path. May our Heavenly Father heed those prayers!

As I sit down to my meals, I wonder if they are taking theirs also, and if they partake of a comfortable one. As I enjoy the comforts of a good home, and a warm room at night, I think of them in their tents. And for what are they there? That I may enjoy the comforts of my quiet home, undisturbed by the ravages of foes. And this is why I ask Heaven to bless them for their patriotism and fidelity.

Our country (any country in war) makes hard demands of her sons. But let our soldiers glory in the fact that they have the best country to fight for in the whole world—the noblest! And how I wish all those who have so nobly stood up for their country could see her emerge in all her purity as the fruit of their toil and blood. And will they not see it? In that beautiful Land where so many now rest, undisturbed by the din of arms or the cannon's roar, tasting of that peace found only in Heaven above, they will see. They will look down upon the victory of the right, and strike their harps anew to the praise of Him through whose grace they conquered,—through whose grace their efforts became a blessing.

How sad the death of General Sumner, just at this time when we feel that we need all our generals. It seems to induce the thought that our Father seeks to draw our trust from them to Him. Generals Mitchell and Sumner, who doubtless looked to a death on the battle-field with their brave troops, breathed out their lives in quiet, with friends (this was true of Gen. Sumner at least) to attend to their last wants, smooth their dying pillows and close their eyes in death. Surely, God was kind to them, and a Nation now honors them, and will love them none the less though they died in peace.

We are looking forward to the time when we can welcome you again in ——. Many changes some of the boys will find at home—especially those who have not left the service since they first enlisted. They, too, I presume, have changed while leading their wandering life. It seems to them, no doubt, a long time, in looking back to that afternoon when, amid the huzzas of the multitude and the tears of friends, they left for the seat of war. Yes, noble remnant of the 27th, welcome home again! You went out to defend our hearthstones from the ruthless invasion of foes, and though the rebellion is not yet quelled, we believe that you have done all that you could. Fearless and brave in battle, courageous amid your enemies, richly have you won, at the expense of your very life-blood, our esteem and respect. Again I say, welcome! thrice welcome!

heroes of Bull Run, and West Point, and Gaines' Mill; welcome! ye prisoners from rebel pens; welcome! from hospital, where the fever's wild heat is no less a foe to be dreaded than the enemy's bullets. Come home to your hearthstones and your sires. There's been a sorrowing here for the absent one; anxiety that cannot be told, as the eager glance hastily scanned each account of battle, fearing your name would there mark the loved one fallen. Precious dust you have left where you have been; dust we trust guarded by angels—some by the water's side, some by the hill. Yes, welcome! truly, welcome! Come one, come all, and we'll greet you kindly home.

Faithfully yours,

* * *

The maid who binds her warrior's sash,
 With smile that well her pain dissembles,
 The while beneath her drooping lash
 One stary tear-drop hangs and trembles,
 Though Heaven alone records the tear,
 And Fame shall never know her story,
 Her heart has shed a drop as dear
 As e'er bedewed the field of glory!

The wife who girds her husband's sword,
 'Mid little ones who weep and wonder,
 And bravely speaks the cheering word,
 What though her heart be rent asunder;
 Doomed nightly in her dreams to hear
 The bolts of death around him rattle,
 Has shed as sacred blood as e'er
 Was poured upon the field of battle!

The mother who conceals her grief
 While to her breast her son she presses,
 Then breathes a few brave words and brief,
 Kissing the patriot brow she blesses;
 With no one but her secret God
 To know the pain that weighs upon her,
 Sheds holy blood as e'er the sod
 Received on Freedom's field of honor!

THOMAS BUCHANAN READ,

CAMP OF THE 27TH REGIMENT, N. Y. VOLTS., ()
NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, VA., April 24, 1863. ()

MY DEAR FRIEND :—You see by my heading that the prophecy of the breezes is not yet fulfilled. The Army of the Potomac is still in camp and likely to be for some time to come, for the prayers of the soldiers seem to be more weighty than those of Gen. Hooker, and in answer to them the rain keeps falling, falling, falling. Many are rejoicing, and well they may, for it is the only prayer they have ever had answered.

The most of the men who have any heart in their work are tired of rain and mud, and would much rather be on the move and accomplish something looking to the end ; but every time "Joe" gets ready to move, down comes the rain, and while I write, it is pattering on the canvas and seems to whisper, "Our day ; no move ; no move." We have had a few fine days, but they are a scarce article with us.

Last Sunday, the most beautiful day of the season, we left camp early to go on picket. Had "grand-guard mounting" at headquarters, and did not reach the picket line, some three miles distant, till noon. It was a busy Sabbath for us, for the afternoon was spent in building brush huts for shelter. Early next morning, as usual, the rain commenced falling, and continued all day, giving us a good soaking. You can imagine how pleasant it is sitting in a brush hut beside a smoking fire, with the rain drops scattering through, not an inch of space that they do not fill, and so annoy one with the constant drizzle, drizzle, drizzle. Oh, I tell you it is romantic ! "Who wouldn't be a soldier ?"

The remainder of our three days' picket duty passed pleasantly, and we are now snugly quartered in camp. While out on this tour, I went to the front to take a look at the "Johnnies," our quondam friends on the other side of the river. Our picket line is about a mile and a half back from the river, while near the river is a line of videttes or cavalry pickets. So we have no opportunity to converse with the enemy's pickets, and besides do not have to be very vigilant while on post.

The scenery of the valley of the Rappahannock from the point where I viewed it (a high bluff half a mile from the north bank of the river) was with one exception the most beautiful I ever beheld. Spread out before me was the broad plain, its fields already green with spring vegetation, and dotted here and there with beautiful mansions, surrounded by the now deserted negro quarters—the wealthy occupants of the former as well as the chattels from the latter, having fled at the approach of the invading "Yankees"—but from this distance, these houses nestled among the

peach-trees now in full-bloom, look cheerful and inviting. Across the river there is the same extent of beautiful plain and the same indication of happy homes. But from its further boundaries rise the heights spotted with the rebel camps and smoking with the rebel fires every angle faced with frowning forts, from which the bristling cannon command every inch of the plain below.

Oh! War! War! Why didst thou set thy devastating foot in this beautiful valley? Why didst thou pollute these lovely plains with the blood of those who have dwelt here securely for many years? Why didst thou not go to the wilderness and there satisfy thy cruel greed by the sacrifice upon some barren soil, of the blood of the noble and brave? In vain do we question; there is no answer.

Yesterday, that ever welcome visitor to our camp, the paymaster, came down on us, and the boys as usual are very happy, and are singing, "Greenbacks have come again once more." Many of the two years' men are not anxious to see another fight, and the feeling is increasing every day. Some claim that their time is out on the 2d day of May, but we are to be held until the 21st, as that is the date on which the regiment was mustered into the United States' service. We have been ordered to be in Elmira on the 21st, and shall probably leave here on the 12th or 15th. The boys are now counting the minutes and seconds that we have yet to serve, and estimating the number of hard-tack they have yet to eat. This is an easy problem in multiplication and addition, for ten of these tough teeth-destroyers generally come to the pound, and a pound is a daily ration.

Gen. Hooker has been making some very mysterious movements of late, but what it all means it is hard to tell. The night before we came in from picket, a train of pontoons, numbering thirty boats, was brought out near where we were, and started for the river. The men said they had orders to lay them that night, and that another train had gone below. This looked like a move, sure, and we expected the next day would find us on the go; but the train is still there. Whether a rebel battery that they found waiting for them, on the other side, deterred them from completing the plan; or whether it was only a feint to deceive the rebs., is a mystery to us. At any rate, the enemy found out the train was coming in time to get a battery in position, near the river, before it had moved two miles; and it did not start till after dark. From this you will see that they keep well posted as to any movement we may make. The plan of crossing the river here again does not suit many of the troops. They prefer to flank the rebs., or siege them out. The health of the troops is excellent, and they are cheered with the news from our armies in the

South and Southwest. The spirit of the majority of our men who have survived the arduous services of the past two years, is still unbroken, and their love of country undiminished, but you cannot imagine what a desire they have to see home and friends once more. Notwithstanding this, I fancy most of them will be back in the service again in less than six months.

Yours, truly,

✱ ✱ ✱

Monday, April 27th.—Orders have come to be ready to march early to-morrow morning, and the boys are busy getting their rations ready. Gen. Bartlett made a speech to our regiment and the 16th, in regard to re-enlisting, and also about our going into the next battle, saying that he “could not leave us behind, and had no fears of our fighting qualities.” He spoke well, but the boys “can’t see the re-enlist,” at least till after we have been home.

Let it be noted here that the companies forming the regiment had all enlisted and been mustered into the state service during the month of April, 1861, and all had expected that their two years’ term of service would expire during April, 1863, but the Federal Government claims to hold us for two years from the 21st of May, the date of muster into the United States service. This decision has given rise to a good deal of discussion among the men as to whether they should be taken into another battle; but when the orders come to march we will not think of this, and are ready to fight as cheerfully as we have ever done. All are in good spirits, and expect to see fighting, soon.

April 28th.—At 12 o’clock we got orders to be under way at 3 P. M. Packed up and got off at that hour, in a light rain-storm. Our division is to cross the river at the same place where we crossed before. Bivouacked about 8 o’clock, about a mile back from the river. Were ordered into line about ten o’clock, and the plans of attack were read to us. Our division is all that is to cross at this point at present. The pontoon boats are to be unloaded and carried down to the river by the men, as it is feared the rattling of the wagon train would be heard by the enemy. Russell’s brigade is to cross first in boats, and we are to follow them in



CAPT. BURTON FREEMAN, CO. I.

boats and take possession of the first two lines of rifle-pits; then the bridge is to be built, and the balance of the division is to come as a support. There was great delay in getting the boats down, and we did not reach the river till 5 o'clock, just at daybreak.

Russell's men immediately embarked. A very heavy fog over the river concealed their movements until they reached the shore, when they received a sharp volley from the rebel pickets. The balls came across and just over our lines as we stood on the shore, which made the boys lie down in a hurry. We were ordered to load our pieces, and the right wing of the 16th was ordered to fire a volley high enough to pass over the heads of our men. This drove the pickets away, and a landing was effected. The boats returned and were filled at once, about forty men in each boat. No sooner did we start than the enemy opened fire, but we were packed so closely in the boats that we could not return it. We were soon across, and the men scrambled up the steep bank and, engaging them sharply, were soon in possession of their works, and had many of them prisoners. Two of our men were killed, four or five were wounded, and two fell overboard and were drowned.

The skirmish line advanced about a mile, and we lay down along the rifle-pits. Several stand of arms were found, which the Johnnies had thrown away in their haste. Two bridges were soon laid, and in about an hour the whole division was over and deployed in line of battle.

The boys feel very thankful that they got over the river with so little loss, as we expected to meet a strong force. The first corps, which crossed the river about a mile below this point, had a hard fight, for they found a battery waiting to welcome them.

It is a warm and beautiful day. Both the balloons are up, and we can see large numbers of the enemy passing to the left (their right). We are looking for hot work in that direction. All the plans seem to be working well, and our men are in excellent spirits. About three it began to rain, and we moved out in advance of the rifle-pits and pitched

our tents, where we remained till after dark. We then moved back to the captured rifle-pits again. Then with shovels, tin plates, and hands, about-faced the pits, and lay down in the mud and took the full benefit of a rain-storm all night.

April 30th.—A wet, dreary morning. We were drawn up in line, and mustered as quietly as though we had been in camp. About noon we were ordered into line, and an order from Gen. Hooker was read to us, praising the men for their feats, and stating "that certain results had been accomplished by the 5th, 11th and 12th Army Corps, so that the rebels would be obliged to retreat, or come out and give us battle on our own ground, which would be certain destruction." This was very encouraging to the men, for they had had some fears that they were to be pushed against the heights, but feel perfectly able to defend themselves if the enemy should attack them on the plain.

About 4 o'clock the rebels commenced shelling our works on the left, and kept it up till dark, without doing much harm. About dark we were ordered on picket, and advanced a line of skirmishers near the ravine in which we lay at the first battle of Fredericksburg. The outposts had to be keenly alert all night,—so there was little sleep. The enemy were moving a great deal during the night, and many conjectured that they were leaving; but at daylight they showed a bold front, and we could see them moving about on the heights in front of us, where they were partly hidden by the bushes and trees. As they showed no disposition to fire on us, we showed them the same respect, and remained very quiet all day. About dark we were relieved, and fell back toward the river, where we lay down and had a good night's rest.

Saturday, May 2d.—The weather is very fine. The rebels threw a few shells at us early in the morning, one striking the ground right in front of Company —, undermining some of the men, and making a big hole, into which they were dropped and half covered up with dirt. No one was hurt. This made us pack up lively and move forward to a

more sheltered position. Soon the troops on our left recrossed the river, and moved off to the right, up the river, to assist Gen. Hooker, who was now fighting the battle of Chancellorsville, some ten miles distant. We could plainly hear the continual roar of artillery, and sometimes, when the wind was favorable, the sound of musketry would reach us, and told us that hard fighting was going on. Towards night more troops came over to our support, and General Hooker sends word that he is pushing the enemy, and orders us to advance. We expect hard work to-morrow.

May 3d.—The column commenced advancing at daylight, and the whole army is moving, and deploying well to the right,—our division holding the extreme left. The ball opened early, and they gave us a good shelling. Our regiment advanced to the same ravine we occupied during the first battle, on December 14th. The rebs. had a battery that now commanded the ravine, and they shelled us beautifully. Two of our men were killed, and about twenty wounded. The 96th Pennsylvania, who were on picket, were soon driven in, and we were ordered forward to take their places. As soon as we were out from cover, a battery on the heights opened upon us, and the range was directly on the colors. Most of the shells went over, but one passed through the flag, and cut out a star, leaving it whole; and it was picked up by the color-bearer, A. L. VanNess. We hugged the ground every time we saw the flash of the guns. None of our men were hurt here, and all kept very cool. We were ordered to deploy, and advanced near a hill, where we remained till afternoon.

Here Gens. Brooks and Bartlett came up to the line, to reconnoitre the position. They stood with their field-glasses to their eyes, and though the shells were bursting all around them, not a muscle was seen to move; while staff and line officers were hugging the ground or trying to dodge the shells. To the coolness of such leaders may be attributed the bravery and steadiness of many a regiment in the division.

On this line, the left of the regiment was greatly annoyed



LIEUT. HENRY HANINGTON, CO. "K."

by a rebel sharp-shooter, who, posted in a tall tree to our left, kept up a regular fire, killing one man—Charles A. Hosmer, of Co. "E"—and wounding several others. The men were more uneasy under the fire of this one man than all the rebel batteries on the heights. Finally a detail of a few men crept up in range of his position, and he was soon wounded and brought down from his lofty station.

From our position we had a splendid view of the fighting on the right, where our men were advancing on the heights back of Fredericksburg. About 11 o'clock the cannonading was perfectly terrific. Our men advanced rapidly, and soon the first line of works was carried. Then on went the boys up the hill, regardless of the terrible shower of iron hail that welcomed them. Soon one of our shells blew up a caisson in one of their forts, and apparently used them up,—for they soon began to skedaddle; and, presently, the old flag waved upon every fort. Their guns were turned upon them, and on pressed our lines, and kept them moving. Our men, going to the right and moving along the plank road, advanced a mile or more. The troops on the plain were then ordered to withdraw, our regiment bringing up the rear, with one company deployed as skirmishers. We moved up the river into Fredericksburg, the rebels following us right in,—our men feeling all the time that it was a great mistake to take us all from the valley, and allow the enemy to come in our rear. We passed through the city, and up the heights, by the plank road, which was strewn with the dead and the wounded, showing the bitter struggle that had taken place for the possession of Mary's Heights. We passed the fortifications, and Gen. Bartlett rushed his brigade past all the other troops, and, about three miles from the city, came up with the enemy, near Salem Church, where he had a furious struggle with them, and was obliged to retire; but another line coming up, the enemy was driven back.

We did not get up in time to take part; but the other regiments of the brigade lost terribly. We were drawn up across the way to stop stragglers; and as the broken lines came back, they were re-formed in front of us.

Night soon set in and the firing ceased, when we lay down and had a good night's rest. As the slaughter had been terrible, the stretcher bearers were busy all night caring for the wounded, and as we lay there behind our stacks of guns we could hear the grinding of the ambulance wheels, as they moved back and forth filled with their bleeding and suffering burdens. The dead were left on the field.

The following extracts from the official Confederate Reports relative to this battle at Salem Church, will illustrate Gen. Bartlett's vigorous style of fighting:

After shelling the woods to the right and left of the road a short time, the Union troops advanced. A brisk skirmish ensued. The Confederate skirmishers were pushed back to the woods, and then upon the line of battle. The Federal line followed quickly. Reaching the edge of the woods they gave a cheer and rushed forward to the charge. On, on they came, to within eighty yards of the opposing line. Here they received the Confederate fire, which had been reserved. Well directed and at close quarters, its effect is terrible. A scene of carnage presents itself. The line wavers under the withering fire, but it is only for a moment. Bartlett dashes on. He surrounds the school-house and captures the garrison. Then pushing forward to the line in the rear, he delivers all the impetus of his attack on the regiment stationed there. It wavers, yields, breaks. A little further on, and the victory had been won. Wilcox has a regiment (9th Alabama) in reserve just behind this part of his line. In a moment he hurls this upon the advancing troops. The Alabamians deliver a deadly fire, at close quarters, and rush forward to gain what had been lost. Gallantly does Bartlett strive to hold the advantage won at such a cost. A fierce struggle, and in turn the Federal line gives way. No time is allowed it to rally. Wilcox follows closely, increasing at each step the carnage in the Federal ranks. The school-house is reached. The captured garrison is set free, and some of their captors are in turn captives. On the other side of the wood, the attack, which was not vigorous, has also been repulsed. * * * Wilcox has lost in his brigade between three and four hundred men. Bartlett, whose brigade has been principally opposed to him, has seven hundred men *hors du combat*.

Our regiment being on skirmish duty, bringing up the rear, Gen. Bartlett made the charge alluded to, with his

three remaining regiments, numbering 1440 muskets, of which he lost 260. But he had broken two lines of battle and penetrated the enemy's centre, and would have maintained himself there, except for the reason given by the Confederate historian, in the following sentence: "On the other side of the wood, the attack, which *was not vigorous*, had already been repulsed."

Monday, May 4th, at 4 A. M., we were called in line and stood until daylight. We then cooked breakfast, and soon after moved off to a ravine. During the night the enemy had moved around our left and into the rear, giving us a warm morning salute from the left. We were formed in line of battle, facing the left, and our regiment was deployed as skirmishers and advanced towards the enemy's lines. There was picket firing all day, our boys holding their ground till near night, when they were forced back a short distance. Soon on came the enemy, in line of battle, when the battery in our rear opened on them with several rounds of grape and canister, and their line broke in great disorder. They had now gotten so far to our rear, and were holding all the forts on the hill that we had taken from them, and were pressing us from three sides: it became evident that we would have to retire from the field. At dark we were ordered to fall back up the river in the direction of Banks' Ford. Our regiment still being on the skirmish line in rear of the corps, fell back fighting as we went. The front rank would fall back while the rear would load and fire, then the rear rank would pass to the rear of the front rank. While executing this movement, Corp. ———, of Co. D., loaded three or four charges into his gun, and when he had discovered his mistake, he was afraid to fire, but one of the sergeants ordered him to fall behind the line a little and fire his piece, which he did without harm to his musket. Another man put the ball into his gun without powder. When he discovered his mistake he sat down, took the screw out of the tumbler, put in powder, blew out the ball, and though the balls of the enemy were flying around him, deliberately loaded his gun, turned and fired on the advancing

foe, then ran and overtook his company. In this way we fell back two or three miles, firing at the flash of the enemy's guns. We then rallied and formed regimental line, having lost in the retreat one killed and one wounded. It being very warm and the men weak from continual duty, the rapid march soon began to tell, and some of them, to save themselves, were obliged to throw off their knapsacks and all of their load. Coming up to the rifle-pits near the ford, a line of battle was formed and we lay down, waiting for the balance of the corps to cross the river. The rebels kept shelling us all night, trying to get their range on the pontoon bridge. We could trace the curve of the shells by the lighted fuse. Very little harm was done by these shells. We expected the enemy would advance on us every moment, and it was a night of anxious suspense. Still, if the shells did not burst too near, the men would fall asleep from sheer exhaustion.

About three or four o'clock we again commenced to retire, and were safely across the river before the rebels came up. As we reached the shore, the first words we heard were: "27th, where did you come from? I expected to hear from you at Richmond." "Ah, General, our legs were too long for them," we replied. It seems that we had been left far in the rear, to cover the retreat, with the expectation that the whole regiment would be obliged to surrender on the best terms it could.

The conduct of the 27th in going into this fight, after its time was nominally out, is a record of which every man may well be proud; and it will go down to later generations as a noble sacrifice. Whatever credit may be given this regiment for former services, everything dwarfs in the light of this crowning act of its history—"Obeying orders to move against the enemy, when, in justice, they should have been on their way home."

We marched back about a mile from the river and went into camp—a thoroughly used-up army. The men are very much chagrined at having to give up a position they had gained so gallantly. Again they feel that they have

been made the dupes of bad generalship. Had Gen. Sedgwick been content to have stopped in the works on the top of the hill, he could have held them against all their forces, and now been in possession of the heights and the city(?). As it is, we have accomplished nothing; or, rather, have lost all that we did accomplish. It seems to be one of the most foolish blunders of the war. All our wounded have fallen into the hands of the enemy.

The above strictures on the generalship of our corps commander, Gen. Sedgwick, are from the diary of a private soldier. We did not then know that Gen. Sedgwick was acting under positive orders from Gen. Hooker, which were: "That he should carry the heights, and then immediately push on to join Hooker at Chancellorsville, and strike Lee in the rear." This Sedgwick attempted to do; and had Hooker engaged Lee on the 4th, instead of being held by a strong skirmish line, and allowing Lee to bring the bulk of his army over and hurl it upon the 6th Corps, the result would have been far different.

It is now thought that Gen. Hooker will be able to hold his ground on the right, and probably we shall go to reinforce him, but are not able to march to-day.

May 5th.—The rebels kept throwing shells at us all day, but we, having become quite used to them, don't mind them. We are looking anxiously for news from the right. We have heard but little fighting there to-day, and still hope for success. God grant that we may not be repulsed again. Our loss has been heavy—622 in our brigade.

May 6th.—Very stormy, cold and disagreeable. Hooker's army is now passing back, having re-crossed the river last night. So we are again defeated, and have left a lot of spoil in the hands of the enemy. The fighting at Chancellorsville has been terrible, but Gen. Hooker was not enough for them. Our cause looks dark, but we are not in the least discouraged. There must be a different plan of operations. Our forces should be concentrated more, and should use the spade. Had we commenced a siege, after crossing the river, we could have driven them off, and not have lost



MAJOR-GEN. JOHN SEDGWICK.

so many men. The troops are calling vehemently for little Mac, again,—and would that we had him back!

Most of the troops are moving back into their old camps, and we shall probably move soon. We are camped here in great confusion, and hardly know where we are.

May 7th.—The men are getting well rested, and are ready for another move. We have seen quite a number of Gen. Hooker's men, and they say they were repulsed and obliged to retreat. Dr. H——, of —— regiment, gave us quite a description of the battle. He says he is sick of fighting. The loss on both sides is heavy. It is dark! dark!! dark!!! Still the men keep cheerful, and the army will soon be on a good footing again.

The enemy appears to be very quiet. We took a walk down to the river, and could plainly see them and their camps, on the other side. Many of them are dressed in blue clothes, and they feel very jubilant over their victory, and rejoice over the spoils they have taken. They say, "they have got a new quartermaster-general Joe Hooker!" It is a good joke, and too true.

May 8th.—Got the order to pack up early, and started back for our old camp, where we arrived about 2 o'clock, taking possession of our old quarters. We found them about as we left them, except half full of water,—which we soon bailed out, put up our tents, and were "at home" once more. Some of us had to take in a comrade from the number of those who had thrown away their blankets and tents, on the hurried retreat. For a few days we remained quietly in camp, performing the usual duties. On the 11th, the 16th New York started for home. That made us feel very lonesome, as we had always camped beside each other, and had seemed more like one regiment than two distinct commands; and were always ready to support each other in action. For the next four days we made our farewell calls among the regiments where we had acquaintances. Camp life seemed very dull, as our minds were fully occupied with the thoughts of home.

On the 14th, at evening parade, the following special orders were read to us :

HEADQUARTERS SIXTH ARMY CORPS, {
May 13, 1863. }

Special Orders No. 120.

The term of service of the 27th New York Volunteers having expired, they will proceed to Elmira, N. Y., the place of enrollment, where they will be mustered out of service.

Upon arrival there, their arms, equipments and public property will be turned in to the proper officers. The Quartermaster's Department will furnish transportation from Falmouth.

The general commanding the corps congratulates the officers and men of the 27th New York Volunteers upon their honorable return to civil life. They have enjoyed the respect and confidence of their companions and commanders. They have illustrated their term of service by gallant deeds, and have won for themselves a reputation *not surpassed in the Army of the Potomac*, and have nobly earned the gratitude of the republic.

By command of Major-Gen. Sedgwick.

M. T. McMAHON, A. A. General.

HEADQUARTERS FIRST DIVISION, SIXTH CORPS, {
May 14, 1863. }

Special Orders No. 55.

In taking leave of the 27th Regiment of New York Volunteers, the Brigadier-General commanding the division is happy to be able to witness to their soldierly qualifications and general good conduct. Their action in the late campaign, on the south side of the Rappahannock, will be a proud record for every officer and man to carry to his home. Their record is said in a few words—"You did your duty!" and did it to the satisfaction of your commanders.

By order of Brigadier-General Brooks.

A. K. PARSONS,
A. A. A. General.

HDQRS. 2D BRIGADE, 1ST DIVISION, 6TH ARMY CORPS,
ARMY OF THE POTOMAC—NEAR WHITE OAK CHURCH, Va., }
May 12, 1863.

Special Order No. 46.

The term of enlistment of the 27th New York Volunteers having nearly expired, they are ordered to proceed to their rendezvous, at Elmira, N. Y., to be mustered out of service of the United States, on the 21st day of May.

This order severs other connections than those which bound the regiment to the military service. Two years of honorable and distinguished service have made you soldiers.

After the fall of your gallant and distinguished colonel, I commanded you in the first battle of the Army of the Potomac. I have led you through all of its subsequent campaigns, and have participated with you in a dozen battles. I now send you to the quiet haunts of peace, with the blood of the enemy upon your honored old flag scarce yet dry. In separating from you, I can only give you my assurance that the honor of the regiment has ever been my care. Our connection has been one of love, cemented by your bravery and noble deeds; and in its severance I believe the regret to be mutual. I have always relied upon you in every emergency, and you have responded with true heroism. You leave brave comrades behind you, stretched in death, upon all our battle-fields. You bear with you the grateful feeling that you have avenged them. In the history of the Army of the Potomac, *no prouder record will be inscribed than your own.*

I hope to see the standard of your regiment once more raised. I hope again to command you: till then, farewell! And may God, in His infinite mercy, bless each and all of you.

JOS. J. BARTLETT,
Brigadier-General, Commanding.

After the orders were read, Gens. Slocum and Bartlett made short addresses to the men; and when the parade was dismissed, we gave them three cheers—the stoutest of the whole term of service.

At 3 A. M., on the 15th, the drums sounded the reveille, and at 5 we were packed up and on our way to Falmouth. The different regiments of our brigade turned out to bid us good-by, and as we said adieu to these weather-beaten veterans, we heartily wished the war was over, and that we were all going home together. Arriving at Falmouth, we

quickly boarded the cars, and a short run took us to Aquia Creek, where we were soon on board a steamer bound for Washington. About dark we reached the capital and were quartered in the Soldier's Retreat. The next day we spent in Washington, strolling about the city, until about 5 P. M., when we took the cars for Baltimore, where we unloaded to change cars, and remained the rest of the night.

Sunday, May 17th.—At daylight we started and ran very slowly; passed Harrisburg about noon; reached Williamsport between 4 and 5 P. M.; made a short stop, and arrived at Elmira about midnight. Left the cars and slept until morning on the platform of the depot.

The next morning we marched to the barracks, but finding them very dirty, most of the men took board in private families. The three companies from Binghamton were met at Elmira by a delegation of citizens and tendered an invitation to receive the hospitality of the city. The invitation was accepted. We remained in Elmira till June 5th, when the regiment was mustered out, and we received our discharge, pay, and a bounty of \$100, having been in the service two years and twenty-eight days. Thus the 27th disappeared from the scene.

We broke ranks forever, and our record passed into history. But few of our men, however, resumed their positions in civil life. Nearly every man was fit to command a regiment, and felt that if his services as a recruit had been valuable to his government, as a veteran they would be doubly so now, and after a few weeks' rest, we find that nearly every man who was able-bodied had re-entered the service and was again found fighting the battles of his country. This regiment furnished a large number of the officers and many of the men of that fine regiment, the 1st New York Veteran Cavalry.

To write the subsequent history of all the 27th men, we would have to follow them into every army and on to nearly every battle-field of the war. When we say that these men, after the experience they had had, enduring the hardships, sufferings and dangers through which we have

followed them, RE-ENLISTED, we have said enough for a lifetime in their praise. The 27th was indeed a noble battalion, one which won alike the compliments of its generals and the confidence of its associate regiments. During and since the war great *esprit de corps* has characterized its soldiers. Many of them have attained to prominence in the walks of peaceful life, to the great rejoicing of their comrades, and many have made their final march. God give them rest in peace!

THE REGIMENTAL FLAG.

The flag of the 27th Regiment of New York Volunteers was the army regulation flag for infantry regiments, and was made of heavy silk, with bullion fringe, and handsomely mounted on a staff. The flag was first the property of Company "I," which was recruited by Capt. C. C. Gardiner, at Angelica; and was presented to the company by Mrs. Church, widow of the late Hon. Philip Church, of Belvidere, near Angelica, through her son, Mr. Richard Church. On the 27th of June, 1861, Company "I" presented the flag to the regiment, at Elmira, and it was carried gallantly and without dishonor, through the two years' term of the regiment. The flag was many times struck by the enemy's shot, and large holes were made by fragments of shell. After the muster out, it was deposited, by the late Col. A. D. Adams, in the Bureau of Military Record, in the Capitol at Albany, and with it is the following record:—

"The Regiment was organized at Elmira, May 21st, 1861; from companies raised in Binghamton, Angelica, Lyons, Mt. Morris, White Plains, Lima, Albion and Rochester; and entered the field commanded by Col. H. W. Slocum. The Regiment received the flag from Co. "I," Capt. C. C. Gardiner, June 27th, 1861. This Company had previously been presented with the flag by Mrs. Philip Church. It has been borne in the battles of First Bull Run, West Point, Mechanicsville, Gaines' Mill, Goldsborough's Farm, Charles City Cross Roads, White Oak Swamp, Malvern Hill, Sec-



FLAG OF THE 27TH REGIMENT.

and Bull Run, Crampton's Pass, Antietam, Fredericksburg, and Fredericksburg Heights. The first bearer was Sergt. Burton Freeman, of Co. "I," who was afterwards promoted to be Captain of his Company. At First Bull Run two Corporals were severely wounded on either side of the Color-Bearer. At Gaines' Mill the Color-Bearer was severely wounded. At Fredericksburg Heights, the star now appended to the staff was literally shot out of the flag by a shell. The Color-Bearer in that assault, A. L. Van-Ness, of Co. "H," contributed it to the Bureau. Col. A. D. Adams transmitted the flag, after the expiration of the Regiment's term of service, to this Bureau."

Battle-Hymn of the Republic.

Mine eyes have seen the glory of the coming of the Lord ;
He is trampling out the vintage where his grapes of wrath are stored ;
He hath loosed the fateful lightning of his terrible, swift sword :
His truth is marching on.

I have seen Him in the watch-fires of a hundred circling camps ;
They have builded Him an altar in the evening dews and damps ;
I can read his righteous sentence by the dim and flaring lamps :
His day is marching on.

I have read a fiery gospel, writ in burnished rows of steel ;
"As ye deal with my contemners, so with you my grace shall deal ;
Let the Hero, born of woman, crush the serpent with his heel,
Since God is marching on.

He has sounded forth the trumpet that shall never call retreat ;
He is sifting out the hearts of men before his judgment-seat ;
Oh ! be swift, my soul, to answer Him ! be jubilant, my feet !
Our God is marching on.

In the beauty of the lilies, Christ was born across the sea,
With a glory in his bosom that transfigures you and me ;
As He died to make men holy, let us die to make men free,
While God is marching on.

— JULIA WARD HOWE.

CHAPTER VI.

TEN MONTHS IN REBELDOM—NOTES FROM THE DIARY
OF A BULL RUN PRISONER, AT RICHMOND, VA., NEW
ORLEANS, LA., AND SALISBURY, N. C.

“**A** SOLDIER of the legion lay dying at Algiers :
There was lack of woman's nursing—there was dearth of woman's tears;
But a comrade stood beside him, while the life-blood ebbed away,
And bent, with pitying glance, to hear each word he had to say.
The dying soldier faltered, as he took that comrade's hand,
And said, I never more shall see my own, my native land ;
Take a message and a token to some distant friends of mine
For I was born at Bingen, at Bingen on the Rhine.”

These few lines form a fitting prelude to the following record. This pathetic story of the dying boy, among strangers of an unknown tongue, has drawn tears to the eyes of many a reader ; but it was reserved for the direr shock of later years to bring them to us in fearful realization. The clash of arms came, and it was the duty of every man to take up the task assigned him, and help to save the Nation. But think what a sacrifice our soldiers made in leaving their pleasant homes, as most of them did, at an age when the desire to live is strongest in the human heart, and knowing that there were included in the terms of their contract, all the incidents of war,—the danger, privation, disease, wounds, imprisonment and death ; and that they must be prepared for any and all of these things. Yet voluntarily,

aye, even cheerfully and joyfully, they accepted these conditions, took their lives in their hands, and baring their young breasts, made them a living rampart between their homes and the enemies of freedom.

A few have returned, but many went down to death in the midst of the thunder and the wreck of battle, or in the prison pen, or in the hospital, far away from home and friends and help. In almost every household throughout the land, there are saddened memories of these dreadful prisons; and if the cause for which so many sacrifices were made—which so many died in prison to perpetuate—was worth suffering for, are not the scenes through which they passed worthy of commemoration and remembrance in the hearts of their fellow-countrymen? Justice to the living who suffered, impartial history, and the martyred dead, demand a full record by survivors of these horrors. For this purpose, this chapter is added to our history.

The following is the list of the names of the Twenty-seventh men who were in the Richmond prisons, up to October, 1861, most of them having been captured at the first Bull Run battle:

Co. "A"—Eli Barrett, John Chamberlain, * Charles Demorest, Thomas Smith.

Co. "B"—A. H. Crannell.

Co. "C"—George W. F. Fanning, George W. Dunn, *F. Durand, Eugene M. Davis, William Vanalstine, *John Boyden, *C. F. Yenny, **G. M. Andrews, William Barnes, *George Butler.

Co. "D"—Charles W. Platt, **Cyrus Pardee, *† James V. Snedaker, Wm. Trail, John H. Hogan, * James Coon, James McCauley, * S. A. McKune, * William Sampson, C. B. Fairchild.

Co. "E"—* William H. Merrill, * William E. Hanlon, M. McGetrick, * John T. Clague.

* Indicates those who were wounded.

† Indicates those who died in prison.

Co. "F"—Edgar H. Warner, Reuben A. Wright, N. A. Corson, Wm. VanValkenburg, Edwin M. Watrous, T. H. Yates, John Kearns.

Co. "G"—A. H. Hunt, † Armenius M. Hunt, Tyler J. Briggs, Wm Hall, * Gardner W. Agard, * Edwin E. Bond, * J. Butler, * Solomon Wood, William Mileham, John Merritt.

Co. "H"—Harlan Boyd, Geo. Stout, Wm. W. Aplin, James Donahue, * † Joseph R. Johnson, * William Welch, C. H. Hunt, William Briggs.

Co. "I"—Jeremiah K. Reading, F. D. Clark, John H. Crandall, * James G. Wellman, Judson S. Oliver, Lawrence Powers, * James O. Andrews, Charles W. Berry, † J. W. Bishop.

Co. "K"—Orson T. Jewett, James Tucker, Henry S. Wells, J. L. Mudge, Volney Mudge, † Charles W. Tibbitts, John C. Fowler, Charles Dwinnell, Henry L. Van Dresser.

Having assisted several of my wounded comrades to seek shelter in the cellar of the stone house, and having stanchd their wounds with lint and bandages made from some havelocks; and, moved by their agonizing cries for "Water! water!" and their entreaties for some one to remain with them, I tarried till it was too late to make my own escape. No words can adequately depict the fears of these wounded men as to the treatment they would receive, if they should fall into the hands of the enemy. They expected to be bayoneted on the spot. They would not at first drink the water from a spring found in one corner of the cellar, because they feared the rebels had poisoned the water. And not until I had made two wounded rebel soldiers (who had also been taken into the cellar), drink some of the water, would they be convinced that it was safe for them to drink it. All the time the stone house was a target for the rebels, and the rattle of musket balls against the walls of the building was almost incessant, and some of them came through the windows, wounding three of the men the second time.

Several cannon shot also passed through the building, and one took off the top of the chimney, the bricks and mortar coming down inside, and nearly burying the two wounded rebels, who had crawled into the fireplace for safety.

At the distance of about two rods from the building, on the rebel side, was a well; and though the wounded were perishing with thirst, very few dared to go out for water; but one noble fellow (whose name I regret that I have forgotten), took two canteens and went out to obtain water. While so doing, he received five or six musket balls, in different portions of his body, from the rebel forces, yet was not fatally injured, and survived the battle—to become a prisoner in Richmond. He will ever be remembered with gratitude by those who witnessed his noble conduct, and shared in the benefits of his exploit. About fifty men were killed in the immediate vicinity of the “old stone house.” After our forces were on the retreat, a body of troops surrounded the stone building, entered with bayonets, and demanded our surrender! No resistance was made, and no violence was offered to the prisoners. They demanded our arms, and ordered those of us not too severely wounded to form in a line. Some of us had taken the precaution to bend our muskets, and also to remove the chamber from our revolvers. We were, soon after, marched up the hill to a large white house, which was the headquarters of Gen. Beauregard. We remained here a short time; and while lying on the ground, Gens. Beauregard and Johnson, and Jeff. Davis rode up and surveyed their captives, their faces illumined with joy and exultation. A few of our men began to make inquiries for a revolver, and could one have been found, some of those saddles would have been suddenly emptied!

We were marched five miles to Manassas Junction that night, where we remained till 3 o'clock the next day. It rained all night, and we had no cover, and nothing of any account to eat. We were kept standing in an open space—a solid mass of men; and what little food was given us,

was thrown into the pen, and most of it trampled into the mud before we could get it. We were put on board of box cars and taken to Richmond, where we arrived at about 8 o'clock on the evening of the 23d of July, 1861.

We were marched through the streets, under a strong guard to protect us from the violence of the mob, who, flushed with their recent victory, were armed with clubs, bricks and stones, and followed us with scoffs and curses. The march brought us to Harwood's large tobacco factory, on Main street, near Twenty-fifth street, which with several other similar buildings, afterwards became famous (or rather infamous) under the name of Libby Prison.

July 25th.—Have had a good night's rest. Slept on the bare floor, without any blankets. It is terribly tiresome being shut up here in this building, which is 108 feet long, 40 feet wide, and three stories high. Water is very scarce and poor; we cannot get enough to drink, and none to wash or to bathe in. From our prison windows we can look out on the James River, to the south. On the west we can look over the city, see the capitol building, and a secesh flag waving at each end. It makes us feel rather down-hearted to think we cannot get out and pull them down. The men keep up as good spirits as possible, but are all longing to return to their regiments. We hope to be let off soon.

Sunday.—To-day we had service in our quarters, conducted by an Episcopal minister. A great many people came in to see us. We had three meals to-day, served at 9, 3, and 10 o'clock—fashionable hours, we think. Food is very scarce in Richmond. The people are anxious to get rid of us, or make us earn our own living. The papers are full of plans for treating us badly. They threaten to make us work on the fortifications or in the coal mines. All these schemes keep us worrying for our safety.

July 26th.—Slept well during the night; am getting accustomed to bunking on the bare floor. My health is good, but we are very weak from having no exercise and very little food. A new quartermaster was appointed to-

day ; his name is Warner, a Northern man, from Ohio. He pretends to be a rebel, that he may collect some money due him in Richmond. He gives us more to eat. Our rations are : pork, bread and coffee for breakfast ; bread, pork and rice for dinner ; coffee with bread and pork for supper.

July 27th.—Have formed a new arrangement in regard to giving out the rations. Till now, the food has been brought in in buckets and thrown in heaps on the floor. The men were so ravenous that they would dive in and get all they could, and trample much of it under foot, so that many would get none. We have formed into squads of fifty, and one man is chosen to draw and distribute the rations for the fifty. All are made to sit down on the floor in their places, and every man is given an equal ration.

Sunday, July 28th.—This is a beautiful day, but there is no regard for the Sabbath. Many of the men are playing cards and gambling, and other sports are going on the same as on a week day. We have no books to read. Gen. Winder, Provost Marshal of the city, says he will not allow any books except the Bible. I spend a good deal of my time reading my Testament, which is a great comfort to me. We are all very anxious to get out of this terrible place ; the confinement is almost beyond endurance. We are very weak, and our minds seem to be in a half-dormant state, so we cannot fully realize our condition. I find great comfort in prayer. I feel that God is very near to me, and that in His own good time He will bring me out of trouble. Many of the men are getting sick. Water is very scarce, none to wash in. The men are very filthy and are covered with vermin. It is with great difficulty we can get out to the sinks, which are situated in the yard. Only two are allowed to go from the building at a time, and it takes nearly all day to get out. We have been obliged to use one end of the first floor and it is covered several inches thick with filth. It is tedious being shut up here, but I do not complain, and am not sorry that I enlisted. I hope I shall have a chance to try it over again.

The quartermaster still feeds us pretty well, but many of

the guards are cruel and harsh. Several times they have shot at the men who were standing near the windows. This morning a ball came through the floor not far from where I was sitting. It had been fired into the window of the room below.

July 30th.—To-day I have formed the acquaintance of a young man by the name of Trowbridge, of the 2d Wisconsin regiment, and find that he is a cousin of a school-mate of mine. He looks so much like her that when I first saw him I asked him if he was a relative. He is sick to-day, and I am taking care of him.

Many of the boys are writing letters home to-day. We do not know whether our letters go through the lines or not. If my parents knew what had become of me, I would be more contented. I hope they will soon hear where I am. May God sustain them, and may I be able to see them again. (After the battle my name was given in the list of killed, and it was several months before my parents knew that I was alive.)

The weather is very warm, and we are more and more afflicted with vermin. A great many of the men are sick. I fear we shall all die if we are left here much longer. Charley Platt, a member of my company, was taken to the hospital to-day. It is terrible to be sick here.

Wednesday, July 31st.—The weather still continues very hot. More of the men are getting sick. I continually think of home and of what our folks are doing. Haying and harvesting are now over; the barns are full; fruit must be abundant. But we are shut up here, our friends not knowing whether we are dead or alive. If I could only hear from them, it would do my soul good. I wonder what they think has become of me, and if mother worries about me. If this trouble could only be settled! God grant that it may be, that we may return to our homes and live in peace, and this nation become a great and happy one. How is it possible that such a state of feeling as now exists could have sprung up? Why did God permit it? We cannot see now, but He has some wise end in view. May

that end speedily come. I am willing to wait His time and not complain. I will not say aught against His dealings with me, for "He doeth all things well." He suffered His ancient people to go into slavery and trouble, and even His own Son to die. But they were made soon to triumph over their enemies and dwell in peace. Will he not do so with us? We have the promise in His Word. And may the lesson which God would teach us by this reverse of fortune be understood by us, and we come out as silver from the furnace, refined and purified, more perfectly fitted to do our Master's will. I love Him more and more every day, and I will try to continue in His love as long as I live, that at the end I may not be found wanting, but ready to die and go to my heavenly home.

Time passes away rather fast but drearily. We have succeeded in getting a few books, and I am now reading a volume of Anderson's Travels in South Africa. One of the men has been allowed to go into the city and has bought a quantity of apples, crackers and nicknacks to sell to the boys. These are purchased quickly by those who have money, and the edibles are eagerly devoured.

August 1st.—Yesterday was the hottest day of the season since we came here; we could scarcely breathe, and it is very warm and muggy this morning. Rumor says that some of us are to be removed to another building to-day. I hope it will be done, for there are 332 men on this floor, which is 108 x 40 ft., a floor space of 2 x 6 ft. to each man. We have to bring water a long distance in buckets, and suffer a great deal for lack of enough to drink and wash in. Another of our men was shot at this morning while sitting in the window. This makes the fifth time that shots have been fired into this building, but no one has been hurt yet, although the balls came right among us. We hope to have revenge on these cowardly fellows some time, although we would gladly forgive them if it would do any good.

Arrangements having been made for another building, fifty of the prisoners were taken over this forenoon to clean it, and another squad of fifty have been over this afternoon.

I went with them and helped to sweep and remove rubbish from the room. This, too, is a tobacco factory, and we found large quantities of good tobacco, of all kinds. I persuaded the officers in charge to let the boys from our regiment move into this building, which is just across the street from our former quarters, where we occupy the second floor. Just at night we came over, together with the men of the 2d Wisconsin and 1st Massachusetts, in all about seventy men. These quarters are much cleaner and more pleasant than the old ones, and we are very lucky to get them. This room is well lighted with gas, so that our evenings are pleasant, and it has also twelve large windows, and is 40 x 60 ft. in size. On one side is a large tub, and a hydrant that brings river water, so that we can wash, and each man is cleaning himself up. This is the first time since the battle that we have had water enough to wash in.

Quartermaster Warner has charge of all the cooking and feeding arrangements, but the cooking is done by eight or ten darkies. The coffee, meat and rice are boiled in large iron kettles, holding nine gallons each, and there are about thirty of these kettles.

August 2d.—I have had a good night's rest in our new quarters. We had no supper last night, and there is no prospect of any breakfast this morning. We are getting very hungry. I am feeling well this morning, and I hope I may continue to enjoy good health, for it is discouraging to be sick here. We hope to go home soon, though there is no prospect of it now. The people here say that they are willing to exchange prisoners, if President Lincoln will. We hope he will, for we think it would be better for our cause than to leave us here, doing no good; but we trust his policy is a good one.

There appears to be but little business going on in the city now. All the tobacco factories are stopped, as there is no demand for the article outside of the city, on account of the blockade, which is injuring them very much.

Breakfast has finally come, about 11 o'clock, consisting of bread and coffee. Many wounded prisoners were brought

in during the night, and, having to be fed, occasioned the delay of our breakfast. We are to have but two meals a day after this. Our supper, of bread and meat, came about 5 o'clock.

To-day we have adopted a code of rules for our personal cleanliness, and a police force has been elected to enforce these rules. Every man is required to take off all his clothing twice a day, and carefully search the seams, and kill all the body lice. So we hope to keep quite clean now.

We can get the city papers at our quarters, for five cents apiece, but they are so rabid and lie so much, that we hate to read them. We do not know anything of what is going on in the country, or what is to be done with us.

August 3d.—Several of our men are quite sick. We had breakfast about 10 o'clock, of bread and coffee. We get half a loaf of bread apiece, and have to go rather hungry now-a-days, because there are so many here to feed. More are coming all the time. I think they will soon get tired of keeping us, for grub is very scarce. There is some talk that we are to be sent further south, but we hope it is not so. The rebel papers report that their prisoners at the North are treated very cruelly, but we do not believe it. More wounded were brought in last night, and placed in the building we first occupied,—so that about 130 more men were brought over from there to this building, making our quarters very crowded. How we wish we could get hold of some school books, or more books to read, that we might improve our time in studying, but we fear it will be impossible to do it.

Sunday, Aug. 4th.—The most of the men are very quiet this morning, but many are regardless of the Sabbath. I had wished several times this morning that we might have preaching in the prison to-day, when about eleven o'clock a rough-looking man came in and said: "We will have divine service." At first I thought he was some stranger from the city, but he proved to be the Rev. Hiram Eddy, of Litchfield, Conn., Chaplain of the 2d Connecticut Regiment. The services were opened with singing by the men. After

this a prayer, and a more earnest one I never heard. The men were quite still during the prayer, which comprehended all that our circumstances would suggest. After prayer, he read the 14th Chapter of St. John, with comments, and then took his text from the first verse of the same chapter. He spoke at some length, and held the undivided attention of the men. It was the most interesting and delightful hour of worship I ever spent—the talk and the chapter applying so well to our circumstances, were very affecting. He urged all to accept Christ, read the Bible and be saved. Nearly all the men seemed affected, and must have profited by the sermon. It seemed like church at home, and made us more contented here, more willing to wait God's time to bring us out and return us to our friends, who must be very anxious about us. After service I had a very pleasant chat with the preacher. God grant that much good may be done here, and that all the men may learn to reverence their God. For since we feel God's presence, we can be happy.

About 5 o'clock seventy more prisoners were brought in, increasing the number on our floor to one hundred, so that we are somewhat crowded, but we shall have to put up with it.

At 6 o'clock I was requested to go to the hospital and help take care of Sergeant Wellman, of Co. "I," of our regiment. I found he was wounded in the leg, below the knee. I remained with him all night. I also found in the same building (the one we first occupied) S. A. McKune and Will. Sampson, of Co. "D." McKune was wounded in the abdomen, the ball passing in a slanting direction across his body. I think he will soon recover. Sampson was hit in the ankle, and has a dangerous wound. I also found four others there from our regiment, all badly wounded. As I had had nothing to eat for a day before coming into the hospital, the bad smell from the putrid wounds made me very sick, but I kept on with my work till morning.

Monday, August 4th.—I returned from the hospital about 10 'clock, sick and hungry, not having had anything

to eat. We did not get breakfast till nearly noon, then had some meat, rice and mush. Nothing more till 12 o'clock at night, when some meat and bread were brought in to us. It looks as though they want to starve us to death. They say that food is very scarce in the city. As prisoners of war we are treated very shamefully. We fast so much we are very weak, and it will take years for us to recover from the effects of prison life. I have been quite ill all day, but hope soon to recover.

August 6th.—I am a little better than I was yesterday. My comrade, Charley Trowbridge, takes good care of me. It is now nearly 12 o'clock, and nothing to eat yet. I am afraid we shall all starve to death. God forgive them for treating us so. Breakfast came about noon—some coffee, rice and mush. We had supper about eight—a very small supply of meat and rice.

August 8th.—One of our men, by the name of Crandall, is sick with the measles. Our wounded are mostly doing well. Oh! how we long to go home; we shall appreciate home if we ever return. The men are getting very dirty and lousy, some are completely covered with vermin. It is with great difficulty that I can keep myself free from them. I am a good deal worse to-day than I have been; the more I doctor the worse I seem to get. We have had enough to eat to-day, for a wonder.

August 9th.—I rested quite well during the night, and we have had a very good breakfast this morning, of meat, bread and coffee. Those who have money live first-rate, for they can send out by the guards and buy fruits or anything they wish. The men find all the tobacco they want in the upper rooms of the prison. Several boxes of plug and twist have been opened to-day.

The weather is very warm, and the wounded are dying off fast. We had supper about 8 o'clock, and then all lay down for the night. It is a funny sight to see so many men stretched out on the floor. There are so many of us that when we lie down the floor is completely covered. One cannot cross the room without walking on the men.

There are many rumors as to what may be done with us. One is that we are to be sent to work in the coal mines ; another, that we shall be taken further south in a day or two ; and still another, that we are to be sent home soon on a parole of honor. The time set for this happy event is Monday next. Of course we do not credit this, but let it go the way it came.

August 10th.—I am quite well to-day, for which I am truly thankful. We hope that the government will soon see fit to exchange prisoners, for we are doing no good here. But as we do not know the policy of our government, we will not complain, but bide our time.

Orderly Davis, from Co. "C.," came over to our quarters to-day. He says there are six or eight of our boys with him in another prison. So there must be fifty or sixty of our regiment prisoners, wounded and all.

Sunday, August 11th.—Three weeks have passed since the memorable battle, and we are still here in prison, passing away our time to no purpose. Amid the noise and bustle of a hundred men, it is hard to keep the Sabbath. What a luxury it would be to be alone for a little while, but not for one moment can one escape from the crowd of noisy men.

Mr. Eddy came in and preached to us to-day, and we had a delightful hour of worship. The men were very attentive, and all passed quietly. His text was, "God is Love." He spoke exceedingly well, and the service did us a great deal of good. We went back, in imagination, to the old church at home, where we had so often heard the "Word of Life ;" and where perhaps, at this very time, our friends were worshiping, and earnestly praying for us ; for we felt that God was very near, comforting us by his Holy Spirit. I am room orderly to-day, and have had a great deal to do, cleaning the floor and keeping it in order. Some of our doctors have been sent home to-day, on parole. They were granted this favor for an act of kindness to a wounded rebel colonel. It seems hard to fight against our brethren, but when we see their acts of treason, it is a great incentive

to action. But I think this trouble could have been settled without blood-shed, and I hope there will be no more fighting. But the right will triumph. May God prosper the right, and all be well.

August 12th.—After breakfast I got the guards to pass me to No. 1 Hospital. Here I found three wounded men from our regiment—Corp. Wood, one of the color-guard who was shot through the hand, and a man by the name of Bond, from Co. "I." I remained with them a short time, and then went over to the other hospital, where McKune and Sampson are. I found them doing well. The doctors wanted more help in the hospital; so I volunteered as a nurse. I went back to my quarters, got my coat and things, and returned to the hospital, where I am now, beside McKune's cot, writing by the gas light. There are one hundred wounded men on this floor. Most of them are doing well. One man died this afternoon. He belonged to the 2d Rhode Island Regiment. He has been deranged several days, and has suffered a great deal. He was a long time dying. It seemed sad to see him go. We have had preaching in the hospital to-day, by an Episcopal minister,—the same one who preached when we first came here. One of the men died just as he finished talking. Twelve men were sent home on parole to-day. I sent a letter by them.

August 13th.—It is 9 P. M. I have had a hard day's work, and have just finished. I have had enough to eat, and my health is excellent. Nearly all the wounded are doing well. One man died last night. Besides nursing the wounded, I have assisted in cleaning the floor of the third story, where the nurses and sick are quartered. This hospital is the building where we were quartered when we came to the city. A rebel soldier died to-day, in a hospital which is just across the street from ours. On the hearse that carried the body out for burial were four small secesh flags. This is going it big, we think. Wonder if he will change his colors when he gets on the other side! Mr. Eddy has been in to see the wounded. I had a pleasant chat with him. I am tired, and must go to bed. Good-night. I sleep on the bare floor,

with my boots for a pillow, beside McKune's cot. Most of the wounded are provided with cots and mattresses.

August 15th.—One poor fellow died to-day, by the name of Jacob Sparahall, from the 4th Maine Regiment. I think another will die to-night, for he is but just alive. The rest seem to be doing well. McKune and Sampson are gaining. Reports of another battle are prevalent, but we cannot get any particulars. The wounded soldier mentioned above died during the night. He was one of the 14th Brooklyn Regiment, by the name of Charles R. Prescott. He was a very intelligent and well educated man. His leg had been amputated twice, but the operation was badly performed: it was taken off near the hip, and the bone left several inches bare. He lived five days on nothing but whiskey, suffering a great deal. Death, for which he had long prayed, finally came and released him from his suffering.

August 16th.—Several prisoners, that had escaped, have been recaptured and put in irons to-day. This is rather hard. We do not see why our government does not exchange prisoners. We see nothing to hinder it. Many of the men are getting sick, and we are all very anxious to get back to our regiments. One of the wounded men received a letter from his brother to-day. Oh! how I wish I could hear from my home.

Sunday, August 18th.—To-day I had a talk about religion with one of the wounded boys from our regiment, by the name of Johnson. He is badly wounded in the thigh, and I fear he will not live long. He seems to be serious, and tries to repent. His father is a Presbyterian minister, living near Syracuse, N. Y.

August 20th.—Death, with his arrow, has again entered the hospital, and cut down two of our number. Two strong men have survived their injuries four long weeks, but at last they have died. Joseph Campbell, of Co. "C," 14th Brooklyn, has gone to his long home. He trusted in Christ, repented, and has gone to meet Him in heaven. He has suffered a great deal, and died hard; but we never heard him complain. His home is 142 Plymouth St., Brooklyn, N. Y.

August 21st.—Another man has died to-day. He was wounded in the thigh,—the whole fleshy part of his hip was carried away by a cannon ball. His leg was not broken, but the veins sloughed off, and he bled to death.

August 22d.—I am doing all I can in the hospital for the wounded. Many of the prisoners are getting sick. I fear that some malady may break out among them. All the wounded from our regiment are doing well, except Johnson. For a couple of days he has been out of his head, and he thinks he sees his mother, brother and sister near him, and tries to speak to them—often wishes me to call them to him. I think he will not live through the night. It seems hard to die now, after having lived so long since the battle. I sat down by his cot about 8 o'clock, and thought him dying then. His pulse had ceased, and the cold sweat stood in thick drops on his brow. He lay in this state some time, breathing very short. I thought him dying, but we raised his head and gave him water. The water seemed to revive him, his pulse beat again and his limbs became warm. He seemed easier after this and slept a short time, but kept muttering broken sentences, only a few words of which I could understand. He repeatedly commenced the Lord's Prayer, but could only say a few words when his mind would wander, and he would seem to be speaking to his mother and his sister, but his meaning we could not make out. About 3 o'clock he passed away and his body was carried out. I think from what he told me before his mind wandered, and from what he said afterward, that his heart had been changed and that he died happy. He suffered very much from his wound, but had as good care as we could give him here. His wound was so bad that we could not move him, and his clothes had not been taken off since he was wounded. The doctors fixed his leg in a sling suspended by cords from the ceiling, so that it could be dressed. He was not strong enough to undergo an amputation. I have the things that were found on his person, a prayer-book and several letters, which I shall endeavor to send to his friends, if I live to get out of prison.

The book was a present from his mother. His name and date of receiving this parting gift are on the fly-leaf. May God comfort the mother!

P. S. After reaching home, I sent the things to his mother. She came to see me, and has written me a letter every year since.

August 23d.—I awoke this morning feeling very sick. The steward directed me to take a drink of whiskey, which made me feel better. This is the first liquor I ever drank. I have had to work hard all day and am very tired to-night. My work consists in removing the bandages, cleansing the wounds, replacing the dressings, and feeding and nursing the helpless ones. I prefer this work to lying idle in the prison.

Some of the rebel reserve guard got to fighting among themselves last night, and killed one of their sergeants—his name was Hamilton. He had put one of his men in irons, for some breach of discipline, and when he went to lock him in the guard-room, the fellow seized a musket and let drive at him, the charge passing through his body.

August 27th.—To-day I have had a falling out with the old sergeant who is acting steward of our ward, or rather he has with me. He is a very cross, crabbed old chick, and got jealous of me because I took too good care of some of the men. He told me to leave the hospital, which I did. But when one of our doctors came in, the boys all took my part and told him the circumstances. He sent for me and took me over to headquarters, and told the rebel doctor that he wanted him to appoint me superintendent of the hospital cook-house. This was done, and I am to go into the hospital and carry things to the boys whenever I like, and also have a pass to visit any of the other prisons. The cooking is all done in the open yard without shelter. We have to make great quantities of beef tea for the wounded. The work is very hard, but we get plenty to eat and enjoy the luxury of being in the fresh air.

Sunday, September 1st.—Have worked the same as on a

week day. Another man died to-day—Charles Durant, from Rochester. He was sick with fever.

September 2d.—We have made but one kettle of beef tea to-day, and in the other we cooked a mess of beef, cabbage and potatoes, for the wounded—got them up a regular farmers' dinner. The cooking is done in two large iron kettles, holding about ninety gallons each. This supplies all the hospitals. I get a little time each day to cook a beefsteak and roast a few potatoes for some of my friends in the hospital.

September 3d.—To-day some of our men who have been treated in the general hospital, which is further up town, have been brought down to our building. They have nearly all recovered from their wounds. Among them was George Coon, from Co. "D." He told me that Pardee and Snedaker, both from the same company, had died of their wounds, in the general hospital.

September 10th.—The same routine of daily work in the cook house continues. To-day one hundred and fifty of the prisoners have been sent to Charleston, S. C., twenty-seven of them officers, and among them Col. Corcoran, of the 69th. It is rumored that others will go soon.

September 11th.—One of the assistants in the cook-house was among the men sent off to the South yesterday, and I asked the quartermaster to detail my friend Charley Trowbridge to assist in the work, and he is now with us. Soon after I left the prison and came to the hospital, Charley, with a number of others, was moved to another building, a factory in the lower part of the city. Here they suffered still more for the want of rations than before I left them; and sometimes when he would come with others to headquarters to draw rations for his comrades, I would give him an extra loaf, some sugar, coffee, etc. After a little, he was not able to come, so he sometimes sent his haversack, accompanied by a note. The following is a copy of one :

RICHMOND, Sept. 6—Friday Eve.

FRIEND CHARLIE:—I write you these few lines, hoping that you will do something for a poor body that is about half starved. I do not uphold a man in stealing. Still I do not think it would be laid up against him for stealing something to eat,—that is, if he were as hungry as I have been for the last three or four days; consequently I am going to call on you. If you cannot get it without stealing it, I want you should *take* it. I send you my haversack, which you can send back by the upper floor squad. I cannot get the chance to come after rations every time. When you see this haversack coming, please look at it, and think that I am hungry. Hunger compels me to write this.

Your friend,

C. E. TROWBRIDGE.

P. S.—Can't you get me a chance to help you around the kettles? I want to get out into the open air.

We loved each other like brothers, and of course I never let his haversack go back empty.

September 13th.—Work the same as before. Another man died yesterday, by the name of Bailey; and another to-day, from our regiment, A. M. Hunt, of Co. "G." I went up to see him a short time before he died. I found him in a small attic room of the hospital, where it was close and hot. He was sick with fever. He had been out of his head for some time, but seemed to know me. He has had very poor care, and has been much neglected. I got water and washed him, and moistened his parched lips, and gave him drink; then combed his hair, and drove away the swarms of flies that were tormenting him. He seemed very grateful to me; reached his arms around my neck and drew me close to him, but he could not speak. I remained with him as long as I could, and then made some of the other boys promise to care for him. Poor fellow! he soon died, and now sleeps in one of those unknown graves, among the thousands that went down to death from those vile Southern prisons.

One remark about these dying men: They retained their hope of life up to the hour of dying. They did not give up.

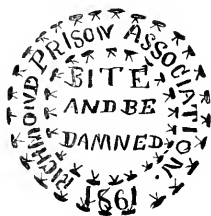
There is another thing I wish to state: All the men, without any exception among the thousands that I have associated with, have never in a single instance expressed regret that they entered their country's service. They have been the most loyal, devoted and earnest men; even on the last days of their lives they have said, that all they hoped for, was just to live and enter the service again, and meet their foes. It is a most glorious record in reference to the devotion of our men to their country. I do not think their patriotism has ever been equaled in the history of the world. There was no time during our term of imprisonment that we could not have been free by taking an oath of allegiance to the Confederate States. Agents were constantly coming to the prison to induce mechanics to come out and work at their trades. Shoe manufacturers and other tradesmen were anxious to get more workmen, and promised good wages, plenty to eat, and constant employment. But none of the men were moved by such inducements.

September 14th.—To-day I have had to move my sleeping quarters from the floor in the hospital, to No. 1 Prison, on the same floor with Davis and Dunn, of Co. "C," 27th. On leaving, McKune gave me one of his blankets, a gift of which I am very proud, as a bare floor is not the best bed in the world.

September 19th.—Several of the men ran away last night, and the officers seem to suspect that I have had something to do with the escape of so many men of late, and will allow none of the cooks in the yard; but the cooking is hereafter to be done by the negro prisoners, who are allowed to go where they please. So I have to remain in No. 1 Prison. Upon reflection, I think the suspicion of the officers was not entirely incorrect. Sometimes, when quite a squad of the prisoners would come down to draw rations, one or more of them would slip into the storehouse and hide among the barrels and boxes. At night I would lock them in, and after dark they would raise the back window, which opened outside the guard-line, and make their escape.

While in No. 1 Prison, I joined the "Richmond Prison Association," a club for fun and mutual improvement. Of course such an association should have a seal, sign and motto; and what more natural than that we should select as a coat of arms for our seal, our constant companion, the "body louse." So, a skillful engraver was set to work, and on a piece of bone the size of half a dollar, two rows of body lice were carved around the margin, under which was, "Richmond Prison Association," and in the center the motto, "Bite and be damned." Then we had a sign, which was to scratch under the arm with vigor. We would often sing our prison song, only the last verse of which I will quote:

"And when we arrive in the land of the free,
They will smile and welcome us joyfully;
And when we think of the Rebel band,
We'll repeat our motto, *Bite, and be damned!*"



Up to this time Gen. Winder has been Provost Marshal of Richmond, and under him is Lieut. Todd, a brother of Mrs. Lincoln, who has immediate charge of the prisoners. He has two assistants, Lieut. Emac and Sergeant Wirtz (also spelled Wirz, Wurz).

Lieut. Emac was a West Point graduate, and he and Wirtz were connected with the two companies of United States soldiers now guarding us. These two companies were stationed in Richmond at the breaking out of the war, and went over in a body to the Confederate States.

(It will be remembered that after the close of the war Wirtz was tried, condemned and executed by our government, it having been proved that he had killed some of the prisoners while in command at Andersonville.)

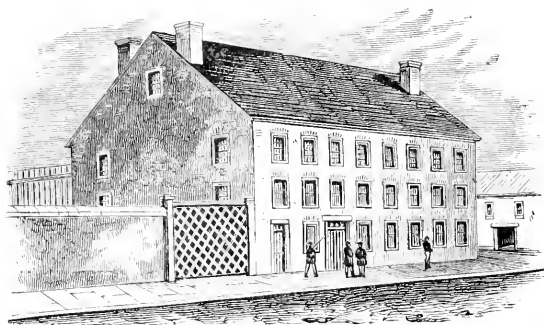
Lieut. Todd is vicious and brutal in his treatment of the prisoners, and seldom enters the prison without grossly insulting some of the men. He always comes in with a drawn sword in his hand, and his voice and manner indicate his desire to commit some cruel wrong. I have seen him strike a wounded prisoner who was lying on the floor, and cut a heavy gash across his thigh with his sword.

After a time Todd was sent to the front, and was afterwards killed in battle. Two other brothers of Mrs. Lincoln were also killed while in the Confederate service.

Whenever we go too near the window we are likely to be fired at by the guard. The first man killed by the guard was private M. C. Beck, of the 79th Regiment. He was instantly killed while he was hanging his blanket up by the window. The next was R. Gleason, of the New York Fire Zouaves, who was killed while looking from the window. The guard is said to have remarked, as he leveled his musket: "See me take that ——— Zouave in the eye!" The ball entered his forehead and he instantly fell—dead! Four others were seriously wounded in this manner, and Charles W. Tibbetts, of Co. "K," of our regiment, was instantly killed by a guard in a most cruel manner. The prisoners are permitted to visit in couples an out-house in the prison yard, and Tibbetts and companion were going thither inside the guard-line, when a sentinel on the opposite side of the street raised his piece and fired at them. The ball passed through the breast of Tibbetts and wounded his companion in the arm. The indignation of the prisoners towards these skulking and cowardly assassins can find no adequate expression. Yet as the bleeding forms of their murdered comrades are, one after another, borne from their presence to the "negro burying ground," they feel that a day of retribution, however long deferred, will surely come. It is even said that the guards are promised promotion if they shoot a prisoner.

No menagerie was ever regarded with more general interest and curiosity in a country village than are the Union prisoners in the tobacco warehouses of Richmond. They

are the standard attraction of people of both sexes, all ages, and every variety of shade. On Sundays, more particularly, the citizens turn out in squads, and from morning till night the street is blockaded with eager spectators.



RICHMOND TOBACCO WAREHOUSE—PRISON NO. 1.

Prison No. 1 is a lofty building, three stories in height, its interior dimensions being 70 feet in length by 26 in width. The second and third stories are occupied by private soldiers (captured at Bull Run), and the lower floor by the commissioned officers and a number of civilians, among whom is the Hon. Alfred Ely. It is the most crowded and filthy prison of all; there are 130 and often 150 men on one floor. At night the prisoners stretch themselves upon the bare floor, uncovered; and at meal time they sit upon the floor, ranged against the walls, and devour whatever they can get.

One cannot conceive a more gloomy and revolting spectacle than a look into these filthy quarters. Imagine a hundred haggard faces and emaciated forms—some with hair and beard of three months' growth—so miserably clothed, in general, as to scarcely serve the purposes of decency, and many limping from the pain of unhealed wounds, and some faint conception may be obtained of our wretched condition.

The "standard bill of fare," which has now been adopted, is as follows: About nine o'clock we receive our morning ration of bread, beef and water, about half as much as a

well man would naturally require. Our second and only other meal is received about 4 o'clock, and consists of bread, and soup made from the water in which the beef was boiled. The prisoners, sick or well, are compelled to accept it or go without.

The question of "exchange" is naturally uppermost in the mind of every prisoner, and is at intervals an untiring theme of discussion. One has but to slip the word and a crowd of his associates instantly gathers about him, canvassing the subject with as much interest and energy as though it were newly broached, and extracting fresh encouragement from every sage or emphatic prediction of a speedy release.

It was our first impression that we would be detained but a few days; that the Federal Government needed only to be apprised of our situation, and our numbers, to proffer the requisite exchange from the prisoners in its own custody. This opinion at length yielded to the belief that another advance was contemplated, and that our destiny depended, in a great measure, upon the result of a second battle. A new apprehension here presented itself, for it was openly threatened by the rebels that, in the event of their defeat at Manassas, the Union prisoners would be massacred by the confederate soldiers in Richmond.

It must be borne in mind that the Richmond press was particularly hostile to the prisoners, and recommended filling the navy yard at Pensacola with Union prisoners, arguing that our troops would then be compelled either to sacrifice our own men or to withhold an attack.

Harrassed by such reports, we still remain in Richmond, and as the weary days and weeks are added to our confinement, without affording the slightest prospect of release, many of the most hopeful become disheartened. The official indifference manifested at Washington towards us seems unaccountable. We cannot understand why the government is unwilling to exchange or even ameliorate the condition of men who have fought honorably in its defence, and are not only prisoners, but are known to be

suffering for want of food and clothing. Yet notwithstanding these discouragements, at no time would our boys consent to receive their exchange at the sacrifice of a single principle involving the national honor.

Notwithstanding the inferior quality and quantity of our food, sometimes under the administration of Wirtz we got nothing but bread and water. The escapes from the prison were numerous. About one hundred in all succeeded in getting away, but all except a very few were recaptured. Whenever an escape was discovered, which was usually two or three days after the prisoner had gone, Wirtz would enter the prison in a towering passion and command the prisoners to fall in for roll-call. His jargon was excessively amusing, and whenever the prisoners affected to misunderstand, he was thrown into a spasmodic rage. Some one would usually respond for the fugitive, and Wirtz could seldom find out who it was that had escaped. He would then demand to know how they had made their escape, but the prisoners would refuse to answer any of his queries. "Tell, me," he would say, "or you shall never be so sorry in your life. I shall keep you tree tays on pred and wasser. "Oh, ho!" would shout a dozen voices, "Three cheers for Wirtz. He will feed us three days on bread and butter!" "No, no! you tam villians, I say pred and wasser—*wasser*, and not busser!" And he proved as good as his word.

At one extremity of the prison, on the second floor, was a small room that had been used as an office, in which had been stored a quantity of tobacco, and a barrel of sweetened rum, used in flavoring the same. The door had been nailed up, but the boys, aided by a saw made from a case-knife, effected an entrance, and confiscated sufficient "Old Virginia Twist" to last for several months; and as to the sweetened rum, the boys were rapturous over this unexpected discovery. Sergeant Wirtz was not long in ascertaining that the "tam Yankees," as he invariably called us, were in unusual "*spirits*," and because he could not find out how the boys obtained their "fire-water," he flew into a paroxysm of rage, and determined to punish the whole

crowd, and the sentence was, as before, "Three days on bread and water."

The "Poet" of Prison No. 2 could not resist the impulse to immortalize our PRISON BILL OF FARE, and his efforts resulted in the following production :

First, at the sink, having performed ablution,
 This problem, "*What's for breakfast?*" needs solution;
 Like others not in Euclid, oft 'tis found
 To tax researches that are most profound.
 At length 'tis solved, when, on his sapient head,
 A colored "gemman" brings a loaf of bread,—
 Not common loaves, as in the shop you'll find,
 Such large affairs must suit the vulgar mind.
 Our friends take care our better tastes to meet,
 So send us loaves that are unique and neat;
 Our longing eyes upon the batch we fix,
 Then quickly eat our rations—ounces six;
 So justly are our appetites defined,
 These loaves are not the largest of their kind;
 To season them withal, our friends allow
 Three ounces of some lately butchered cow,—
 How long ago we say not, but the smell
 Would indicate it rather hard to tell;
 The doubt, however, is not worth discussing,
 Such things create unnecessary fussing;
 Besides, it would be wrong to heed such stuff,—
 Rub it with salt, it then goes well enough.
 Thus, you perceive, all works have been at fault,
 To doubt the potency of Richmond salt,
 It sweetens and removes a doubtful flavor.
 We once, indeed, had coffee, but we fear
 Our friends have found the article too dear;
 So now, we eat our sumptuous breakfast dry;
 For, even they use coffee made from rye.
 Some time we Yankees may the secret steal,
 And make pure Java from bad Indian meal;
 At all their little failings we must wink,
 And so *ad libitum*, foul water drink.
 Such is our morning meal; now, "what's for dinner?"
 Asks some insatiate, half-starved sinner,
 As if the bounty of our Christian friends
 Was not enough to answer nature's ends.
 The fellow craves, till problem number two
 Calls the attention of a hungry crew,
 That in a corner squat, in deep reflection,
 Like Cabinet ministers, on home protection,
 With busy hands, at length, their pates they scratch,

As if their brains a dinner there could hatch ;
'Twould seem they had, with one consent, resolved
To scratch until the problem had been solved.
Others, again, beguile the weary hours
With quiet game of cribbage, or all fours ;—
Wrapt in a cloud of smoke from morn till noon ;
They don't expect a dinner from the moon.
The sick lie on the floor, as mute as mice,—
Poor devils ! thankful for a little rice ;
While lame and lazy, seeming ill at ease,
Are laying plans their hunger to appease.
Some fellows who are lucky, having money—
Though Yankees think the medium rather funny—
With bogus bills, of small denominations,
Contrive to add a little to their rations ;
And eat at noon, without a guilty blush,
A pint of Indian meal, made into mush ;
Another brings to view his precious store,—
A bone, that he had picked too well before ;
This—(our pants inform us we are thinner)—
Makes the sum total of our prison dinner.
I now shall place in order proper,
The dainty items of our prison supper :
At five o'clock, and sometimes half-past five,
A humming sound is heard throughout the hive ;
The boarders think their supper rather late,
And beat the devil's tattoo upon each plate ;
Some get impatient, and the rest they choke,
In stifling clouds of vile tobacco smoke ;
For, be it known, a hog'shead found up-stairs,
Affords the boys a chance to " put on airs,"
So those to whom the habit is quite new,
Can smoke a pipe, or take a luscious chew.
But as the boarders throng around the door,
Our colored " gemman " enters as before ;
With graceful dignity his load removes,
While some thin wretch his tardiness reproves.
Meanwhile another of the sable race,
Whose comic grin o'erspreads his ebony face,
Upon his neighbor's heels had followed close,
And in his hands a curious looking dose ;
But something floating meets the boarders' view,—
It must be—yes, it is an Irish stew.
Just then the eyes of hungry sinners gleam,
Extended nostrils scent the fragrant steam ;
The grinning darkey on his fingers blows,—
His scalded hands to impatient boarders shows,
Then leaves his steaming bucket on the floor,

And, with another grin, he shuts the door.
Now, anxious to inspect the savory mess,
The hungry boarders round the bucket press ;
But, short and tall, their open mouths they droop, —
Their Irish stew is regulation soup,
Their happiness is changed to speechless grief,
The water, this, in which they boiled their beef ;
Some friendly hand, to make it somewhat thicker,
Had dropped a cracker in the tasteless liquor ;
Of this each boarder shares a standard gill ;
It's quite enough, and warranted to kill.
To test its strength on us is their intention, —
All the ingredients I dare not mention.
We crumble in our ounces, six, of bread,
Swallow the physic, and then go to bed.
This, be it known, is on hard boards,
The best the prison discipline affords,
Shades of the epicures of ancient Rome,
Whose deeds are writ in many an ancient tome ;
Ye mighty men, whose gastronomic feats
Were sung in ballads, in Rome's ancient streets ;
Whose wondrous deeds by Plato have been noted,
And crests by modern epicures been quoted,
Hold fast your laurels, for in Richmond prison,
E'en at this day, your rivals have arisen,
Who, though they cannot boast a second course,
Have called from morn until their throats were hoarse ;
Insatiate men, whose inwards nought can fill,
Not even tubs of stuff called wholesome swill ;
Who crammed their stomachs with suspicious beef,
Would taint the fingers of a starving thief,
Whose hungry eyes, most starting from their sockets,
Proclaiming they are starving men, with empty pockets,
Who eat with gusto the Confederate swill,
That would a famished jackal surely kill ;
Assembled 'round Secession's filthy tub,
Hyena-like, their eyes devour their grub ;
Nor can they have it in their hands too soon,
But bolt it, dog-like, without fork or spoon, —
Then, with a rag, moustaches must they wipe.
Such rare perfection, in the mystic art,
Might cause the souls of richer men to start.
The famous sojer may safely bood it,
That he and all his tribe have got to hood it,
And open shops where science is unknown,
In some place bordering on the frigid zone,
And tell the epicure, he may find there
His fame was lost by this, our BILL OF FARE !

September 20th.—Our fears about being sent further south are to be realized, and a squad of 250 are to start for New Orleans to-morrow, to be followed in a day or two by 250 more. It is sad to think of being sent so far away from home, more than fifteen hundred miles, and no prospect of being released. The papers say they are to send us south so the fevers will kill us off more rapidly.

September 21st.—Orders were, to be ready to start at 3 o'clock this morning, and many of the men did not lie down at all, but sat up, sang songs, cheered for the Stars and Stripes, and made night ring. One would have thought we were the happiest lot of men that ever were together. The other prisoners hearing our shouts, took them up, and did all they could to disturb the rebel city. The officers threatened to fire on us, but could not make us keep still. We did not go, however, till 4 o'clock in the afternoon. One of the men was shot dead by the guard, while standing near the window. This makes the fifth man that has been killed by the sentries firing into the window. Before leaving I was allowed to go over to the hospital and bid good-bye to the men for whom I had cared so long. I passed from cot to cot, and received a kind farewell from all.

Harry Stewart, one of our men, had lived in Richmond, and left the city only a month before the battle. He has a sweetheart here by the name of Sarah Sowards. When we first came here, she was allowed to visit the prison and bring food and presents to Harry; but after a little time the officers would not allow this, and she had to content herself by walking past the prison every day, hoping to get a look at her friend through the grated window. To-day, having heard that we were to leave Richmond, she came down early in the morning, accompanied by a lady friend, to watch if perchance she might get a parting word with Harry. But Harry was sick. The fever had attacked him, and he lay in a half stupor on the floor. His comrades raised him so that he could look out of the window. No word or sign could pass between them, as the officers were watching.

At last the order came to go. We were supplied with three days' rations of bread and bacon. A strong guard was drawn up on each side of the street, to keep us and escort us to the depot. We bade adieu to comrades who were left behind, and there was many a sad parting. We left with them messages to be taken to our home friends, as it was expected that those who remained would soon be exchanged. My friend Trowbridge was not to go. I tried to persuade him that we should not be parted, but he felt too weak to undertake the journey. He thought he would soon go home, and promised to tell my friends about me. And so we parted, never to meet on earth again. In two weeks after I left him, he starved to death.

And now we are in the street and breathe fresh air once more. From the windows of all the other prisons were waved many a friendly salute and warm good-bye. By a preconcerted plan, when the order came to march, one cried, "Three cheers for the Stars and Stripes," and although the guards charged bayonets and threatened to shoot, three heartier cheers never went up for the dear old flag. Then the other prisons took it up, and cheer upon cheer from those brave hearts followed us as we marched through the streets of that doomed city. We soon reached the depot and went on board the cars. Harry's friend had followed us, and stood near the cars, weeping bitterly, but the guard, with his bayonet before her, would not let her speak nor come near. Many of the people who were standing by were moved to tears, and begged the soldier to let her pass. The cars started. She seized hold of the musket, threw it aside, rushed by the guard and seized her lover's hand and said good-bye. Harry was sick through all the journey, but recovered and returned home. Sarah was imprisoned by her own people as a Union sympathizer, and suffered untold hardships through the war.

But to go on with our journey. We ride on open platform cars and reach Petersburg, the third station from Richmond. The country so far is very poor, the soil being sandy loam. Forests of yellow pine are plenty all the way

Corn is the chief crop, and it is poor indeed. We changed cars at Petersburg, and now ride in passenger cars with plank seats. One of our men—John Stout, of Co. "C"—while passing through the cars (it being dark) fell and broke his thigh. We took him out, and he was sent to the hospital, but none of his comrades were allowed to remain with him. He recovered, and returned home before we did.

Sunday, September 22d.—It has rained hard all night. As we approach Goldsboro, N. C., the crops look better than in the vicinity of Petersburg. We pass fields of cotton, sweet potatoes, and immense forests of yellow pine, which extend clear on to Wilmington, N. C., where we arrive about 5 o'clock. This is a pleasant city. A great number of people are out to see us, and deride us at a great rate. Here we left the cars, and crossed the Cape Fear river by ferry. Some of the boys proposed that we overpower the guards, seize the boat and run down the river to the blockade fleet, but there was so little time that the plan could not be perfected, and the rebel officers, suspecting the plot, strengthened the guard and made every plan to frustrate us.

September 23d.—We pass on through a country with splendid scenery all the way to Sumter, S. C., where an immense number of people had gathered to see the "Yankees." At Kingsville we remained three hours, to cook bacon. Our food is bread and bacon. We reached Orangeburgh about sunset. This is a beautiful village and there is a large female seminary located here. Many of the pupils, "pretty secesh girls," came down to see us.

We reached Augusta, Ga., about 2 o'clock in the morning. Here, even at this unseasonable hour, we found a very large number of citizens assembled to see us. They hooted and yelled at us all the time, like so many fiends, but we were not allowed to retaliate with a word. From here we pass on to Atlanta, and on to Montgomery, Ala., and are now in the very heart of the Confederacy. Montgomery was the Confederate capital until the day before the battle of Bull Run, when it was moved to Richmond. Here we were treated more civilly by the people, and there

were not so many out to see us as in some of the smaller places through which we passed.

September 26th.—Breakfasted on hard bread and bacon, about 8 o'clock, when we went on board a steamer and started down the Alabama river, for Mobile. The ride is not very pleasant, as we are kept on the lower deck, and the banks of the river are so high that we cannot look out upon the country. We do not like sailing under the rebel flag; but when we remember that the bunting from which it was made was stolen from us, and is good Union stuff, it is not so bad.

September 27th.—I have not slept well during the night. The engines made a noise like thunder, and I had to lie close beside one. No sleep would come to my eyes, so I do not feel well this morning. We breakfasted on a small piece of corn cake and bacon. We do not get half enough to eat.

At daylight, the 28th, we arrived in Mobile bay, and as we sailed down to the city we were favored with a gorgeous sunrise on the waters, which for a time took away all thought of our forlorn condition.

We were escorted through the city to the Jackson depot by two companies of home guards, in new uniforms, the finest dressed soldiers that we have seen at the South. We were put on board of box cars with plank seats, and arrived at Jackson, Miss., at 1 P. M., Sunday, the 29th, having had nothing to eat since we left Mobile, 24 hours before. Jackson is a most beautiful city, built upon a sloping hill. The streets are wide, paved, and lined with a great many shade trees. The public buildings, on a hill to the right, are very fine. The people turned out *en masse*, the churches closed, and all made a rush to see the "Yankees." They were surprised to find that we looked like their own men, supposing that a "Yankee" was some kind of an animal. We had a great deal of sport chafing them, playing upon their credulity and turning jokes upon the guard that was with us, who, like ourselves, were jaded with their nine days' ride. A good dinner was served to the guard by the

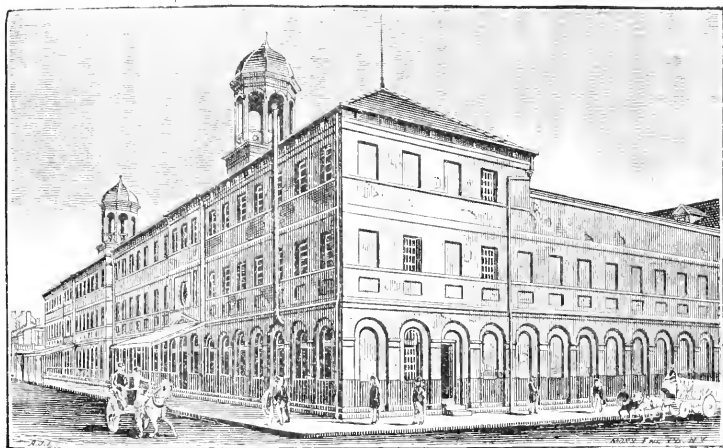
citizens, and the remnants of this dinner were given to the prisoners. I was hard sick and not able to eat anything.

Soon after dark we left Jackson, and arrived in New Orleans in the forenoon of the following day. Here we found a larger crowd than at any previous place, but the troops were not ready, and the officers in charge fearing that the mob would ill treat us, ordered the train to back out of the city several miles. About noon the train ran in again, and found them ready for us. The soldiers had driven the crowd back from the depot, and were drawn up in open ranks to receive us, making a fine display. All who were able to walk were ordered out of the cars into the line, and, escorted by this large body of soldiers, were marched nearly all over the city. Everywhere there was an immense crowd of people. The housetops were covered, the windows and every available spot were thronged with curious gazers, all anxious to get a sight of the prisoners. The most of them looked on in silence, but many hooted and derided us shamefully. When we reached the city, I was very sick too weak to stand, and was lying on the floor of the car. That fiend, Wirtz, in whose charge we are traveling, came through the car after the others were out, and finding me still there, gave me a kick and told me to crawl out, which I did, and sank down helpless on the platform. Two other sick comrades were found, and we were put in charge of a policeman. While we lay here, nearer dead than alive, a crowd of unfeeling men and boys gathered around us and commenced the same tune that we have heard at every place through which we have passed: "What did you come down here for? Think you can subjugate us? Come down here to destroy our homes and firesides? You miserable Yanks, you ought to die." Such was our welcome to New Orleans. The police soon drove off the crowds, and told them they were cowards for insulting unarmed prisoners. After a little, the sick were put on a two-wheel dray or "float," without springs, and, drawn by a couple of mules, we started on to bring up the rear of the column. Too sick to hold our heads up from

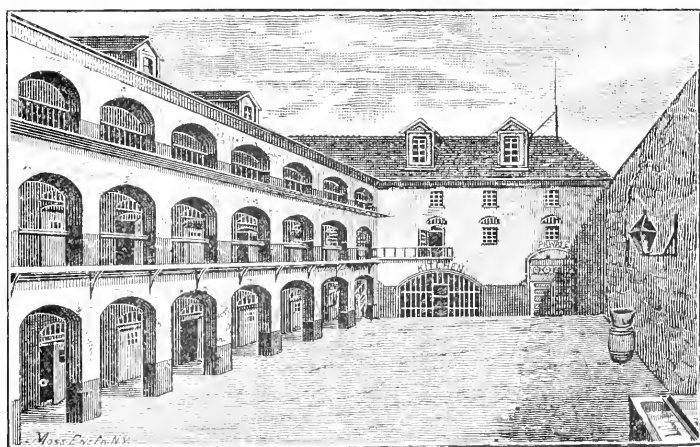
the platform, we were jolted for hours over the pavement. Occasionally there was a friendly face mid all that vast throng which was following us, and once, when the line halted, a man came near and asked if I was a prisoner. I told him I was, and he threw me a half dollar in silver, and another for the comrade who was with me. Soon after this, as we halted again, a young lady came near and in a kindly manner asked about our condition, and where we were from. She brought something for us to eat, and several times, as the line halted, brought us a refreshing drink of water, and kept near us through all the long march.

We did not know our destination, but at last the line halted in front of Parish Prison, with its frowning, gray walls and grated windows. The sight sent a shudder through our weak frames. Surely, we thought, we are not to be incarcerated here, like thieves and murderers. But it was so. The men were thrust into the dirty cells and locked in; prisoners of war in felons' cells. I was taken to the hospital, on the second floor, where I remained for several weeks, suffering from a severe attack of typhoid fever. In the hospital we had cots and moss mattresses to lie upon, but we received very little attention from the nurses, who were civil prisoners. After coming into the prison, I was left for two weeks before my hands or face were washed, or my clothes taken off, or once lifted from the bed. About this time one of my comrades, George Dunn, of Co. "C," was allowed to come in and see me. He was kind enough to take my clothes to the yard and have them washed, and afterwards gave me a sponge bath. From this time, I began to improve, and after seven weeks was able to leave the hospital. The doctor came in every morning, but having but little medicine, he could do us no good. Morning after morning, as he would pass my cot, I would hear him remark to the nurse, "Isn't he dead, yet?"

Gen. Palfrey was in command at New Orleans, and often came in to see the prisoners, and many of the citizens were allowed to visit the hospital and prison. A few Christian men often came in and brought us instructive books to



EXTERIOR OF PARISH PRISON, NEW ORLEANS, LA.



INTERIOR OF PARISH PRISON.

read, and showed their kindness in many ways. Among those most attentive were A. D. Donovan, Rev. G. L. Moore, and — Bartlett; and our doctors, C. Beard, W. L. Lipscomb, and — Smith, were as kind as they were allowed to be.

October 31st.—I left the hospital and joined my comrades in the prison proper. The prison is built in the form of a hollow square—a brick wall thirty feet high, on one side, and on the other the cells in three tiers, one above the other, and a balcony in front of each. Most of the cells are 10x12 feet, and sixteen men are confined in each cell. Our cell is 12x20, and twenty-four men in it. There is no light, and only a small hole less than a foot square, in the middle of the door, for ventilation, and this space is covered with iron bars, as is also a small crescent-shaped opening near the top of the cell, communicating with a cell in the other division of the prison.

The men are kept locked in these cells from 4 o'clock in the afternoon till eight next morning. It is very warm, and the air is almost stifling. During the day, the doors are opened, and a part of the men at a time are allowed to take exercise in the yard, which is 90x40 feet. We have few blankets, and only the bare floor to sleep upon. Each man when lying down occupies a floor space of less than sixteen inches wide. So we have to lie spoon-fashion, and if one wants to turn over, the word is given, "Spoon!" and all must turn over together. In one corner of the yard is a large square tank, in which the men are allowed to bathe. In the opposite corner is the cook-house, containing two large iron kettles, in which all the cooking is done. Water from the Mississippi river is used for cooking and drinking, and is always very roilly. Our food consists of bread, fresh meat, and a kind of tea made from the wild youpong, a plant that grows along the coast of the Gulf States. In the morning we receive a small loaf of wheat bread, weighing about eight ounces, and a pint of the youpong tea, without sugar. Fresh meat, the refuse from the city markets, is brought in about 8 o'clock, and taken to the cook-

house by a man detailed from each cell. Here it is boiled in the river water *without any salt*. After the meat is cooked, a little rice is put into the pot liquor, and this is issued to us as soup. A pint of this soup with a small bit of the meat, makes our dinner. We had no supper during the four months we were in New Orleans, and no change in this diet, except at one time thirteen barrels of molasses were sent in by a man who was said to be the largest slaveholder in the state. At another time, a few Irish potatoes and some cabbage were issued to the men, to be eaten raw, and also a lot of wild sour oranges, as a cure for the scurvy, from which many of the men were suffering.

There were various forms in which scurvy manifested itself. The most common was a soreness of the mouth and gums. The teeth would all become loose, and often drop out; no solid food could be eaten. In another form, the limbs of the patient would swell to an immoderate size and turn black. Still others would break out in sores and eruptions over the body. The standard remedy, when it could be had, was raw potatoes or cabbage, with a little vinegar, or a supply of wild oranges, which are about three degrees sourer than a lemon.

A large number of the men busy themselves making rings, little books, watch charms and trinkets from the pieces of bones found in the beef; and when we cannot get bones enough, the guards sometimes bring them to the door and sell them to the men. Many of these trinkets are nicely carved and inlaid with colored sealing-wax, and are readily sold to the officers and visitors who come in to see the prisoners. In this way many of the boys are able to buy extra rations for themselves and do not suffer so much from hunger.

November 9th.—We hear a rumor to-day that our forces have captured Port Royal, near Savannah. Our confinement is getting almost intolerable. Many of the men think they cannot stand it much longer. We pray that God will keep disease from our midst, and that He will give us strength until the appointed time. One of the boys, George

T. Childs, from Boston, has received several letters from home to-day, and a trunk containing clothing.

Sunday, November 10th.—The weather continues very warm. We had preaching this morning by an Episcopal minister. His text was from Luke xviii: 13. It was not a very interesting sermon. He angered the boys very much by praying for Jefferson Davis, President of the C. S. A. Most of the boys would not listen to him, and made a great deal of noise, so that he did not stay long. Afterwards he apologized and said he was obliged by the rules of "The Church," to always remember their President in his prayer. But the boys "could not see it." Mr. Donovan came in with more reading matter. There is a rumor, that there is to be an exchange of prisoners soon, but we dare not believe it. They probably say it to keep up our spirits. It causes a great deal of talk, and each asks the other if it can be so. Oh! such a longing to be free; no one not a prisoner can imagine it. We held a Bible-class in our cell at 3 o'clock. It was attended by twenty or more, and was very interesting. The lesson was from John iii. One of the men, a minister by the name of Alexander Parker, 7th Ohio, takes charge of the class.

November 11th.—From some of the papers that are smuggled in once in a while, we learn that provisions are very high in the city. Pork is not to be had. Salt beef is \$32 per barrel; flour, \$10 to \$15; corn meal, \$1.50 per bushel; candles, 90 cts. per pound. Molasses and rice are the only things that are cheap.

November 12th.—It is reported in the papers to-day, that our government, having sentenced the crew of the privateer Savannah to be hung, the rebels have selected fourteen of our officers, by lot, and confined them in a dungeon at Charleston, and threaten to retaliate by executing them, in case the above sentence is carried into effect.

The following is from the diary of Corp. Merrill, who was in Richmond at the time:

"On the 10th of November, General Winder entered the prison, called the commissioned officers together, and read the following order, as addressed to himself:

C. S. A. WAR DEPARTMENT, /
 RICHMOND, NOV., 1861. }

SIR:—You are hereby instructed to choose by lot, from among the prisoners of war of highest rank, one who is to be confined in a cell appropriated to convicted felons, and who is to be treated in all respects as if such convict, and to be held for execution in the same manner as may be adopted by the enemy for the execution of the prisoner of war Smith, recently condemned to death, in Philadelphia.

You will also select thirteen other prisoners of war, the highest in rank of those captured by our forces, to be confined in cells reserved for prisoners accused of infamous crimes, and shall treat them as such so long as the enemy shall continue to treat the like number of prisoners of war captured by them, in New York, as pirates. As these measures are intended to repress the infamous attempt now made by the enemy to commit judicial murder on the prisoners of war, you will execute them strictly, as the best mode calculated to prevent the commission of so heinous a crime.

Your obedient servant,

J. P. BENJAMIN,

Acting Secretary of War.

To Brigadier-General John Winder, Richmond Va.

The reading of this order was listened to in silence, but with deep sensation. At its conclusion, Gen. Winder remarked that he regretted very much the unpleasant duty devolving upon him, but he had no option in the matter. The names of six colonels were placed in a can, and Mr. Ely was required—much to his own reluctance—to draw from them.

The first name drawn was that of Col. Corcoran, 69th Regiment N. Y. S. M., who was the hostage chosen to answer for Smith. Mr. Ely was very much affected when the name of his friend and messmate was drawn by his own hand.

In choosing thirteen from the highest rank, to be held to answer for a like number of prisoners of war, captured by the enemy at sea, there being only ten field officers, it was necessary to draw by lot three captains.

During the drawing, the most profound silence prevailed,

and great anxiety was exhibited on the part of the officers whose names were in the can.

When completed, the list stood: Cols. Corcoran, Lee, Coggswell, Wilcox, Woodruff and Wood; Lieutenant-Cols. Mowman and Neff; Majors Petter, Revere and Vodges; Capts. Rockwood, Bowman and Kaffer."

November 20th.—One of the nurses having been discharged, I was asked to take his place in the hospital, and am now caring for the sick. There are four of us connected with the hospital: The Steward, W. Blydenburgh, of the 14th Brooklyn; A. F. Howland, Clerk; John Paxson, Cook.

The doctors have entire charge of the hospital, and feed us better than the contractor feeds the men in the yard. There are now twelve sick in the hospital.

I remained at this work the balance of the time that we stayed in New Orleans, and it fell to my lot to care for every man who died while we were in Parish Prison, and to comfort them as much as possible in their last hours. It is a remarkable fact that, although many of the men had the fever, only nine died out of the five hundred who were sent here—as the papers said—to be killed off by the fever.

The bodies of our dead comrades were never buried, but were carried out into the swamps, a prey for the buzzards and hyenas.

December 12th.—The same routine of daily duties continues. Time is passing rapidly. The winter is now upon us, with no prospect of our release; and unless our Congress does something to settle the question of exchange, we must expect to remain here a long time. It will seem like ingratitude if they neglect to help us. I have read President Lincoln's message to-day, from one of the rebel papers. He does not mention the case of the prisoners, and seems regardless of our sufferings. To-day nine prisoners captured from the blockading fleet were brought to the city and confined in the prison with us.

December 25th, Christmas Day, 1861.—The weather is fine, and the boys, thinking that the day for their release is not far distant, are feeling pretty well. They have organ-

ized into companies, and to-day had a masquerade drill and march in the yard, which made a great deal of sport. After this we had a good time singing patriotic songs, cheering for the Flag and the Union, and made the old prison ring. It brought comfort to five hundred loyal hearts. Those of us in the hospital managed to get some red, white and blue cloth from the female prisoners in the other department of the prison, and made a little flag, about two feet long. To-day I took it out into the long hall, and when the officers were not about, I waved it from a window overlooking the yard. Such a shout as went up when the boys saw it, was never heard before in this city. The noise attracted so great a crowd about the prison that the officers came in, and tried to stop us. Then they locked us all up, but the boys kept up the singing until late into the night. So, after all, we had a "Merry Christmas."

We are not guarded by soldiers here, but are under the civil authorities, and the turnkeys are all civil prisoners, whom the officers send in to lock us up. These men come into the yard jingling a bunch of ponderous keys, and shout: "Get to your holes, you —— Yankee ——s!"

Every Sunday we hold a Bible-class in one of the cells, and for some time a daily prayer-meeting has been held.

December 27th.—Our prayer-meeting this afternoon was the most interesting that we have held, and was attended by about forty, all crowded into a single cell. One sick man was made a special subject of prayer. Another man expressed his determination to be a Christian. There was much feeling, and although in these peculiar circumstances, we were happy.

December 28th.—Oh! happy am I. I have received a letter from my father to-day— the first time I have heard from home since I was captured. My friends have heard where I am, and all are well; but the letter brings the sad news of the death of my comrade, Charley Trowbridge, in Richmond.

December 30th.—The Angel of Death has again come to us and taken another comrade, by the name of Wing. He

died at three this morning, after an illness of nine weeks. He was a nurse in the hospital when I was sick, and little did he think he would go first. He had as good care as I could give him, and I think he died happy. He was very wicked and profane during the first part of his sickness, but I have talked with him about dying, he has been prayed for in the meetings, God seemed to have called him, and he is happy. He said he was willing to give up this world for a home above.

January 1st, 1862.—Another man, by the name of Beard, from the 7th Ohio, died last night. He had been sick about a week, with typhoid fever. He had a hemorrhage of the bowels about 8 o'clock, and died about 11. He did not know of his condition till I told him he could not live till morning. Not being a Christian, he desired me to pray with him, which I did, and taught him to pray for himself. He repented and implored forgiveness of his Saviour, and told me that he thought his prayer was heard and that he would be happy in heaven. It was a solemn New Year night to us, and one long to be remembered.

The boys are rejoicing greatly, having heard that the government has agreed to an exchange of prisoners. There is now some hope that we shall be released. We all have "exchange on the brain."

January 4th.—My birthday; twenty years old to-day. We are not allowed the city papers, and can only get them by stealing them out of the pockets of the officers or the doctors, or sometimes from the convicts on the other side of the prison. To-day some of the officers suspecting that the men in cell No. 4 had got a paper, searched all the men in the cell. They found no paper, but did find a diary belonging to one of the men. This man was taken out and put in irons, locked in the dungeon, and fed on bread and water for many days.

The shackles which they sometimes put on the men, for punishment, weigh one hundred and thirty pounds, and consist of two iron clevises, which encircle the ankle; then an iron bar is put through the eyes of the clevises, and keyed

in by a bolt, which is headed down with a heavy sledge hammer. These cannot be removed except by cutting the key with a cold chisel. We were then told that they would search every cell, and take away every diary they found. So I have to hide mine in a rat hole in the floor, and at night I take it out and write in it.

January 15th.—To-day we have each received a new suit of clothes from our government—a hat, coat, blouse, pants, shirt, two pairs drawers, shoes, stockings, and overcoat. So we are comfortably clothed once more. Many of the men were almost naked, and all of us were without under-clothing. We are feeling very happy to-day. My health is good. Eleven in hospital.

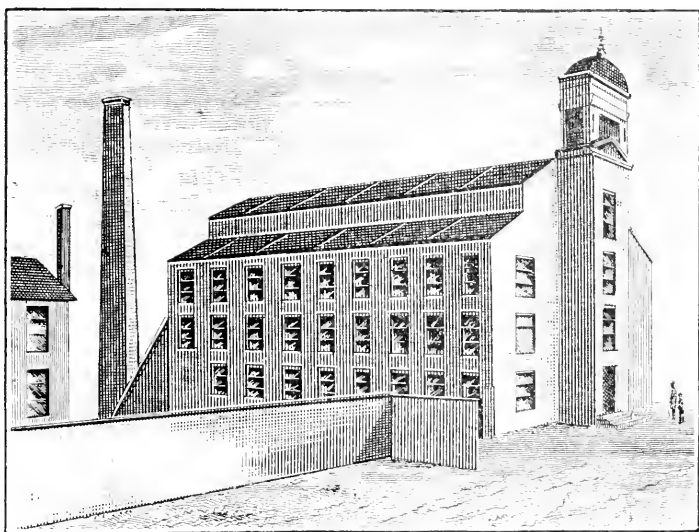
January 28th.—The Massachusetts men have each received two dollars, which was sent to them by friends at home.

February 5th.—To-day the commanding officer, General Palfrey, came in and told us that we should leave to-morrow for the North. Many of the boys are very jubilant at the prospect of going home, but some of us dare not believe it, for our enemies are very treacherous. A brighter day must dawn some time. None of the men have ever tried to tunnel out or make their escape from this prison, as they often did in Richmond, for we are so far from the Union lines, it would be a hopeless task to attempt to reach them.

February 6th.—We left Parish Prison, the whole five hundred, at 2 o'clock, having been told that we were going to North Carolina to be exchanged. We were marched to the depot through the same street by which we came to the prison. It was a very hot and sultry day, and the march to the station almost overcame the men. So we bid good-by to New Orleans, glad to get out of that miserable prison, where we leave no pleasant associations.

We started in passenger cars, and made the journey over about the same route by which we came south; but will not weary the reader with the details of the trip. We reached our destination, which proved to be Salisbury, N. C., at 2 o'clock A. M. of February 14th, one of the darkest and

stormiest nights I ever saw. We were ordered out of the cars, and, marching through a line of bayonets, brought up in some building, and were left in the dark to grope our way about the room. We soon lay down, for all were wearied by our long ride of nine days. We awoke in the morning to find ourselves in another strong prison. This did not look much like going home, and it seems to be the darkest day of our imprisonment, for we can now see no signs of our release.



CONFEDERATE MILITARY PRISON, SALISBURY, N. C.

(An Old Cotton Factory.)

Salisbury Prison is a large cotton factory, three stories high, and built of brick. The rooms have been filled with rough board bunks, in four tiers, with narrow aisles between. The windows have strong iron bars across them, and the sash and glass have been removed, so that the cold wind comes sweeping through, day and night. At first, our food was quite good, consisting of fresh meat, and soup made from the Southern black pea or bean. But, after a little,

the rations were very short, and instead of fresh meat, we were fed on bacon and salt junk. This was meat that had been cured from the carcasses of horses and mules which had been condemned in the service. We would never have complained had we been given even enough of this.

Our prison is surrounded by a grove of fine trees. The guard line is in the shade of these trees, and our Richmond experience of being fired at through the windows, was repeated here. I have seen the commanding officer, Lieut. Bradford, son of the Union Governor of Maryland, take a musket and go creeping around among the trees, trying to get a shot at some unsuspecting Yankee who might venture too near the window.

One night, after the men were all asleep, the guard at the door of the third floor, without any warning, opened the door and fired his piece into the room. The charge (three buckshot and a ball), seriously wounded three men.

Our drinking water is all supplied from a single well, near the door. We never get enough to wash or bathe in.

Our time is passed in playing games, chess, cards, etc., or in reading our old letters, and telling stories that we have told more than a hundred times before, but always find attentive listeners. We have a dramatic association, which gives very creditable entertainments. Sometimes the officers furnish lights and come in to witness the play. A stage was erected near the front door, and curtains were made of calico, which the rebel officers brought in. At one of these entertainments, an actor was costumed as a woman. How the dress was smuggled in, none of us ever knew. The make-up of the actor was so perfect that the officers were completely deceived, and when they saw the supposed woman come on the stage, they stopped the play, drew their swords, and demanded to know how that woman came there. This was soon explained, and the play was allowed to go on. But when the curtain fell, a lot of the boys rushed on to the stage and hugged the poor fellow most to death—so rare to them was the sight of a woman.

March 5th.—We learn to-day from the papers that no more prisoners are to be exchanged at present, so we shall have to stay here for awhile yet. It is a great disappointment to us, for we had hoped to be released soon. It has been represented to us that it is the fault of our government that there is no exchange, but we do not believe it; yet we cannot see why we are not released. We are willing to wait, however, if any good can come from it. The long confinement is beginning to tell upon the men; nearly all have a bad cough, and look pale and weak. We are afraid, if we remain here much longer, we shall contract diseases from which we can never recover.

There has been a slight change in our food for a few days: Bread, and coffee made from burnt meal, for breakfast; pork and bean soup for dinner. Some of the men were allowed to go out in the yard to-day.

March 10th.—Quite a number of the men have made their escape lately; they are usually gone two or three days before the officers find it out. Although they come in and have roll-call every day, we manage to fool them and keep our full number, even when three or four escape at a time. It is done by transferring men from one floor to another through trap doors which we have cut through the floors just over the top bunk of some tier. Through these we also visit our comrades on the other floors, and the guards are none the wiser for it. Almost all who make their escape are caught and brought back, sometimes after being out a month or more; and such a pitiable sight as they present when they return! Usually their clothes are nearly all torn off, and their hands and faces cut and scratched by the briars and thorns, for they have had to travel through the woods and swamps and avoid the houses of white people. The negroes are always kind to escaped prisoners, but hunger would sometimes drive them to ask food of the whites, and this would usually lead to their capture and return.

Besides the prisoners of war in Salisbury there are many Union men, residents of West Virginia, Western North

Carolina and East Tennessee, who have been arrested on account of their loyalty, torn from their families, thrown into prison, and are treated more shabbily than the soldier prisoners. One night the hospital steward sent for me to come to the hospital and watch with one of these citizen prisoners. I found him in an attic of one of the numerous little brick houses which surround the prison, and were formerly the homes of the operatives in the cotton factory. I watched with him till 2 o'clock, when he died. He had been entirely neglected, and was in a horrible condition.

Perhaps we can forgive our late enemies for their ill-treatment of our prisoners, regarding it as one of the results of the war, but the blood of these Union men will eternally cry to heaven for vengeance.

I found on this visit to the hospital that no provision had been made for washing the clothing of the sick men. So I went to the commanding officers and asked permission to set up a laundry. This was granted, and a number of men were detailed to assist me. This work kept us out in the open air. We followed it for nine weeks. Then I went into the hospital as nurse again, and remained until the time for our release drew on.

We will not weary the reader with further details of life in Salisbury Prison, only to say that as the spring came on the men chafed more and more under the confinement, and very many of those who had borne up so manfully in New Orleans became discouraged, lost heart, lay down and died. By this time there were many thousand prisoners in Salisbury. We found some whom we parted with in Richmond, and among them the comrades who were with my friend Trowbridge when he died. They gave me his diary and the trinkets that were found in his pockets. These I brought home and gave to his friends. After the first of May the guard-line was enlarged, and the men were allowed to take exercise in the yard, where various outdoor sports were indulged in, and the health of the men rapidly improved.

May 23d, 1862.—The glad day has at last come! Two hundred of us are to start for home to-day. Before we left

we were required to subscribe to the following oath or parole of honor:

"We, the undersigned prisoners of war to the Confederate States, swear that if released we will not take up arms during the existing war against the Confederate States, until we be regularly exchanged, and that we will not communicate in any manner anything that may injure the cause of the Confederate States, which may have come to our knowledge, or which we may have heard since our capture. Signed at Salisbury, N. C., May 22, 1862."

Notwithstanding the above parole, and an order that every man should be searched, I determined to save my diary and that of my comrade Trowbridge. When we left New Orleans, I obtained a double canteen. In this I hid my own diary. After removing one spout, I ripped up the cloth covering on one side; cut through the tin with a knife; placed the papers inside; turned down the tin, and sewed the cloth on as before. The canteen looked as good as new, and was filled with water on the sound side.

There was not room in the canteen for the other diary; so I took a loaf of bread that I obtained at the hospital, and cut a piece out of one end; removed all the soft part, to the crust; rolled up the book, and put it in the loaf. The piece was then wet and put back, and the loaf placed in my haversack. Twice we were searched, and many of the men lost all their records, but mine came through safely. We left Salisbury by rail, and went to Tarboro, N. C., on the Tar River, where we were put on board an open scow, and towed down the river by a little stern wheel steamer, flying the Confederate flag and a flag of truce, to Little Washington, N. C., where we were received by a vessel from the blockade squadron.

The ride down the river was very tedious, but the men will never forget how good the "Old Flag" looked when we came out into the open bay, and saw the colors waving from the masthead of the U. S. gunboat. We were soon discovered, and a boat, flying a beautiful new flag, and manned by officers and men in brilliant uniforms, put out

from the ship to hail us. We had arranged to give three cheers as soon as they should board our steamer. But when the word was given, not a cheer was heard—the men were too happy to cheer. Such ecstasy comes only once in the life of any man.

What a joyful moment! Yet it seemed too good to be true. We who had been so used to being deceived, were incredulous to the last moment. But we were soon on board a transport, and sailed away for New York,—again under the dear old flag! How our tear-dimmed eyes gazed on its folds, and the men, with solemn, sobbing voices, said, "Thank God! thank God!" The link that bound us to the terrible past is broken.

After three days we landed on Governor's Island, New York Harbor, and after a few days were allowed to return to our homes.

Here we remained till July 12th, when by General Order No. 54, Adjutant-General's office, State of New York, all paroled prisoners were ordered to report to the Camp of Instruction, near Annapolis, Md.

Here we remained till the 25th of September, when we were notified that we had been exchanged, and ordered to report to our regiments. We were furnished transportation to Washington, and from there marched in search of our regiment, which was in camp near Bakersville, Md., where we arrived October 4th, 1862, having been absent from the command one year and nearly three months.

Hard as our lot was, we now realize that it did not compare with the inhuman treatment our prisoners received later on in the war, at Belle Isle, Andersonville, and Salisbury. The policy of our government in regard to an exchange of prisoners has never been fully explained and is not now generally understood. It was doubtless thought to be a wise policy at the time; but the twenty-nine thousand victims who went down to death from those vile, southern prisons, after months of suffering that baffles the pen to describe, was an awful sacrifice, that the survivors to this day cannot believe was necessary. And it seems to us that

God's everlasting curse must surely rest upon the men of the South who thus knowingly allowed the thousands of young lives to be blotted out of existence by cruelties unheard of before in the annals of civilized warfare. Those who abetted so great a crime against civilization and humanity, against Christianity and even decency, must in the future stand condemned by the public opinion of the world, until they shall have done "works meet for repentance."

About eighteen per cent. of the men captured died in prison; and a larger per cent. of prisoners were killed and wounded by the rebel guards than would have been killed had the men remained with their respective regiments and engaged in every battle that was fought during their term of imprisonment. Our own government has never yet fully recognized the heroic sacrifice that even the survivors made in support of one of the most vital points of our war policy: "Refusing an even exchange of prisoners, lest, by so doing, they recognize the enemy as a *belligerent power*," and which was claimed to be necessary in order to prevent foreign nations from accepting the claims of the Confederate States to a place in the galaxy of nations.

Still another view of the matter is outlined in the following letter from Gen. Grant to Gen. Butler, in 1864:

"It is hard on our men held in Southern prisons not to exchange them, but it is humanity to those left in the ranks to fight our battles. Every man released, on parole or otherwise, becomes an active soldier against us at once, either directly or indirectly. If we commence a system of exchange which liberates all prisoners taken, we will have to fight on until the whole South is exterminated. If we hold those caught, they amount to no more than dead men. At this particular time, to release all rebel prisoners North would insure Sherman's defeat, and would compromise our safety here."

The following letter from Gen. Butler to Commissioner Ould, in reply to the proposition to resume exchange, is of interest as bearing on the same point:

"One cannot help thinking, even at the risk of being deemed uncharitable, that the benevolent sympathies of the Confederate authorities have been lately stirred by the depleted condition of their armies, and a desire to get into the field, to affect the present campaign, the hale, hearty, and well-fed prisoners held by the United States, in exchange for the half-starved, sick, emaciated and miserable soldiers of the United States, now languishing in your prisons."

The above outline helps to explain the policy of our government, and is recorded with the hope that it may reach the eyes of some one in authority, who will be able to stir up our people to a sense of their obligation to this class of our soldiers; and that justice, though tardy, may yet be done to the men who patiently endured the ten-fold hardships of a soldier's life.

"The National wealth that lies in the treasures of mines, or under the white wings of ships, or in the yellow tassels of wheat fields, is well; but the richest land is one rich in patriots' graves."

Their memory is a holy legacy. May the next generation grow up with this sentiment wrought into every fibre of their characters—that there is no nobler fate than to die for one's country. And if another time of trial and trouble and woe should shadow the land, may they be ready to step forward and die, if need be, that the nation may live.

"For gold the merchant ploughs the main,
The farmer ploughs the manor,
But glory is the soldier's prize,
The soldier's wealth is honor.

The brave, poor soldier ne'er despise,
Nor count him as a stranger;
Remember, he's his country's stay,
In day and hour of danger."

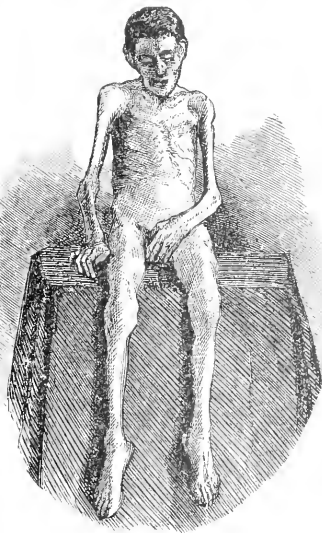
The following interesting statement from D. W. Bosley, hospital steward of the 27th, will remind many of the every-day scene about the hospital tent, after the bugler had sounded surgeons' call:

"The hospital department of a marching regiment, or rather the dispensary part, over which I had the honor to preside in the 27th regiment, is probably one of the most "onerous" in the service, and compels the hospital steward to perform almost herculean duties. When the tents were pitched for the night and the soldiers retired to rest, his hardest task would just commence. The unpacking of medicine chests, filling prescriptions, extracting teeth, compounding medicines, attending sick, etc., etc., would give him but little time to rest.

* * * * *

I am pleased to say that I have always held the boys of the 27th in the highest esteem for their bravery and pluck, and endurance of sickness and wounds. Their cheerfulness while suffering was something wonderful.

The kindness of the soldiers to the officers of the medical department, was an exhibition of their gratitude to us, for we were never allowed to go hungry, nor to be in need of help."



RETURNED PRISONERS.

(From a lot of 104 received at a Baltimore Hospital, in May, 1864: Showing the effects of ill treatment while in the hands of the enemy.)

BIOGRAPHIES.

GENERAL HENRY WARNER SLOCUM

Was born in Delphi, Onondaga county, N. Y., Sept. 24th, 1827. His ancestors, for three generations, resided at Newport, R. I., where his father was born, and from whence he moved to Albany, N. Y., about the year 1812; and thence to Delphi, where he was engaged in mercantile pursuits until his death, in 1853. Gen. Slocum received his early education at the Cazenovia Seminary.

He entered the U. S. Military Academy at West Point, in 1848, and took a high stand in his class. Upon graduating, in 1852, he was assigned to duty in the regular army, as a Lieutenant in the First Artillery.

He served two years in the interior of Florida, and three years at Fort Moultrie, S. C. While at the latter post, he read law in the office of Hon. B. C. Presley, afterwards Justice of the Supreme Court of South Carolina. He resigned his commission in the army in 1857, and commenced the practice of law, at Syracuse, N. Y. In 1858 he was elected to the Legislature from that city. Upon the breaking out of the war he re-entered the military service, and was made Colonel of the 27th Regiment, N. Y. Vols.

His regiment suffered severely at the first battle of Bull Run, and he received a wound which confined him to the hospital nearly two months, during which time he was promoted to the rank of Brigadier-General, and, as soon as he

was able to do duty, he was assigned to the command of a brigade under Gen. McClellan. During the campaign on the Peninsula he was assigned to the command of a Division in the Sixth Corps, under Gen. Franklin, and after the seven days' battle in front of Richmond, upon the recommendations of Generals McClellan and Franklin, he was made Major-General.

In the Maryland campaign under Gen. McClellan, he took part in the battles of South Mountain and Antietam, and at the close of the latter battle he was assigned to the command of the Twelfth Army Corps; Gen. Mansfield, the former commander, having been killed during the battle. He was at Chancellorsville under Gen. Hooker, and at Gettysburg, under Meade. During the great struggle at Gettysburg, he commanded the right of Meade's army, and was heavily engaged during the second and third days of the battle. The defeat of Rosencranz, at Chickamauga, late in the fall, necessitated sending immediate reinforcements to him; and the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, commanded by Howard and Slocum, were rapidly transferred thither by railroad.

In the following spring, when Sherman reorganized his army for the Atlanta campaign, he consolidated the Eleventh and Twelfth Corps, and the new corps (designated the Twentieth) was placed under the command of Gen. Hooker—Slocum being assigned to the command of the Department of the Mississippi, with headquarters at Vicksburg.

He was ordered to make frequent excursions into the country and keep the enemy actively engaged, with a view of preventing reinforcements from that quarter to the army in front of Sherman. When Hooker was relieved from the Twentieth Corps, Slocum was ordered by telegraph to surrender his command at Vicksburg to the officer next in rank, and join Gen. Sherman. He was at once placed in command of the Twentieth Corps.

When Sherman made his bold movement around Atlanta to the Macon road, he left Slocum on the bank of the Chattahoochee, to guard the communication and take ad

vantage of any opportunity which might be presented. Sherman forced the enemy to leave the entrenchments around Atlanta, to meet him in the field, and the Twentieth Corps marched into the city. Within an hour the telegraph line was established, and the first message over it was a dispatch from Gen. Slocum, carrying the glad tidings to the North, "Atlanta has fallen." When Sherman planned his great campaign "from Atlanta to the sea," he gave Slocum command of the left wing of his army, composed of the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps. The history of Sherman's grand campaign from Atlanta to the sea, and from the sea through the swamps of the Carolinas to Raleigh, the capital of North Carolina, is well known to the world. On this campaign, at the urgent request of Gen. Sherman, President Lincoln constituted the Fourteenth and Twentieth Corps an army, to be designated as the "Army of Georgia," and assigned Gen. Slocum as its commander. He continued in this command to the close of the war, when he was again sent to command the Department of the Mississippi.

In the fall of 1865 he resigned his commission, and in the spring of 1866 he took up his residence in Brooklyn, N. Y., where he now resides. He has twice been elected to Congress from a district in that city, and afterwards a representative at large for the state.

BREVET MAJOR-GEN. JOSEPH J. BARTLETT.

Joseph J. Bartlett was born in Binghamton, N. Y., on the 4th of November, 1834. His education was obtained in the public schools of Binghamton, and he afterwards began the study of law in the office of the Hon. Eaton J. Richardson, of Utica, N. Y. He was admitted to the bar in 1860, and began the practice of his profession at Syracuse, N. Y., and next year returned to Binghamton.

In April, 1861, he enlisted as a private soldier, in Binghamton, N. Y., where he had just commenced the practice of law. Upon the organization of the company he was elected Captain. Upon the organization of the Twenty-seventh Regiment of Volunteers, at Elmira, he was elected Major of the Regiment.

At the first battle of Bull Run, after Colonel Slocum was wounded, he was placed in command of the regiment, by the Colonel's order. A few weeks after the battle, Colonel Slocum was promoted to Brigadier-General, and Major Bartlett to Colonel of the Twenty-seventh. Immediately upon arriving at West Point, on the Peninsula, the provisional Sixth Army Corps was organized, Gen. Franklin commanding. This gave Gen. Slocum command of Franklin's Division, and Colonel Bartlett the command of Slocum's Brigade. A reconnoissance made by Col. Bartlett at Mechanicsville was so successful that Gen. McClellan continued him in command of his brigade, although general officers were sent from Washington to report to General McClellan for assignment to duty.

At the battle of Gaines' Mill, Col. Bartlett's Brigade reported to Gen. Sykes for duty, and, with the regular troops, held the right of Gen. Porter's line successfully until the close of the battle, losing 504 men killed and wounded, including all but three of the field officers.

For this battle he received the warm praise of Gens. Franklin, Slocum, Sykes, Porter and McClellan, in their reports. He also received the same for services rendered during all the seven days' fighting.

At the second battle of Bull Run, he covered the re-

treat of the army to Centreville. At the battle of South Mountain his brigade led the column of attack of the First Division, Sixth Corps, at "Crampton's Gap," breaking the enemy's line at the foot of the mountain, driving him beyond the crest, and securing the road for the passage of our troops.

At Antietam he engaged with the balance of the Corps. For his services up to this date, he was recommended by Gen. McClellan for promotion to Brigadier-General, which title he received about ten days after.

From this period to the close of the war he also engaged in every battle of the Army of the Potomac. At the battle of Marye's Heights, Second Fredericksburg, and Chancellorsville, he was with Sedgwick's Sixth Army Corps.

At Gettysburg he was given by General Sedgwick the command of the Third Division of the Sixth Army Corps, retaining its command until the "Mine Run" campaign, when Gen. Sykes applied for him to command the First Division of the Fifth Corps, which he retained until Gen. Grant took command and consolidated the six corps of the army into three. This legislated him out of a command, but the Corps Commander made up for him the equivalent of a division, by giving him nine regiments of veteran troops. With this command he served through the Wilderness campaign and in front of Petersburg. For distinguished services in that campaign he was made Brevet Major-General. At the battle of "Five Forks" he was once more assigned to the command of the First Division of the Fifth Corps, which marched from there to Appomattox Court House with the cavalry. Being in advance of the corps the morning Sheridan struck Appomattox, he formed his division in two lines of battle with a cloud of skirmishers in front, and forced the enemy to retire behind the town, and received the surrender of a rebel brigade before the general surrender took place.

The next day he was appointed to receive the surrender of the infantry arms of Gen. Lee's army. Gen. Bartlett was struck six times, but never for a day gave up the com-

mand of his troops. After the close of the war he was appointed by President Johnson "Minister Resident" to Stockholm, where he remained three years.

This record shows continuous service in the field from the first Bull Run until after the surrender at Appomattox Court House.

He is now Deputy Commissioner of Pensions, having been appointed to that position by President Cleveland.

COLONEL ALEXANDER DUNCAN ADAMS.

The fourth son of Gen. William H. Adams, was born at Lyons, N. Y., on the 25th of December, 1832. He entered Hobart College, at Geneva, in 1852. After leaving college, he was engaged as Civil Engineer on the Erie Canal enlargement, for a few years, when he accepted an appointment as teacher in the Lyon's Union School. He responded to the first call for volunteers, and raised the first company in Wayne county. He was promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel after the first battle of Bull Run, and to Colonel after the battle of Antietam. At the close of his term of service he returned to Lyons, and became Principal of the Union School, which position he held for five years. Declining health prevented active employment after this. He died of consumption on the 28th of October, 1872, leaving a widow and one daughter.

MAJOR CURTISS C. GARDINER

Was born Dec. 1st, 1822, in Eaton, Madison County, N. Y. At the age of fourteen he removed, with his father's family, to Angelica, N. Y. On the fall of Fort Sumter, he was practicing law, but immediately relinquished his profession, and recruited a company of volunteers at Angelica, of which he was commissioned Captain; and the company was accepted into the State service May 13th, 1861; and on May 16th the company departed from Angelica, and reported at the State Military Depot at Elmira; and on May 21st the company was assigned to a regiment, and designated as Company "I," in the 27th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers. On the 1st of September, 1861, Captain Gardiner was promoted, to fill a vacancy, to Major of the same regiment. The records of the regiment show his military services, complete.

In the battle of Gaines' Mill, Major Gardiner was injured by a shell, but remained with the army until its retreat to Harrison's Landing, where, on the 3d of July, 1862, he was ordered sent north on Surg. Barnes' certificate of disability. On his arrival at Washington, he was granted leave of absence for thirty days, on Surgeon's certificate of disability, "on account of wounds," by S. O. No. 155, War Department, and G. O., Washington, July 7th, 1862, and returned to his home in Angelica; and in consequence of a continuance of his disability, he forwarded his resignation from the service, to the War Department, which was accepted by the Adjutant-General of the Army, July 24th, 1862.

Major Gardiner was subsequently brevetted Colonel of U. S. Volunteers, for "gallant and meritorious services during the war." In 1864 he was assigned to the U. S. Mustering and Disbursing Office at Elmira. In 1867 he was appointed U. S. Assessor of Internal Revenue of the 27th District of New York, at Elmira. In 1868, he was the Conservative candidate for Congress in the 27th District of New York. In 1873 he removed to the City of St. Louis, Mo., which is his present home.

IN MEMORIAM.



DR. NORMAN S. BARNES.

"The harp that once through Tara's halls,
Its soul of music shed;
Now hangs as mute on Tara's walls
As if that soul were dead."

When the last toll of the funeral bell dies away upon the solemn air of death, and what was mortal is laid to rest, we instinctively turn to preserve in some form the biography of the departed.

"His life was gentle, and the elements
So mixed in him that Nature might stand up,
And say to all the world, 'This was a man.'"

DR. NORMAN S. BARNES.

On Saturday morning, April 18th, 1885, Dr. Norman S. Barnes, after a severe and protracted illness, in which the highest patience and courage were shown, died at his residence, 365 Warren avenue, Chicago, Ill. His life for ten years preceding death, was filled with physical pain, having suffered at the beginning of these years an attack of paralysis of the optic nerves, terminating in the loss of sight, the result of a sunstroke received while engaged in the service of his country; and though doomed to silent meditation over this most unhappy affliction, his genial disposition shed sunshine upon an otherwise rayless sky. Born to lead and command, he was, however, of a gentle and loving mold, whose sympathies were enlisted with every good cause, and whose charities to the needy, financially and professionally, were without stint. He possessed in full those traits of character which endeared him especially to the young, for whom in all worthy pursuits and aspirations he had words of cheer and encouragement. Scores of friends will not soon forget how pleasantly his conversation, sparkling with humor and brilliancy, would entertain them for hours; nor should they forget how tenderly his ear would be given to their tales of sorrow or disappointment.

The Rev. Dr. Lawrence, of the Second Baptist Church of Chicago, assisted by representatives of the Grand Army, Post 28, conducted the last sad rites over the remains of the deceased, which were quietly and simply placed in the cemetery of Rose Hill.

Dr. Barnes was born at Avon, N. Y., in 1830, and four years subsequently was taken by his parents to their new home in Lapeer county, Mich., where the lavish mental and physical gifts that nature had bestowed upon him were nurtured to great strength through the quiet, simple and thoughtful life he led until his seventeenth year, when his ambitious spirit naturally sought a wider field for cultivation and acquaintance with the world, which was gratified by taking his departure for Rochester, N. Y., in the hope of fulfilling

a long cherished desire to enter upon the study of medicine. Without influence and with but a limited supply of money he, however, soon found favor with Dr. Treat, of Rochester into whose office he entered; but, after the lapse of a few months, the dread disease, cholera, appeared in that city, and when Levi Ward, then Mayor of Rochester, issued a public appeal for nurses, this young man quickly responded, and throughout that anxious period, won, for valiant and heroic conduct, the best opinions in particular of the medical fraternity, and their brightest predictions of his future usefulness. Following the cessation of this epidemic, he decided to enter Amherst College, Mass., that the foundation for his medical course might be made as broad as possible; but after passing two courses at Amherst, he became restless to begin the studies that would fit him for the profession of which he so earnestly wished to become a member, and consequently, at the very earliest session of the Berkshire Medical College, at Berkshire, Mass., then one of the best medical schools in the United States, he was duly installed as a student. At the age of twenty-two he graduated from this institution with high honors; and on the departure, in the same year, of its Demonstrator of Anatomy, Dr. Timothy Childs, for an extended trip in Europe, Dr. Barnes was selected to fill his post,—a position in which he continued for eight years, and was the tutor of many who are now eminent in their profession. At the beginning of the civil war, though intending at that time to make a visit to Europe, the fervor of his patriotism led him to sacrifice a valuable practice in Rochester, N. Y., to enter the 27th N. Y. Volunteers as surgeon, which position he held until the regiment was mustered out, in 1863; but not content with this service, he applied for the position of surgeon in the regular army, and as there was no vacancy in that grade, after passing the required examination at Washington, he willingly accepted the rank of Assistant Surgeon, from which, after a service of three months, he was promoted as Surgeon, and in a brief time was made Medical Director successively of the Sixth, Tenth, Eighteenth and Twenty-fourth Vol-

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unteer Army Corps, and later Medical Chief of the Department of Virginia and North Carolina, with headquarters at Norfolk, Va., positions which he filled with distinction. He retired from the army with an enviable record, in 1868.

For gallant and meritorious conduct at the battle of Fort Fisher, President Lincoln bestowed upon Dr. Barnes the rank of Lieutenant-Colonel. At the close of his army service he returned to Rochester, N. Y., but remained only a few months, going thence to Chicago, Ill., and when on the high road to success, with the certainty of achieving a distinguished professional standing in the region of his new home, the loss of sight overtook him, and doomed him in the flower of manhood, to inactivity and mournful reflection. Much may be attributed to the domestic association of Dr. Barnes, in its bearing upon his early manhood, and the source of consolation it was in his years of suffering and decline. He was united in 1856 to Miss Kitty Burbank Williams, of Deerfield, Mass., a lady of the highest cultivation and literary ability, whose death occurred in 1873. He was again united in matrimony, to Miss M. Augusta McPherson, of Chicago, in 1874, upon whom, through the long and trying sickness that followed, devolved the exacting duty of tenderly nursing and consoling her afflicted husband.

A Soldier's Dream.

BY DR. N. S. BARNES.

I sometimes dream I'm once more on the battle-field,
There, where wounds are given, and where wrongs are healed ;
Once more I hear the steady tramp of marching men,
The rushing fight, the cannon roar, through bush and glen.

Once again I hear the cannon's thundering sound :
I see its belch of fire, and feel it jar the ground ;
See once more, the cavalry charge through flame and smoke,
With carbine fire, bayonet thrust, and saber stroke.

High above clouds, on Lookout's crest, the old flag waves,
Carried by Union hands, held there by Union braves ;
And all along that crimson battle front I hear,
Ringing in the air, the glorious Union cheer.

And so unlike that horrid, shameful Rebel yell,
More like the shrieking cry from the demons of hell.
I see the surging columns advance, break and reel,
Rallying again, they meet the foemen, steel to steel.

Thus rages the combat, till, with the curtain of night,
Comes glorious victory for the Union and right ;
Again, high in the heavens, Independence sun
Looks down on a battle fought, and Gettysburg won.

With the sword's slash, cannon's shot, and with rifle lead,
The ground is strewn with the wounded and with the dead ;
I sometimes have wished, irreverent though it seem,
That there among my comrades, still that wish I mean—

That with victory won, at the close of a hard-fought day,
When all is hushed—battle shout and bloody fray ;
I might have lain me down there upon a soldier's bed,
A soldier's eternal rest, and a soldier dead.

No, not dead, but only changed to other life,
Where warring ceases, and there is an end of strife ;
Where we no longer hear the sentinel's weary tramp,
A rainbow—silver and gold, horizons the camp.

Comrades, somewhere and somehow, in that other sphere,
We will better, then, know why we have battled here ;
And if there be *rank* in the Lord's eternal plan,
'Tis moral worth, and not wealth, that will rank the man.

GEN. JOHN SEDGWICK

Was born in Cornwall, Ct., September 13, 1813, and graduated at West Point, July, 1837. In this year, as a junior Second Lieutenant of Artillery, he made a campaign against the Seminoles in Florida. Subsequently he served upon the Northern frontier, in the Canada border troubles. Young Sedgwick accompanied Scott's expedition to Vera Cruz, and participated in the battles that followed the surrender of that post, winning for gallantry displayed at Cerro Gordo, Cherebusco, Molino del Rey and Chapultepec the brevets of Captain and Major. He was present during the assault upon the Mexican capital, and at its capture. He was made Lieutenant-Colonel of Cavalry in the Second United States; afterwards, in the same year, was commissioned Colonel of the First United States Cavalry. This was in August, and in the latter part of that month he was made Brigadier-General of Volunteers.

During the fall and winter of 1861, Gen. Sedgwick commanded a brigade of Heintzleman's Division. In the Peninsula campaign, he was at the head of a division of Sumner's Corps, which participated in the siege of Yorktown, and the battle of Fair Oaks, where their arrival after a toilsome march largely contributed to the favorable ending of that engagement. His command distinguished itself at Savage's station, June 29th, and at Frazer's Farm, June 30th, where its General was wounded, as he was also three times, severely, at Antietam. The wounds received at this place deprived the nation of his services until the following December.

The changes of corps commanders which resulted from the change in the Chief Command of the Army of the Potomac, after the winter of 1862, found Gen. Sedgwick at the head of the Sixth Corps, as the Commander of which he is known to fame.

In May, 1863, he was ordered by Gen. Hooker to carry the heights of Fredericksburg, and form a junction with the main army at Chancellorsville. The town was occupied on

Sunday morning, May, 3d, with but little opposition, but the storming of the heights behind it cost the lives of several thousand men. The advance of the Sixth Corps was checked at Salem Heights, about 4 o'clock in the afternoon, by a superior force detached by Gen. Lee from the main army confronting Hooker. The force opposing Gen. Sedgwick was further strengthened the next morning, May 4th, and it was only by great skill and hard fighting that the General was able to hold his ground during the day, and to withdraw at night across the Rappahannock.

* * * * *

On the morning of June 30th, 1863, the Sixth Corps, the right of the army following Gen. Lee, was at Manchester, northwest of Baltimore, thirty-five miles from Gettysburg. The events of the hour demanding the concentration of the army at the last place, the Sixth Corps made the march thither in twenty hours, arriving before 2 P. M., July 2d. The corps participated thenceforth in the action of the 2d and 3d of July.

* * * * *

Gen. Sedgwick commanded the right of the Army of the Potomac, at Rappahannock Station, November 7th, also at Mine Run, November 26th to December 7th, 1863.

* * * * *

Gen. Sedgwick was conspicuous in the battles of the Wilderness, and those at Spottsylvania. On the 10th of May, 1864, he was killed by the bullet of a sharpshooter. He was universally beloved. In the Sixth Corps he was known as "Uncle John," and his death cast a gloom over the command, which was never dispelled. A monument, wrought of cannon captured by the Sixth Corps, was erected to his memory at West Point.

GEN. WILLIAM BUELL FRANKLIN

Was born in York, Pa., February 27th, 1823. Graduating at West Point, in June, 1843, he was assigned to the corps of topographical engineers. In the "Chihuahua Column," in the early part of Gen. Taylor's campaign in Northern Mexico, he served upon the staff of Gen. Wool. He was on the staff of the Commander-in-Chief at Buena Vista, and for "gallant and meritorious services" in that battle, was brevetted First Lieutenant.

For several years prior to 1852, he was instructor in natural and experimental philosophy, at West Point Military Academy. He subsequently filled the same chair in the College of New York. He was engineer in charge of the capitol in Washington, from November, 1859, to March, 1861. Naturally, the services of a loyal, trained soldier, so accomplished as was the subject of this sketch, were in eager demand in the spring of 1861. May 14th he was appointed Colonel of the Twelfth United States Infantry, and three days later was commissioned Brigadier-General U. S. Volunteers. Gen. Franklin commanded a brigade in Heintzleman's Division at Bull Run. During the period of organization of the Army of the Potomac, and until its movement in the spring of 1862, he commanded a division which was first assigned to McDowell's Corps. The division was detached in the spring of 1862, and joined McClellan before Yorktown. Gen. Franklin commanded at West Point, near the mouth of the Pamunkey, May 6th, 1862, and during this month organized the Sixth Army Corps, which he commanded till the following November. During this period he commanded in the affairs at Golding's Farm and White Oak Swamp, June 27th to 30th; commanded the left at South Mountain, September 14th, his troops capturing Crampton's Gap; relieved Sumner's command in the afternoon of September 17th, at Antietam. In November he assumed command of the left grand division (First and Sixth Corps), and in the battle of the 13th of December, commanded the left wing of the Army of the

Potomac. In the following September he commanded the expedition against Sabine Pass, La. In 1863-64 he commanded the troops occupying Northern Louisiana. He was with Gen. Banks at Sabine Cross Roads. In this battle Gen. Franklin was wounded, and had two horses shot under him. It was he who conducted the retreat to Alexandria, and directed Col. Bailey to make arrangements for the relief of Porter's fleet, by the Red River dam. Through the summer of 1864, on account of his wound, he was absent on sick-leave. During this period, Gen. Grant urged the appointment of Gen. Franklin to the command of the Middle Military Division. He retired from the service in 1865.

ROSTER

— of —

THE 27TH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLUNTEERS.

The following is a copy of the Muster-out Rolls of each company. The numbers following the name denote the age of the soldier when he enlisted. Where no date or remarks occur after the soldier's name, it is to be understood that he was mustered into the service with the regiment, May 21st, 1861, and discharged May 31st, 1863. The names of all recruits are followed by the date of muster.

The fact is not noted that the soldier may have been absent from his company more or less of the time on account of sickness or wounds, and afterwards returned to duty.

The original Muster-in Rolls of the regiment, on legal-cap paper, are still in the possession of Major Gardiner, and show the check-marks in pencil made by the mustering officer at the time. These show that Co. "I" was the only company with every officer and man present to answer to his name.

Co. "A,"	numbering	78	officers and men,*	had	11	absent.
" "B,"	"	77	" " " "	"	1	"
" "C,"	"	81	" " " "	"	2	"
" "D,"	"	81	" " " "	"	6	"
" "E,"	"	77	" " " "	"	8	"
" "F,"	"	85	" " " "	"	3	"
" "G,"	"	81	" " " "	"	1	"
" "H,"	"	83	" " " "	"	19	"
" "I,"	"	77	" " " "	"	0	"
" "K,"	"	77	" " " "	"	6	"

* Nine borrowed men were included in Co. "A."

The total number on the first Muster Roll, including field and staff, was 809.

FIELD AND STAFF OFFICERS.

COLONELS.

1. Henry W. Slocum, promoted to Brigadier-General, Sept. 1, 1861; to Major-General, July 4, 1862.
2. Joseph J. Bartlett, promoted from Major to Colonel, Sept. 1, 1861; to Brigadier-General, October 4, 1862.
3. Alexander D. Adams, promoted from Captain of Co. "B" to Lieutenant-Colonel, Sept. 1, 1861; to Colonel, October 4, 1862.

LIEUTENANT-COLONELS.

1. Joseph J. Chambers, resigned August 9, 1861.
2. Alexander D. Adams, promoted to Colonel.
3. Joseph H. Bodine, promoted from First Lieutenant to Captain of Co. "H," February 6, 1862; to Major, July 24, 1862; to Lieutenant-Colonel, October 4, 1862.

MAJORS.

1. Joseph J. Bartlett, promoted to Colonel.
2. Curtiss C. Gardiner, promoted from Captain of Co. "I," September 1, 1861. Resigned, July 24, 1862, on account of disability resulting from wounds received in the battle at Gaines' Mill.
3. Joseph H. Bodine, promoted to Lieutenant-Colonel.
4. George G. Wanzer, promoted from Captain of Co. "E" to Major, October 4, 1862.

ADJUTANTS.

1. John P. Jenkins, resigned, November, 1861.
2. Melville W. Goodrich, promoted from First Sergeant of Co. "B" to Adjutant, December 1, 1861. Dismissed, August 30, 1862.
3. Charles E. Thompson, promoted from Private of Co. "D" to Sergeant-Major, November 1, 1861; to Adjutant, August 30, 1862.

QUARTERMASTERS.

1. James A. Hamilton, resigned, October 7, 1862. Captured by the rebel General Stewart, while on his way home.
2. James P. Kirby, promoted to Corporal, November 1, 1861; to Sergeant, February 8, 1862; to Lieutenant and Quartermaster, from Co. "D," October 7, 1862. Discharged by General Orders, No. 2, Nov. 22, 1862.
3. Texas Angel, promoted from Private to Commissary-Sergeant, from Co. "I," July 1, 1861; to Second Lieutenant, February 6, 1862; to First Lieutenant, September 26, 1862; to Lieutenant and Quartermaster, November 22, 1862.

SURGEONS.

1. Norman S. Barnes, Surgeon from enrollment.

SURGEON'S MATE.

1. Barnett W. Morse, resigned, July 19, 1862.

ASSISTANT SURGEON.

1. William H. Stuart, Assistant-Surgeon from enrollment, Aug. 15, 1862.

CHAPLAINS.

1. D. D. Buck, mustered July 1, 1861. Resigned, Feb. 26, 1862.
2. John G. Webster, mustered Oct. 1, 1862. Resigned March 18, 1863.

NON-COMMISSIONED STAFF.

SERGEANT-MAJORS.

1. Charles L. Gaul, promoted from Sergeant-Major to Second Lieutenant of Co. "B," September 1, 1861. Died of disease, August 20, 1862.
2. William H. H. Brainard, promoted from Private of Co. "D," to Sergeant-Major, September 1, 1861; reduced to the ranks, Oct. 31, 1861.
3. Clarke E. Ellis, promoted from Private of Co. "B," to Sergeant-Major, August 30, 1862.
4. Charles E. Thompson, promoted to Adjutant.

QUARTERMASTER-SERGEANTS.

1. Lewis C. Bartlett, discharged for disability, August, 1861. Re-enlisted in Co. "A."
2. Benjamin S. Coffin, promoted to Corporal of Co. "G," November 1, 1861; to Quartermaster Sergeant, March 1, 1862.

COMMISSARY SERGEANTS.

1. Texas Angel, mustered July 1, 1861; promoted from Private of Co. "I," to Sergeant, September 1, 1861, to Commissary Sergeant, March 1, 1862.
2. Daniel P. Newell, mustered Aug. 2, 1861; promoted from Co. "K."

HOSPITAL STEWARDS.

1. W. Fitch Cheency, promoted from Private of Co. "E," to Hospital Steward, June 1, 1861. Discharged for disability, March 1, 1862.
2. Daniel W. Bosley, promoted from Private of Co. "E," to Hospital Steward, March 1, 1862.

DRUM MAJOR.

1. George H. Cook, mustered out of service, October 18, 1862.

PRINCIPAL MUSICIAN.

1. Fred Bender, promoted from Corporal of Co. "E," June 30, 1861. Mustered out of service, October 18, 1862.

COMPANY "A."

CAPTAINS.

1. William M. Blakely, 25, First Lieutenant to June 1, 1861, then Captain to February 8, 1862, when he resigned.
2. Edwin D. Comstock, 21, transferred and promoted from First Lieutenant of Co. "D," to Captain of Co. "A," February 8, 1862.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

1. Henry Ford, 29, Second Lieutenant to June 1, 1862, then First Lieutenant to August 1, 1862, when he resigned.
2. Thomas W. Dick, 32, First Sergeant to June 1, 1861, then Second Lieutenant to August 20, 1861, then First Lieutenant to January 30, 1862, when he resigned.
3. Benjamin Rankin, 30, mustered February 18, 1862, appointed First Lieutenant, February 18, 1862, resigned July 27, 1862.
4. Lewis C. Bartlett, 20, mustered August 1, 1862, appointed First Lieutenant August 1, 1862, detailed on Gen. Bartlett's Staff.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

1. James C. Croft, 25, Second Sergeant to June 1, 1861, then First Sergeant to August 20, 1861, then Second Lieutenant to January 30, 1862, when he resigned.
2. Nicholas Christman, 21, Third Sergeant to June 1, 1861, Second Sergeant to March 2, 1862, then Second Lieutenant to November 20, 1862, when he resigned.
3. Alexander McKay, 29, Private to September 19, 1861, then Corporal to January 1, 1862, then Sergeant to November 20, 1862, then Second Lieutenant to March 20, 1863, then mustered out.
4. John C. Fairchild, 22, Corporal to March 1, 1862, then Sergeant to March 20, 1863, then Second Lieutenant.

SERGEANTS.

1. Joseph Fitzgerald, 22, Private to April 1, 1862, then Sergeant.
2. William Nicholson, 23, Private to January 1, 1862, then Corporal to November 20, 1862, then Sergeant.
3. James Reed, 22, Private to January 1, 1863, then Corporal to November 20, 1863, then Sergeant.
4. Albert Blakely, Corporal to Nov. 2, 1861, then Sergeant.

CORPORALS.

1. Thomas Riley, 20, promoted to Corporal, Dec. 1, 1862.
2. William D. Gilleo, 23.
3. Richard Champenois, 18, promoted July 1, 1862.
4. Andrew J. Beisinger, 19, promoted July 21, 1862.
5. Henry Zorn, 28, promoted July 21, 1862.
6. Norman P. Brown, 24, mustered Feb. 25, 1862, promoted July 21, 1862.
7. Samuel Murdock, 22, mustered December 6, 1861, promoted March 1, 1863.
8. Alonzo E. Harding, 18, mustered March 17, 1862, promoted March 1, 1863.

MUSICIANS.

1. John Horton, 25, mustered June 25, 1861.
2. Charles Jessup, mustered September 1, 1861.

PRIVATES.

1. Albaugh, Isaac, 21, mustered September 1, 1861.
2. Buckley, William, 34.
3. Barnes, John, 33.
4. Burns, Patrick, 18.
5. Burns, James, 19.
6. Bunyea, Albert, 21.
7. Crawford, James R. T., 30.
8. Collard, Augustus, 23.
9. Conklin, Abram G., 25.
10. Craigin, George W., 23.
11. Cronan, Timothy, 24.
12. Dykeman, Albert, 20.
13. Delavan, Charles H., 19, mustered September 1, 1861.
14. Dick, Charles W., 22.

PRIVATES—*Continued.*

15. Demarest, Charles, 18, mustered July 10, 1861, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, returned to regiment, April 30, 1863.
16. Felter, William H., 21, mustered March 4, 1861.
17. Gale, George, 19.
18. Green, Lawrence, 23.
19. Harris, Samuel, 18.
20. Jones, William, 18.
21. Lavinus, Abram F., 18.
22. Lavinus, George, 23, mustered July 10, 1861.
23. Martin, William, 22.
24. McLean, Robert, 35, mustered July 10, 1861.
25. McAinch, Daniel, 22.
26. O'Brien, Andrew, 28.
27. Pattison, Henry D., 18, mustered July 10, 1861.
28. Quinn, Christopher, 21.
29. Reynolds, Edward, 22.
30. Shaugnessy, John, 22.
31. Stokem, Alexander, 36, mustered Aug. 20, 1861.
32. Smith, Willard, 25, mustered July 10, 1861.
33. Williamson, James, 24.
34. Whiston, Charles B., 28.
35. Wright, Lewis, 25.
36. White, Martin, 39, mustered July 10, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1. Billings, George, 18, discharged February 10, 1863.
2. Cole, John, 26, mustered Sept. 1, 1861, discharged Feb. 10, 1863.
3. Dibble, William, 26, discharged October 31, 1862.
4. Dixon, John, 26, mustered Nov. 18, 1861, discharged Feb. 5, 1863.
5. Driscoll, Timothy, 40, mustered Sept. 1, 1861, disch. Nov. 20, 1862.
6. Evans, John, 26, discharged May 15, 1863.
7. Fisher, David G., 22, mustered July 10, 1861, disch. July 14, 1863.
8. Gray, Charles, 18, mustered July 10, 1861, discharged Mar. 29, 1862.
9. Johnson, John, 32, discharged September 1, 1861.
10. Kane, John, 21, discharged October 25, 1861.
11. Mason, Nathaniel, 45, mustered July 10, 1861, discharged December 24, 1862.
12. Pride, Theodore, 21, mustered September 6, 1861, discharged February 10, 1863.
13. Purdy, Eugene, 18, discharged March 25, 1862.
14. Riker, William H., 23, discharged August 20, 1862.
15. Sweeney, James, 25, mustered July 10, 1861, disch. Oct. 25, 1862.
16. Travis, William, 18, discharged March 25, 1862.
17. Thompson, Samuel M., 24, mustered March 4, 1862, discharged December 12, 1862.
18. Wright, John, 23, discharged July 10, 1862.
19. Wright, Nathaniel, mustered July 10, 1861, discharged May 25, 1862.

TRANSFERRED.

1. Frazer, Henry, 20, transferred to Co. "H," September 10, 1861, by order of Col. Bartlett.
2. Tucker, Jacob, 21, transferred to Co. "K," June, 20, 1861, by order of Col. Bartlett.

DIED.

1. Burke, Charles, 24, mustered July 9, 1861, died October 16, 1861.
2. Cantlin, John, 26, mustered February 20, 1862, killed in battle of Crampton's Pass, September 14, 1862.
3. Hawkins, Thomas, 33, accidentally shot, November 27, 1862, at Alexandria, Va.
4. Hoyt, Jesse, 20, mustered July 10, 1861, died in hospital, Hagerstown, Md., October 20, 1862.
5. Murden, Jerry, 22, mustered July 10, 1861; murdered in Elmira, N. Y., July 21, 1861.
6. Newman, John, 36, died in hospital, March 11th, 1862.
7. Simminton, John, 25, mustered July 10, 1861, died in hospital, January 12, 1862.
8. Walker, Henry H., 20, died in hospital, Philadelphia, August 22, 1862, from wounds received at Gaines' Mill.

DESERTED.

1. Boyer, John G., 21, mustered Feb. 25, 1862, deserted May 20, 1862.
2. Chamberlain, John, 19, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, deserted June 18, 1862.
3. Corney, George, 21, from battle-field of Antietam, Sept. 16, 1862.
4. De Noyelles, Levi L., 18, from battle-field of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
5. Farrington, Daniel D., 25, mustered July 10, 1861, from Alexandria, Va., Sept. 16, 1862.
6. Huver, John, 28, mustered July 10, 1861, from Alexandria, Va., April 20, 1862.
7. Lent, Cyrus, 22, from Washington, D. C., August 22, 1862.
8. Nais, George W., 23, Elmira, June 18, 1861.
9. Shaffer, Lewis, Sergt., 20, from Alexandria, Va., August 20, 1862.
10. Shreaves, Charles, 23, from Alexandria, Va., Oct. 22, 1861.
11. Sloat, Jesse B., 19, from battle-field of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
12. Washington, James F., 24, from Antietam, September 16, 1862.

DROPPED FROM THE ROLLS,

(In accordance with General Order No. 162, Hqs. Army of the Potomac.)

1. Barret, Elias, 22, taken prisoner at battle Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
2. Sherwood, Aaron, 21.
3. Smith, Thomas, 19, taken prisoner, battle Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
4. Miller, Samuel, 21, Musician.
5. Bronson, James, 21.

COMPANY "B."

CAPTAINS.

1. Alexander D. Adams, 28, Captain from enrollment to Sept. 1, 1861, then Lieutenant-Colonel to Oct. 4, 1862, then Colonel.
2. Henry R. White, 27, First Lieutenant from enrollment to Sept. 1, 1861, then Captain. Wounded in battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

1. William H. Swan, 44, Second Lieutenant from enrollment to Sept. 1, 1861, then First Lieutenant to July 24, 1862, then Captain Co. "H" until March, 1863, then resigned.
2. William C. Belden, 19, Corporal to Sept. 1, 1861, then Fifth Sergeant to Dec. 1, 1861, then Fourth Sergeant to Aug. 5, 1862, then Second Sergeant to July 25, 1862, then First Lieutenant, to Jan. 4, 1863, then resigned. Lost left arm in the battle of Crampton's Pass, Sept. 14, 1862.
3. Crosby Hopkins, 30, Third Sergeant to August 20, 1862, then Second Lieutenant to Jan. 4, 1863, then First Lieutenant.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

1. Charles L. Gaul, 26, Sergeant-Major to Sept. 1, 1861, then Second Lieutenant to Aug. 20, 1862, then died of disease, at New York city.
2. Charles Sherman 22, Fourth Sergeant to Dec. 1, 1861, then Third Sergeant to August 5, 1862, then First Sergeant to Jan. 4, 1863 then Second Lieutenant.

SERGEANTS.

1. George M. Belden, 21, Private from enrollment to Sept. 1, 1861, then Corporal to Dec. 1, 1861, then Fifth Sergeant to Aug. 5, 1862, then Third Sergeant to Jan. 4, 1863, then First Sergeant.
2. William Shattuck, 22, promoted to Corporal, Sept. 1, 1861, to Third Sergeant, Sept. 1, 1862, to Second Sergeant, Jan. 4, 1863.
3. John C. Hooper, 26, promoted to Corporal Dec. 1, 1861, to Fourth Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862, to Third Sergeant Jan. 4, 1863, wounded at Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863.
4. James C. Bowen, 23, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1861, then to ranks Dec. 1, 1861, then Fifth Sergeant to Jan. 4, 1863, then Fourth Sergt.
5. William Rooker, 25, promoted from Corporal to Fifth Sergeant Jan. 4, 1863.

CORPORALS.

1. John D. McVicar, 21, wounded in battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
2. Almeron Crannell, 20, promoted to Corporal August 1, 1862. Taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
3. John Fosmire, 24, promoted to Corporal August 1, 1862.
4. James Ellison, 26, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1862.
5. Joseph C. Sampson, 24, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1862.
6. Franklin Hecox, 19, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1862.
7. George C. Rooker, 18, promoted to Corporal Sept., 1862.
8. Wm. H. McIntyre, 20, promoted to Corporal Jan. 4, 1863.

PRIVATES.

1. Allen, Willard, 18.
2. Althen, Charles, 19.
3. Adams, Lewis, 19, dropped and restored.
4. Braden, Joseph A., 21.
5. Brott, William, 18.
6. Brown, Henry W., 26, wounded in battle of Fredericksburg, May 3d, 1863.
7. Bulyea, Francis, 18.
8. Buell, Dexter, 19, mustered July 5, 1861.
9. Cassidy, Andrew, 28.
10. Czerney, Godfred, 28, mustered July 5, 1861.
11. Dishrow, Robert, 19, taken prisoner May 4, 1863, battle of Fredericksburg.
12. Durkee, Robert M., 20.
13. Durkee, James, 27.
14. Dwinnell, Roderick, 20.
15. Dwinnell, Myron H., 18.
16. Dunn, Gibson, 20.
17. Eames, John C., 31.
18. Ehret, Michael, mustered Nov. 28, 1861.
19. Foster, George, 34, mustered Nov. 28, 1861.
20. Hill, Sylvester C., 21.
21. Hilliard, Thomas, 49, mustered July 5, 1861.
22. Jensee, Charles K., 39, mustered July 5, 1861.
23. Knoblock, John, 18.
24. Klumpp, George, 18, mustered Nov. 27, 1861.
25. Lehuert, George, 18.
26. Lawrence, Raymond D., 18, dropped from rolls, and restored May 11, 1863.
27. Murphy, Cornelius W., 21.
28. Murphy, Patrick, 18, mustered July 5, 1861.
29. McCumber, Edwin, 18, mustered Nov. 26, 1861.
30. Mahaney, James, 19, mustered July 5, 1861.
31. Odell, Charles, 22.
32. Puffer, Charles A., 18.
33. Potter, Henry, 31, taken sick August 28, 1862, in hospital till Dec. 15, 1862.
34. Pudney, Richard D., 19, dropped from the rolls, and restored, April 17, 1863.
35. Roeling, William, 19.
36. Rooker, Henry, 20.
37. Smith, William, 18.
38. Smith, John T., 20.
39. Sherman, LaFayette, 19, taken prisoner, Dec. 12, 1862, and parolled.
40. Snitzel, John H., 18.
41. Snedaker, James W., 21.
42. Tindall, George W., 26.

PRIVATES.—*Continued.*

43. Titling, Thomas H., 20.
44. Thomas, William, 25.
45. Walrath, George H., taken prisoner, May 4, 1863, at Fredericksb'g.
46. Westfall, David, 22.
47. Williams, George W., 10.
48. Westfall, Martin, 21.
49. Whitney, Myron H., 22.
50. Zimmerman, Augustus, 18.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1. Bullock, Royal J., 44, discharged Dec. 29, 1862.
2. Betts, Thomas S., 21, discharged Aug. 14, 1861.
3. Cosart, John H., 17, discharged Aug. 26, 1861. Minor.
4. Carey, John E., 18, discharged Feb. 18, 1863.
5. Foster, Edward P., discharged Aug. 10, 1861.
6. Hill, Eben L., 18, discharged Aug. 14, 1861.
7. Jones David, 25, mustered July 5, 1861, discharged April 14, 1862.
8. Klumpp, Theodore, 19, mustered July 5, 1861, discharged June 19, 1862.
9. King, Thomas, 24, mustered Nov. 25, 1861, wounded in battle of Gaines' Mill, discharged Dec. 31, 1862.
10. Leonard, Ambrose, 19, discharged April 5, 1862.
11. Leach, Edwin, 18, discharged Nov. 21, 1862.
12. Miller, Otto, 32, discharged Dec. 29, 1862.
13. Rhodenback, Jacob, 22, discharged Oct. 25, 1862.
14. Snilling, William, 22, discharged Dec. 17, 1862.
15. Smith, George N., 18, mustered July 5, 1861, disch'd Jan. 7, 1863.
16. Vosburgh, William, 19, discharged April 29, 1862.
17. Van Amburgh, Abram, 25, discharged August 3, 1862.
18. Vaughan, James, 33, wounded in battle of Gaines' Mill, discharged Sept. 13, 1862.
19. Wiley, Jonathan G., 21, discharged Oct. 1, 1861.
20. Williams, Seneca, 19, mustered July 5, 1861, disch'd July 12, 1862.

TRANSFERRED.

1. Ellis, Clark C., 23, promoted to Sergeant Major, Aug. 30, 1862.
2. Goodrich, Melville W., 27, promoted to Adjutant Dec. 1, 1861, dismissed Aug. 30, 1862.
3. Holmes, Robert E., 21, promoted to First Sergeant Dec. 1, 1861; Aug. 5, 1862, to Second Lieutenant in 108th New York, and killed at Antietam, Sept. 17, 1862.

DIED.

1. Allee, Edward, 21, wounded and taken prisoner in the battle of Gaines' Mill, exchanged, and died July 29, 1862.
2. Anderson, Rowland B., 23, July 2, 1862, died of wounds received in battle of Gaines' Mill.
3. Brink, Chester, 38, prisoner, died in Richmond, July 2, 1862.

DIED—*Continued.*

4. Dunn, Charles, 18, died of disease, Dec. 2, 1861.
5. Hennington, Edward, 18, died of disease, Nov. 20, 1862.
6. Keesler, Alfred, 21, died of disease, Dec. 15, 1861.
7. Laper, Frederick, 35, died of disease, Oct. 13, 1862.
8. Mills, Joseph, 21, died of disease, Dec. 13, 1861.
9. Morey, George, 23, mustered Nov. 27, 1861, died of disease, April 3, 1862.
10. McElvain, William, 18, mustered July 5, 1861, died July 2, 1862, of wounds received in battle of Gaines' Mills.
11. Strickland, Lewis C., 18, died July 2, 1862, of wounds received in the battle of Gaines' Mill.
12. Seavey, Joseph, 23, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1861, killed in battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.

DESERTED.

1. Blynn, Chauncey, —, mustered July 5, 1861, deserted Aug. 13, 1861.
2. Fingleton, John 21, deserted Aug. 30, 1862.
3. Fossett, Samuel, —, mustered July 5, 1861, deserted July 22, 1861.
4. Graves, Geo. C., 24, mustered Nov. 28, 1861, deserted Aug. 30, 1862.
5. Martens, Adolph, 30, deserted July 22, 1861.
6. Phillips, Andrew, —, mustered July 5, 1861, deserted July 26, 1861.
7. Richardson, David, —, mustered July 5, 1861, deserted Aug. 13, '61.

DROPPED.

1. Lake, Abram, mustered Nov. 29, 1861, whereabouts unknown.
2. Metzker, Jacob, 44, Nov. 29, 1861, supposed to have been killed in the battle of Gaines' Mill.
3. Thorn, Samuel, 25, whereabouts unknown.
4. Weaver, Spencer C., 21, in hospital, Fort Schuyler.

COMPANY "C."

CAPTAINS.

1. Joseph J. Bartlett, 26, Captain from enrollment to May 21, 1861; then Major until Sept. 1, 1861; promoted to Brigadier-General Oct. 4, 1862.
2. Edward L. Lewis, 21, First Lieutenant from enrollment to May 21, 1861; then Captain until Aug. 2, 1861; then resigned.
3. Charles A. Wells, 19, Second Lieutenant from enrollment until May 21, 1861; then First Lieutenant to Sept. 1, 1861; then Captain. Assigned to duty as Ordnance Officer, 1st Div., 6th Corps, Apr. 20, 1863.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

1. George H. Hurd, discharged Feb. 23, 1862, by order Gen. McClellan.
2. James M. Watson, 20, promoted from Third Sergeant Feb. 15, 1862, in command of the Company after July 2, 1862.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

1. James King, 20, mustered Feb. 5, 1861, promoted from Private Sept. 1, 1861, resigned March 8, 1862.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS—*Continued.*

2. John E. Ronk, 18, promoted from Fourth Sergeant May 7, 1862, wounded at Gaines' Mill, resigned Nov. 13, 1862.

3. Eli S. Watson, 26, promoted from Corporal to First Sergeant May 7, 1862, to Second Lieutenant Nov. 13, 1862.

SERGEANTS.

1. Joshua V. N. Williams, 18, promoted to First Sergeant Nov. 13, '62.

2. Frederick L. Gleason, 23, promoted from Corporal May 7, 1862.

3. Gilbert Mix, 22, promoted from Private Dec. 3, 1862.

4. Robert Way, 20, mustered July 5, 1861, promoted from Private Dec. 3, 1862.

5. Allen Banks, 29, mustered July 5, 1861, promoted from Private Nov. 13, 1862.

CORPORALS.

1. Orlan Harmon, 36, promoted May 7, 1862.

2. George W. F. Fanning, 22, promoted May 7, 1862, taken prisoner at Bull Run.

3. Howard Evans, 21, mustered Oct. 18, 1861, promoted May 7, 1862.

4. Alvin Gibbs, 25, mustered July 5, 1861, promoted Dec. 3, 1862.

5. John Stowell, 20, mustered Sept. 1, 1861, promoted Dec. 3, 1862.

6. Alexander Bailey, 23, promoted Jan. 24, 1863.

7. Charles F. Yenne, 20, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, returned Dec. 10, 1862, promoted Jan. 24, 1863.

8. Alonzo C. Taft, 19, promoted Jan. 24, 1863.

MUSICIANS.

1. Lewis W. Chichester, 30.

2. Claude Denpsey, 20.

PRIVATES.

1. Austin, William C., 25.

2. Abell, Oramel D., 23.

3. Anson, John, 26, mustered July 5, 1861.

4. Allard, Andrew H., 20, mustered Oct. 12, 1861.

5. Adams, Martin H., 20.

6. Bacon, Orville, 20.

7. Bowker, William H., 25.

8. Benson, Henry N., 18.

9. Benson, Isaac, 21, mustered Sept. 1, 1861, absent (sick) from Sept. 15, 1862, to May 5, 1863.

10. Brown, David, 21.

11. Brown, Simon, 19.

12. Black, Sherlock F., 20.

13. Burrows, Worcester S., 20, mustered July 5, 1861.

14. Barlow, Abel J., 21, mustered Oct. 16, 1861.

15. Burrows, George W., 18, mustered Oct. 17, 1861.

16. Bixby, Calvin H., 24.

17. Boyden, John, 19, taken prisoner at Bull Run.

18. Case, S. Girard, 24.

PRIVATE—*Continued.*

19. Clow, John, 21, mustered Sept. 30, 1861.
20. Dorn, John, 19.
21. Driscoll, Michael, 21.
22. Divine, Eber S., 22, mustered Oct. 6, 1861.
23. Fowler, Harvey C., 22, mustered Oct. 12, 1861.
24. French, Jonathan, 21.
25. Gillick, Thomas, 21.
26. Groat, Simon, 28.
27. Hokirk, Oliver, 21.
28. Johnson, Levi R., 19.
29. Jay, William S., 18.
30. Lambert, Clark, 19.
31. Lovejoy, George, 43, mustered Oct. 18, 1861.
32. Lovelace, James F., 25, mustered Oct. 16, 1861.
33. Leonard, Charles R., mustered Oct. 12, 1861.
34. Lakin, James C., 24, mustered Sept. 30, 1861.
35. Lull, Harrison, 19, mustered Feb. 5, 1861.
36. Millmore, Patrick, 22.
37. Martin, Robert, 18.
38. Pratt, Francis, 19, mustered Feb. 5, 1861.
39. Post, Lewis J., 21, mustered Oct. 17, 1861.
40. Sterling, Melvin F., 27.
41. Short, Joseph, 32.
42. Southworth, Charles, 27, mustered July 5, 1861.
43. Stoutenburg, Lawrence N., 20, mustered Sept. 23, 1861.
44. Tripp, William H., 19, mus'd Oct. 28, 1861, dropped, and restored.
45. Vandervoort, John, 23, mustered Oct. 17, 1861.
46. Van Alstine, William H., 35, taken prisoner at Bull Run.
47. Whitman, Albert G., 23.
48. Whitney, Franklin, 19.
49. Walker, Abram, 27, mustered Oct. 12, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1. Blan, Morris P., 22, Corporal, discharged Jan. 5, 1863.
2. Ballard, Lewis W., 29, discharged Aug. 12, 1861.
3. Blanshan, Everett, 18, mustered Oct. 12, 1861, discharged Feb. 9, 1863.
4. Burrows, Avery W., 21, mustered Oct. 17, 1861, discharged Feb. 6, 1863.
5. Butler, John W., 19, discharged Jan. 28, 1863.
6. Coe, Henry, 21, discharged March 28, 1862.
7. Crumb, Samuel B., 19, musician, discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
8. Conrow, Jacob, 44, mustered Oct. 16, 1861, discharged Jan. 5, 1863.
9. Cafferty, Edward M., 19, discharged Aug. 12, 1861.
10. Durand, Frederick, 18, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, wounded in battle of Crampton's Pass, discharged March 14, 1863.
11. Hokirk, George, 18, discharged Sept. 30, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY—*Continued.*

12. Hulse, Hiram W., 44, mustered Oct. 16, 1861, discharged Feb. 10, 1862, on account of injuries received while in line of duty.
13. Hotchkiss, Horatio G., 30, mustered Oct. 16, 1861, discharged April 25, 1862.
14. Hangi, Joseph, 30, discharged April 14, 1863.
15. Lynch, Thomas, 44, mustered Oct. 23, 1861, discharged Dec. 3, 1862; old age; fifth enlistment.
16. Lakin, Chester, 26, mustered July 5, 1861, discharged Oct. 12, 1862, loss of finger by accident.
17. Landphier, Deronda, 18, mustered July 5, 1861, discharged Aug. 6, 1861.
18. McGuire, Michael, 20, mustered July 5, 1861, discharged Jan. 10, 1862.
19. Perry, Charles, 18, discharged Jan. 10, 1862.
20. Potter, Wm. H., 22, mustered Feb. 5, '61, discharged Aug. 12, 1862.
21. Schramm, Charles B., 33, discharged Oct. 31, 1862.
22. Service, Charles W., mustered Feb. 5, 1861, discharged Aug. 8, 1861.
23. Tompkins, William H., 24, discharged Dec. 28, 1861.
24. Tompkins, Thomas W., 20, discharged Aug. 6, 1861.
25. Wheeler, Henry O., 21, Sergeant, mustered Feb. 5, 1861, discharged Jan. 17, 1862.

DIED.

1. Andrews, George M., 19, taken prisoner at battle of Bull Run, died in Richmond, Va., Aug. 15, 1861.
2. Butler, George, 19, taken prisoner at Bull Run, parolled in May, 1862, died Aug. 21, 1862.
3. Clark, Jason B., 20, died June 10, 1861, at Elmira, N. Y.
4. Green, Martin, 28, died Dec. 11, 1861.
5. Maine, Cornelius W., 23, Sergeant, died Dec. 23, 1862.
6. Shaw, Jas. G., 39, mustered October 24, 1861, died March 29, 1862.
7. Ward, James B., 33, mustered Oct. 16, 1861, died July, 1862, after having been parolled.

KILLED IN ACTION.

1. Butler, John, 19, at battle Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
2. Coe, John, 20, at battle Fredericksburg, Va., May 4, 1863.
3. Esterbrook, Samuel, 21, at battle Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
4. Miller, Norman S., 23, at battle Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
5. Parker, William H., 20, at battle Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.

DESERTED.

1. Bartholemew, James, 25, deserted Aug. 7, 1861.
2. Davis, George, 21, deserted Aug. 14, 1861.
3. Dalton, Gilbert, 36, mustered Oct. 28, 1861, deserted Jan. 25, 1862.
4. Gaffeny, John, 18, mustered Oct. 7, 1861, deserted Sept. 17, 1862.
5. Hill, John, 38, deserted Aug. 21, 1861.
6. Larkin, Daniel W., 28, deserted April 15, 1862.

DESERTED—*Continued.*

7. Leonard, Theodore M., 20, Sergeant, deserted Oct. 2, 1861.
8. Richmond, Edwin S., 19, deserted September, 1861.
9. Twitchell, Theodore, 22, deserted Aug. 11, 1861.
10. Warner, Samuel H., 33, deserted July 21, 1861.

DROPPED.

1. Barnes, William, 25, taken prisoner at Bull Run.
2. Barwise, James, 21, nurse in hospital at Fortress Monroe.
3. Dunn, Geo. W., 21, Sergeant, taken prisoner at Bull Run, parolled in May, 1862, commissioned as Captain 100th New York Regiment.
4. Davis, Eugene M., 24, Sergeant, taken prisoner at Bull Run, parolled in May, 1862, commissioned as Captain 100th New York Regiment.

TRANSFERRED.

1. Carner, Charles E., 22, transferred to the Second Regular Battery.

COMPANY "D."

CAPTAINS.

1. Hiram C. Rogers, 20, promoted to A.A.G. on Gen. Slocum's staff, July 20, 1862.
2. Albert G. Northrop, 27, was Sergeant to July 21, 1861, Second Lieutenant to July 2, 1862, Captain to Nov. 27, 1862, when he resigned.
3. Albert M. Tyler, 26, was private to July 20, 1862, then Second Lieutenant till Nov. 27, 1862, then Captain, assigned to duty as Assistant Commissioner of Muster, Hdqrs. First Div., Sixth Corps, April 20, 1863.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

1. Henry C. Jackson, 26, resigned Aug. 7, 1861.
2. Edwin D. Comstock, 21, Sergeant to Aug. 7, 1861, then First Lieutenant. Feb. 8 promoted to Captain of Co. "A."
3. George A. Dickson, 24, promoted to First Sergeant Sept. 1, 1861; to First Lieut. Feb. 8, 1862. Dismissed by order President, Oct. 11, 1862.
4. William M. Nimbs, 21, promoted Oct. 11, 1862, from Sergeant in Co. "H" to First Lieutenant of Co. "D."

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

1. Asa Park, 35, killed in battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
2. Charles N. Elliott, 18, promoted to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1861; to Second Lieutenant Nov. 27, 1862.

SERGEANTS.

1. Oliver A. Kilmer, 22, promoted to Corporal Nov. 1, 1861, then Sergeant May 6, 1862.
2. Chancey J. Durfee, 25, promoted from Private Sept. 1, 1861.
3. Edward M. Watson, 23, promoted from Corporal Sept. 1, 1862.
4. Frank Coleman, 18, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1861; to Sergeant March 1, 1863.

SERGEANTS—*Continued.*

5. Charles B. Fairchild, 19, taken prisoner at battle Bull Run, July 21, 1861; parolled May 22, 1862; returned to regiment Oct. 4, 1862; promoted from Corporal March 1, 1863.

CORPORALS.

1. Lewis Walton, 34, promoted Sept. 1, 1862.
2. Lewis H. Brown, 18, mustered July 4, 1861; promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
3. Henry M. Crocker, 18, promoted Nov. 1, 1861.
4. Geo. O. Pratt, 18, mustered Aug. 22, 1861; promoted Sept. 12, 1862.
5. Wm. H. Siple, 20, mustered Aug. 26, 1861; promoted Sept. 12, 1862.
6. Wm. E. Johnson, 23, mustered Oct. 3, 1861; promoted Mch. 1, 1863.
7. Wm. H. Gray, 22, promoted March 1, 1863.
8. Williams, Elijah P., 18, promoted to Corporal, Feb. 8, 1862.

MUSICIANS.

1. Charles Winter, 22.
2. Charles VanHorn, 19.

PRIVATEs.

1. Aylsworth, William J., —, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
2. Burrows, John W., 24.
3. Bentley, Francis, 36.
4. Cole, Russell S., 21.
5. Crawford, Alexander, 20, mustered Sept. 30, 1861.
6. Case, John G., 20, mustered Aug. 30, 1861, dropped, and restored to roll, having been absent, sick in hospital.
7. Dickinson, Alonzo, 23, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
8. Dickinson, Reuben H., 25.
9. Dyer, Pardee S., 28, mustered Sept. 1, 1861, dropped, absent, sick in hospital, returned May 20, 1863.
10. Fagen, James P., 20.
11. Fowler, Frederick, 22.
12. Finch, Abiel, 28.
13. Forker, Richard, 20, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
14. Gage, Aaron W., 21.
15. Gorman, Matthias, 22.
16. Harding, Charles A., 23.
17. Hobbs, Jonas, 35, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
18. Hurlburt, George E., 21, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
19. Johnson, William E., 18, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
20. Kilmer, George L., 18, mustered March 20, 1862.
21. Lay, William H., 24.
22. McLaughlin, John, 24.
23. Minkler, Jesse, 34, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
24. Moore, James E., 18, mustered Oct. 12, 1861.
25. Paddleford, Zael, 24, mustered May 24, 1861.
26. Pratt, David, 24, mustered Aug. 27, 1861.
27. Platt, Charles W., 20, taken prisoner at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, parolled May 3, 1862, dropped, and restored to roll, Mar. 30, 1863.

PRIVATES—*Continued.*

28. Reid, Edwin S., 18, dropped, and restored to roll.
29. Spencer, Benjamin F., 24.
30. Spencer, Nelson, 21.
31. Spencer, William W., 27.
32. Spendley, William J., 20.
33. Slater, Charles, 19, accidentally wounded, absent, sick in hospital since Jan. 10, 1863.
34. Scott, Arthur, 18, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
35. Seymour, Albert, 19, mustered Oct. 3, 1861.
36. Smith, Henry M., 25, mustered Sept. 30, 1862.
37. Sampson, William P., 19, wounded and taken prisoner at battle of Bull Run.
38. Tanner, Watson B., 23, mustered Oct. 12, 1861.
39. Webber, Charles, 22.
40. Wilkins, John, 30.
41. Williams, Daniel F., 19, mustered July 4, 1861.
42. Whitteley, L. Hibbard, 20, mustered July 4, 1861.
43. Wilson, Benton H., 18.
44. White, Addison G., 28, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
45. Whitehead, James, 23, mustered Oct. 1, 1861.
46. Winchell, 21, Samuel, mustered Oct. 5, 1861.
47. Waldorff, Henry, 31, mustered Oct. 12, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1. Bartram, William H., 22, First Sergeant, discharged Aug. 1, 1861.
2. Armstrong, Albert D., 20, Corporal, discharged Sept. 1, 1861.
3. Bolls, William D., 19, discharged Nov. 1, 1862.
4. Booth, Alva, 20, mustered Oct. 12, 1861, discharged May 1, 1862.
5. Burrows, Stewart A., 23, discharged May 8, 1863.
6. Canoll, Heber, 18, discharged May, 1862.
7. Crawford, Alexander H., 27, mustered Oct. 1, 1861, discharged March 1, 1862.
8. Crissman, Philip, 18, mustered Aug. 12, 1861, disch. Dec. 12, 1862.
9. Cone, Clark J., 18, Corporal, discharged May 8, 1863.
10. Francisco, Frank, 28, discharged Sept. 1, 1861.
11. Fairchild, Charles H., 24, discharged Jan. 8, 1862.
12. Gates, William H., 30, mustered July 4, 1861, discharged Oct. 31, 1862.
13. Grimes, Frank, 28, mustered July 4, 1861, disch. Nov. 15, 1861.
14. Howard, Asa L., 20, mustered July 4, 1861, disch'd Aug. 2, 1861.
15. Hopkins, William H., 20, mustered Aug. 12, 1861, discharged May 25, 1862.
16. Hughes, Albert, 23, mustered Aug. 12, 1861, disch'd Dec. 1, 1862.
17. Leonard, Gilbert, 18, mustered Oct. 12, 1861, disch'd Feb. 18, 1862.
18. Lester, James, 30, discharged Feb. 1, 1862.
19. Monroe, Thaddias S., 22, discharged Dec. 3, 1862.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY—*Continued.*

20. McKune, Sidney A., 20, wounded and taken prisoner at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861, discharged Feb. 16, 1862.
21. Newman, Melvin A., 20, Corporal, discharged Aug. 18, 1862.
22. Osborn, Joseph R., 19, discharged Aug. 2, 1861.
23. Paddleford, Newell, 28, mustered July 4, 1861, disch. July 21, 1862.
24. Payne, Deloss, 34, discharged Jan. 20, 1862.
25. Randall, William J., 37, musician, discharged Jan. 10, 1863.
26. Sturdevant, Stephen A., 22, discharged Aug. 30, 1861.
27. Smith, Charles W., 20, mustered Oct. 12, 1861, disch. July 1, 1862.
28. Thompson, Charles, 18, discharged Aug. 3, 1861.
29. Tripp, Joseph F., 35, discharged Jan. 1, 1863.
30. Vanaukin, Gideon, 31, discharged Jan. 1, 1863.
31. Wilcox, George L., 27, discharged Jan. 1, 1862.
32. Williamson, George, 23, Sergeant, discharged Jan. 1, 1863.

TRANSFERRED

1. Brainard, William H. H., 20, promoted to Second Lieutenant and transferred to Co. "F," Dec. 14, 1862.
2. Kirby, James P., 28, promoted to Corporal, Nov. 1, 1861, promoted and transferred to Reg. Staff, Oct. 15, 1862.
3. McCauley, James N., 19, mustered July 4, 1861, taken prisoner at Bull Run, transferred to — Pennsylvania Vols.
4. Thompson, Charles E., 23, mustered July 4, 1861, Corporal, promoted to Sergeant-Major, Nov. 1, 1861.

DIED, AND KILLED.

1. Bailey, John L., 21, promoted from Corporal to First Sergeant, shot by rebel scout, at West Point, Va., May 6, 1862.
2. Burge, Irvin S., 28, killed in action at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
3. Brackett, Samuel, 20, mustered July 4, 1861, died Jan. 14, 1862, at Alexandria, Va.
4. Dwight, Webster, 22, mustered Aug. 30, 1861, died Jan. 20, 1862, at New York.
5. Dwight, Joseph B., 26, mustered Aug. 20, 1861, died Dec. 21, 1861, at Alexandria, Va.
6. Frederick, Ira, 24, mustered July 4, 1861, killed in action at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
7. Goodrich, J. Lafayette, 20, mustered Oct. 5, 1861, killed in action at Crampton's Pass, Sept. 14, 1862.
8. Harding, Henry A., 20, wounded at the battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862, died Aug. 15, 1862, at Philadelphia, Pa.
9. Meecham, Calvin, 26, killed in action at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
10. Phelps, Oscar, 22, mustered July 4, 1861, died Aug. 11, 1862, at Philadelphia, Pa.
11. Pardee, Cyrus, 26, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, died in Richmond, about Aug. 1, 1861.
12. Snedaker, James V., 19, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, died in Richmond, Va., Sept. 14, 1861.

DESERTED.

1. Hogan, John H., 25, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, released Jan 21, 1862, deserted Feb. 14, 1862.
2. Howard, Chester, 28, deserted April 4, 1862.
3. Hoyt, David, 25, mustered Oct. 11, 1861, deserted March 20, 1862.
4. Trail, William, 23, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, deserted March 20, 1862.
5. Tiffany, George, 22, mustered Oct. 11, 1861, deserted Dec. 31, 1861.
6. Ransom, George, 21, mustered Sept. 1, 1861, deserted Aug. 26, '62.

DROPPED.

1. Coon, James, 20, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, dropped by General Order No. 162, August 14 1862, submuster out, Aug. 19, 1864.
2. Hedding, George, 17, dropped Aug. 14, 1862, by General Order No. 162.

COMPANY "E."**CAPTAINS.**

1. George G. Wanzer, 21, promoted to Major, Oct. 4, 1862.
2. Edward P. Gould, 26, promoted from Second Lieutenant to First Lieutenant Feb. 26, 1862; to Captain Oct. 4, 1862.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

1. Chas. S. Baker, 23, resigned on account of disability, Feb. 26, 1862.
2. Geo. H. Robertson, —, promoted from First Sergeant in Co. "G," to Second Lieutenant July 22, 1862; to First Lieutenant Oct. 4, 1862.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

1. Joseph Webster, 28, promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant Dec. 1, 1861; to Second Lieutenant Feb. 26, 1862; died July 22, 1862, at Portsmouth, Va., while a prisoner, from wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
2. Clinton E. Hodgman, 22, promoted from Sergeant Co. "K," to Second Lieutenant, Oct. 4, 1862.

SERGEANTS.

1. William E. Hyatt, 24, promoted from Corporal to Sergeant Nov. 1, 1861; to First Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862.
2. Morton H. Gould, 25, must'd Aug. 28, 1861; promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
3. Chas. W. Peacock, 22, promoted from Corp. to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1861.
4. Newton Thompson, 25, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1861; to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862.
5. Duncan L. Brown, 32, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1861; to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862.

CORPORALS.

1. Frederick W. Crampton, —, mustered July 5, 1861; promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
2. James H. Price, 26, promoted Sept. 1, 1861.

CORPORALS—*Continued.*

3. John P. Colby, 36, mustered Aug. 28, 1861; promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
4. John F. Cooper, 20, promoted Nov. 1, 1861.
5. John T. Clague, 20, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run; promoted Sept. 1, 1862.
6. Clark Sturdevant, 19, mustered Aug. 28, 1861; promoted Sept. 1, 1862; wounded at battle of Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863.
7. Thomas Carolan, 18, promoted Sept. 1, 1861.

PRIVATES.

1. Bolton, Isaac, 19, mustered Aug. 28, 1861.
2. Brophy, James, 36, mustered Aug. 28, 1861.
3. Brady, William H., 22, mustered Aug. 28, 1861.
4. Baker, George, 18.
5. Bond, George A., 19.
6. Bachman, Sigismund, 21.
7. Bell, John L. Jr., 18.
8. Bounds, John, 18.
9. Cooney, Patrick, 46, mustered July 5, 1861.
10. Coppernall, Andrew, 18, mustered July 5, 1861.
11. Cowles, Roswell B., 18, mustered Aug. 28, 1861.
12. Derx, Conrad, 20.
13. Dumphy, Patrick, 19.
14. Edson, John B., 23.
15. Gunther, Frank, 19.
16. Hall, John T., 20.
17. Hibbard, Horace, 27.
18. Hickman, Joseph H., 18.
19. Hosmer, Henry, 19, mustered Aug. 28, 1861.
20. Harrington, Michael, 18, musician.
21. Hilton, Peter, 21.
22. Harper, Joseph, 18, mustered Aug. 28, 1861.
23. Kneale, William, 28.
24. Kent, George W., 19.
25. Mason, John H., 21.
26. Mack, John F., 22.
27. Mylacraine, Robert, 18.
28. Nealis, Michael, 18.
29. O'Conner, Christopher, 19, mustered July 5, 1861.
30. Page, John G., 19.
31. Phalan, Thomas, 28.
32. Pike, Robert R., 46, mustered Aug. 28, 1861.
33. Richards, Joseph F., 25.
34. Ross, David C., 19.
35. Reynolds, William W., 18, mustered Aug. 28, 1861.
36. Schömann, Frederick, 21.
37. Schroeder, Frederick, 19.
38. Tracy, Samuel, 20.

PRIVATES--*Continued.*

39. Tiernay, Daniel, 24.
40. Vauk, Joseph C., 22.
41. Van Antwerp, John H., 18, mustered July 5, 1861.
42. Wilson, John, 25, mustered July 5, 1861.
43. Wallis, Frederick, 18, mustered Aug. 28, 1861.
44. Weeks, James E., 10, mustered Aug. 28, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1. Andrews, James M., 23, discharged Aug. 28, 1861.
2. Armstrong, Delos, —, mustered Aug. 28, 1861, dis. Feb. 10, 1863.
3. Bachelder, Milton D., 20, Corporal, discharged Oct. 4, 1862.
4. Baker, Thomas F., 22, discharged Aug. 4, 1861.
5. Booth, Cyrus M., mustered Aug. 28, 1861, disch'd March 6, 1862.
6. Burbank, John K., 20, discharged Jan. 10, 1863, from wounds received at battle of Gaines' Mill.
7. Butler, Edward, —, mustered July 5, 1861, discharged March 25, 1863, from wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
8. Cottrell, William O., 10, discharged Sept. 9, 1861.
9. Ellerbeck, Robert E., 25, First Sergeant, discharged Oct. 1, 1861.
10. Freeland, Christopher, —, mustered Aug. 28, 1861, discharged Sept. 15, 1862.
11. Goodwin, Frank, 18, discharged Sept. 27, 1861, minor and foreigner (request of Lord Lyons).
12. Gibbs, Augustus, 18, mustered Aug. 28, 1861, dis. Jan. 27, 1862.
13. Hafner, Paul, —, mustered July 5, 1861, discharged Sept. 1, 1861.
14. Hanlon, William, 19, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run; leg amputated; discharged Nov. 2, 1861.
15. Hopwood, John M., 18, discharged Oct. 1, 1861.
16. Jumph, Walter V., 22, discharged July 6, 1861.
17. Kelly, Mark H., 20, discharged Aug. 18, 1861, over exertion returning from Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
18. Lawrence, Henry C., discharged Aug. 27, 1861, being a minor.
19. Merrill, William H., 26, Corporal, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, exchanged Jan. 3, 1862, disch'd March 6, 1862.
20. Morrison, Thomas, 19, discharged Feb. 14, 1862.
21. Mills, Charles, 18, no date given.
22. Tallon, William, —, mustered Aug. 28, 1861, disch'd Oct.—, 1861.
23. Tourgèe, Albion W., 23, Sergeant, discharged Aug. 8, 1861, injury of spine received at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
24. Wadsworth, Charles, 19, discharged Dec. 31, 1862.
25. Watson, John, 19, discharged Feb. 8, 1863.

TRANSFERRED.

1. Bosley, Daniel W., 21, promoted to hospital steward of regiment.
2. Cole, Daniel D., —, mustered Aug. 28, 1861, transferred to 86th Regiment N. Y. Volunteers, June 18, 1862.
3. Cheney, W. Fitch, 28, promoted to hospital steward of regiment.

DIED AND KILLED.

1. Crawford, Walter, —, mustered Aug. 28, 1861, died Feb. 25, 1863, at Smoketown (Md.) hospital.
2. Dee, John, died Jan. 29, 1862
3. Durkee, LaFayette, —, mustered Aug. 28, 1861, killed at battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
4. Fuller, Gilbert W., 29, musician, killed June 5, 1862, at Mechanicsville, Va.
5. Guiner, Jacob G., 21, died May 29, 1862, at Savage Station, Va.
6. Hosmer, Charles A., 18, killed in battle of Fredericksburg, Va., May 3, 1863.
7. Lavis, Richard, —, mustered Aug. 28, 1861, died Nov. 1, 1862, at Hagerstown, Md.
8. Richardson, William, —, mustered July 5, 1861, died Nov. 7, 1862, at Hagerstown, Md.
9. Stillson, Everard P., 22, Corporal, promoted to Sergeant, killed at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862,

DESERTED.

1. Ambrose, Edward T., 18, deserted Aug. 13, 1861, from Washington, D. C.
2. Arnott, John T., 21, deserted Aug. 10, 1861, on furlough since Aug. 1, 1861.
3. Decroyft, Abram W., 24, deserted July 6, 1861, from Elmira, N. Y.
4. Goubleman, Edward, 18, deserted Feb. 4, 1862, from Camp Franklin, Va.
5. Hislop, Ebenezer, deserted Feb. 4, 1862, from Camp Franklin, Va.
6. Halstead, James W., —, Corporal, mustered July 5, 1861, deserted Aug. 1, 1862, from hospital, Portsmouth, Va.
7. Jenks, Woodburn C., 21, deserted Aug. 18, 1862, on the march from Harrison's Landing.
8. Moore, James, 20, deserted August 5, 1861.
9. Morton, Henry, 22, promoted to Sergeant Oct. 1, 1861, deserted Aug. 8, 1862, from Harrison's Landing, Va.
10. O'Brien, Patrick, —, mustered July 5, 1861, deserted Aug. 21, 1861, still on furlough of 7 days.
11. McGettrick, Michael, 21, taken prisoner at Bull Run, exchanged, but never returned to Company.
12. Marshall, Charles, —, mustered Aug. 28, 1861, deserted April 8, 1862, from Catlett's Station, Va.
13. Patnode, John, 19, deserted Aug. 1, 1861.
14. Putney, William, 21, deserted July, 1861.
15. White, James, 18, deserted July, 1861.

COMPANY "F."

CAPTAINS.

1. Peter Jay, 37, resigned Aug. 14, 1862.
2. William H. H. Brainard, promoted to Second Lieutenant from Co. "D," Dec. 14, 1861; to Captain, Aug. 14, 1862; resigned Nov. 27, 1862.
3. George H. Roman, 20, promoted from Corporal to Sergeant, Aug. 1, 1861; to Second Lieutenant, Aug. 14, 1862; to Captain, Nov. 27, 1862.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS

1. William S. Sheldon, 23, resigned Aug. 1, 1861.
2. Lafayette Cross, 35, promoted from Second Lieutenant to First Lieutenant, Aug. 1, 1861, resigned Feb. 22, 1862.
3. Andrew Patullo, —, appointed First Lieutenant, Feb. 22, 1862, resigned Jan. 18, 1863.
4. John R. Briggs, 21, promoted from Second Lieutenant Co. "G," Jan. 18, 1863.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

1. Frank E. Northrop, 20, promoted from Sergeant, Aug. 1, 1861, resigned Dec. 14, 1861.
2. Frederick Raudall, 21, promoted from Corporal to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1861, reduced to ranks July 1, 1862, promoted to Second Lieutenant, Nov. 27, 1862.

SERGEANTS.

1. Joseph L. Ross, 28, promoted to First Sergeant, Aug. 1, 1862, from Sergeant.
2. Luther N. Hubbard, 23.
3. Daniel W. Wetherell, promoted to Corporal, Aug. 1, 1861, to Sergeant, July 27, 1862.
4. William M. Robinson, 22, mustered July 5, 1861, promoted to Corporal, Sept. 1, 1861, to Sergeant, Feb. 20, 1863.
5. Rollin B. Truesdell, 21, promoted to Corporal, Nov. 1, 1862; to Sergeant, Feb. 20, 1863.

CORPORALS.

1. Edwin J. Wilbur, 18, promoted Aug. 1, 1862.
2. Thompson P. Howland, 23, mustered July 8, 1861; promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
3. Albert Kniffin, 26, mustered July 8, 1861; promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
4. William B. Westervelt, 24, promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
5. John N. Kennedy, 22, promoted Aug. 1, 1862.
6. Solomon Darling, 24, promoted Sept. 1, 1862.
7. Harrison Guiles, 20, promoted Nov. 1, 1862.
8. Sanford Bradbury, 21, promoted Feb. 20, 1863.

MUSICIAN.

1. Thomas C. Smith, 18, mustered July 5, 1861.

PRIVATES.

1. Bogart, James S., 23, mustered Oct. 21, 1861.
2. Brown, Hiram, Jr., 19.

PRIVATES—*Continued.*

3. Burnside, Gould, 18, mustered Oct. 3, 1861.
4. Bowker, Charles A., 19.
5. Corey, Henry, 19.
6. Cummings, Benjamin, 20.
7. Conklin, Owen D., 21.
8. Corby, Leonard, 21, mustered July 5, 1861.
9. Dunning, James L., 24.
10. Dunning, John, 28.
11. Evans, Bailey, 20, mustered July 5, 1861.
12. Evans, James H., 18.
13. Finch, George W., 19.
14. Gorman, Nathaniel, 42.
15. Handy, Charles O., 27.
16. Hayes, Timothy, 18.
17. Holland, Harlan, 21.
18. Houlihan, Patrick, 19.
19. Howland, Warren, 35.
20. Kearn, John, 24, taken prisoner at Bull Run.
21. Keeler, David T., 21, mustered Oct. 21, 1861; wounded at battle of Crampton's Pass, Sept. 14; in hospital till May 17, 1863.
22. Kelly, Thomas, 21.
23. Lander, Oscar K., 19.
24. Lester, David A., 19.
25. Miller, Charles, 36.
26. Monroe, Alexander, 23, mustered Oct. 21, 1861.
27. Ostrander, J., Washington, 19.
28. Perry, Albert, 23, mustered July 8, 1861.
29. Redfield, Henry, 23.
30. Rood, Andrew, 21.
31. Slater, Timothy S., 19.
32. VanValkenburg, William S., 19, taken prisoner at Bull Run; returned to regiment Feb. 10, 1863.
33. Welch, Albert, 25.
34. Wright, Reuben A., 18, taken prisoner at Bull Run; returned to regiment April 7, 1863.
35. Walker, David, 24.
36. Yates, Theodore H., 21, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1. Benedict, Ira C., 20, Aug. 8, 1861.
2. Bishop, George W., 18, mustered Oct. 2, 1861; disch. June 24, '62.
3. Benedict, George H., 18, June 24, 1862.
4. Butts, Charles W., 22, wounded at Gaines' Mill; disch. Sept. 24, '62.
5. Barry, James, 34, wounded at Gaines' Mill; disch. May 1, 1863.
6. Cooper, George, 21, mustered July 3, 1861; disch. Jan. 1, 1862.
7. Crary, Charles, 18, mustered Oct. 2, 1861; disch. March 21, 1862.
8. Dawson, Lee T., 18, Aug. 1, 1862. Minor.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY—*Continued.*

9. Duffee, James, 40, Dec. 11, 1862, at Philadelphia.
10. Davis, Joseph L., 18, disch. Sept. 24, 1862, from wounds received at battle of Gaines' Mill.
11. French, Franklin, 41, musician, discharged Dec. 12, 1861.
12. French, William H., 20, mustered Dec. 2, 1861; disch. March 3, 1863, from wounds received at Crampton's Pass, Sept. 14, 1862.
13. June, John, 22, Corporal, discharged Aug. 16, 1861.
14. Kelsey, George E., 21, mustered Oct. 3, 1861; discharged Dec. 15, 1862, from wounds received at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
15. Livermore, Edward, 18, mustered Aug. 30, 1861; disch. June 23, '62.
16. Lobdell, Rosander, 27, discharged Nov. 20, 1862.
17. Lade, Joseph, 23, discharged Dec. 31, 1862, from wounds received at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
18. Rose, Josiah H., 40, discharged March 3, 1863.
19. Spencer, James, 23, discharged Aug. 8, 1861.
20. Shaw, Philander P., 20, mustered July 5, 1861; disch. July 3, 1863.
21. Troop, Lucius, 18, discharged Feb. 20, 1863.
22. Van Dusen, Charles, 24, mustered July 5, 1861; disch. Apr. 16, '63.
23. Williams, Henry, 18, discharged Nov. 24, 1862.
24. Whitney, Harvey D., 19, Sergeant; was Corporal till Aug. 14, '62; discharged Feb. 20, 1863.

DIED, AND KILLED.

1. Benedict, Davolson P., 24, Sergeant, July 27, 1862.
2. Burgee, Charles, 20, Oct. 20, 1862.
3. Coon, Jesse P., 28, Dec. 25, 1861.
4. Cresson, Miles, 18, killed in battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
5. Curten, William E., 18, Feb. 2, 1862.
6. Ferguson, John R., 26, Aug. 16, 1861.
7. Hawkins, Daniel, 23, March 12, 1862.
8. Lockwood, Silas W., 26, mustered July 5, 1861; died Feb. 9, 1863.
9. Rogers, Frank B., 19, killed at Crampton's Pass, Sept. 14, 1862.
10. Reynolds, James D., 19, Nov. 24, 1862.
11. Randall, Wesley, 25, mustered July 5, 1861; killed in the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
12. Turner, David M., 23, Jan. 28, 1863.
13. Waterman, James Frederick, 19, killed at Crampton's Pass, Sept. 14, 1862.
14. Warner, Edgar H., 21, taken prisoner at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861; died Aug. 1, 1862.

DESERTED.

1. Beckford, George W., 22, Aug. 1, 1861.
2. Barrow, Eben E., 26, mustered Oct. 2, 1861; deserted Mch. 31, '62.
3. Barrows, Seth, 21, mustered Oct. 2, 1861; deserted February, 1863.
4. Boyd, Edward C., 18, mustered July 5, 1861; deserted July 7, '62.
5. Evans, Charles E., 18, Nov. 9, 1861.
6. Gerig, Harrison, 20, April 17, 1862.

DESERTED—*Continued.*

7. Holland, Charles, 10, Aug. 3, 1861.
8. McAvoy, Joseph H., 10, April 17, 1862.
9. Osborne, William L., 21, Oct. 1, 1861.
10. Pierce, Melvin J., Corporal; promoted Sept. 1, 1861; deserted April 17, 1862.
11. Sherwood, Charles C., mustered July 5, 1861; from battlefield of Fredericksburg, May 2, 1863. Second desertion.
12. Smith, William H., 24, mustered Oct. 10, '61; deserted Apl. 17, '62.
13. Snell, Archibald, 19, April 17, 1862.
14. Taylor, Daniel H., 35, mustered Oct. 2, 1861; deserted Sept. 1, '62.

DROPPED.

1. Corson, Nicholson A., 25, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, '61. Never reported.
2. Hygard, John, 10, missing since battle of Bull Run.
3. Lawson, Allen, 20, mustered Oct. 3, 1861; sent to hospital May 1, 1862. Never since heard from.
4. Watrous, Edwin M., 10, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

COMPANY "G."

CAPTAINS.

1. James Perkins, 58, resigned Nov. 7, 1861.
2. Philo D. Phillips, 29, promoted from First Lieutenant Nov. 7, 1861, resigned April 26, 1862.
3. H. Seymour Hall, 24, promoted from Second Lieutenant April 24, 1862; after Jan, 1863, on detached service as Brigade Inspector on Staff of Gen. J. J. Bartlett.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

1. Seymour Pierce, 27, promoted to First Lieutenant from First Sergeant Nov. 7, 1861, to Captain of Company "K" June 9, 1862; after Nov. 7, 1861, on detached service in Signal Corps.
2. Charles Rock, 24, promoted to Corporal Nov. 7, 1861, to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862, to First Lieutenant Nov. 28, 1862.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

1. John R. Briggs, 21, promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant Nov. 7, 1861, to Second Lieutenant April 26, 1862, to First Lieutenant of Co. "F" Jan. 18, 1863.
2. Edward H. Brady, 20, promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant, Sept. 1, 1862, to Second Lieutenant Jan. 18, 1863.

SERGEANTS.

1. J. Herbert Perkins, 24, mustered Sept. 21, 1861, promoted to Sergeant Nov. 7, 1861, to First Sergeant Feb. 18, 1863.
2. Arch. L. VanNess, 18, promoted to Corporal Nov. 7, 1861, to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1862.

SERGEANTS—*Continued.*

3. Van R. Pratt, 18, promoted to Corporal Dec. 1, 1861, to Sergeant Nov. 1, 1862.
4. George Banks, 22, promoted to Corporal April 24, 1862, to Sergeant Nov. 1, 1862.
5. Silas A. Sylvester, promoted to Corporal Nov. 7, 1861, to Sergeant, Feb. 18, 1863.

CORPORALS.

1. George A. Spring, 21, promoted June 21, 1862.
2. John A. Copeland, 18, promoted Sept. 1, 1862.
3. Solomon Wood, 29, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; exchanged Jan. 3, 1862, and returned Jan. 13, 1862.
4. Charles F. Wells, 18, promoted Nov. 1, 1862.
5. Charles H. Mitchell, 23, promoted Nov. 1, 1862.
6. Myron C. Watkins, 24, promoted to Sergeant from Corporal April 24, 1862; reduced to ranks till Nov. 1, 1862, then promoted to Corporal.
7. Tyler J. Briggs, 23, taken prisoner at Bull Run, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1862.
8. Michael Cavanaugh, 26, promoted Feb. 18, 1863.

PRIVATES.

1. Agard, Gardner W., 22, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861, released June 3, 1862.
2. Atchinson, Jonathan B., 21.
3. Baker, William N., 18.
4. Brabon, Robert, 26.
5. Boyd, Alexander, 20.
6. Chappel, George H., 23.
7. Clark, William H., 21, mustered Sept. 21, 1861; sent to hospital May 7, 1862.
8. Emmons, Seymour, —, mustered Sept. 1, 1861; taken prisoner at Savage Station, Jan. 29, 1862.
9. Frazee, Robert S., 21, on detached service, General Hospital at Frederick City, since Sept. 14, 1862.
10. Frazee, Charles W., 20.
11. Gardner, Perry, 19.
12. Grover, Charles A., 22.
13. Hanington, Ovid G., 18.
14. Hibbard, Henry, 24.
15. Joiner, Andrew J., 20, mustered July 8, 1861.
16. Jenkins, Artemas, 22.
17. Loveland, Norman P., 47.
18. Markham, Henry, 21.
19. Marra, William, 18.
20. Maltman, William, 25.
21. Mileham, William, 27, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
22. Marble, Albert B., —, mustered Dec. 14, 1861.

PRIVATES—*Continued.*

23. Merritt, John, 19, mustered July 8, 1861, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
24. Peak, Stephen, 29.
25. Preston, Atwood, 23, mustered July 8, 1861.
26. Rice, James H., 21, on detached service at First Div. General Hospital at Alexandria, Va., since June 29, 1862.
27. Stone, Francis M., 20.
28. Stone, Henry H., 19.
29. Stirling, Henry H., 20, deserted Aug. 30, 1862; returned April 8, 1863, under President's Proclamation.
30. Speer, Jacob C., —, mustered Dec. 4, 1861.
31. Taft, Myron L., 20.
32. Wells, Henry G., 18.
33. Willys, David, 21, left in hospital at Alexandria, Va., Aug. 28, '62.
34. Willison, William, 28, absent without leave from Oct. 15, 1862, to April 17, 1863; returned under President's Proclamation.
35. Westbrook, Nehemiah, 28.
36. Willoughby, Thomas, 27.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1. Butler, Joseph B., 21, Nov. 8, 1861, on account of wounds received at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
2. Bartlett, Charles E., 21, mustered Dec. 14, 1861; disch. Feb. 4, '63.
3. Burr, Charles W., 21, Sept. 11, 1862, on account of wounds received at battle of Gaines' Mill. June 27, 1862.
4. Bond, Edwin E., 23, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run; discharged July 16, 1862.
5. Carter, John H., 22, Jan. 20, 1862.
6. Coe, William H., 20, Nov. 22, 1862.
7. Dartt, Rollin P., 18, Aug. 12, 1862, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
8. Davis, E. Amergo, —, mustered July 8, 1861; disch. July 31, 1861.
9. Hunt, Arthur H., 21, taken prisoner at Bull Run; disch. Aug. 4, '62.
10. Hamilton, Mills D., 18, Feb. 11, 1862.
11. Hall, William, 23, May 11, 1862.
12. Johnson, William, F., —, mustered July 8, 1861; disch. Aug. 3, '61.
13. Keeney, Ennis A., —, mustered July 8, 1861; disch. June 14, 1862.
14. Loveland, John C., —, mustered Dec. 14, 1861; disch. Apr. 13, '62.
15. Laty, Henry, —, mustered July 12, 1861; disch. July 12, 1862.
16. Paul, Samuel, —, mustered July 8, 1861; disch. Aug. 8, 1861.
17. Sewell, Thomas E., 18, Oct. 29, 1862, by reason of wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
18. Steele, Lawrence J., —, mustered July 8, 1861; disch. July 31, '61.
19. John Smith, —, mustered July 8, 1861; discharged Sept. 10, 1861.
20. Stone, Theodore, 19, Dec. 2, 1862.
21. Wells, G. Wiley, —, Jan. 12, 1862.

TRANSFERRED.

1. Bender, Frederick, —, Corp., to Non-Commiss'd Staff, May 29, '61.
2. Cook, George H., —, Musician, to Non-Commissioned Staff, May 29, 1861.
3. Coffin, Benjamin S., 23, Corporal, to Non-Commissioned Staff, Quartermaster's Sergeant, May 1, 1862.
4. Fleming, Benson S., —, mustered Aug. 30, 1862; May 14, 1863, to Sixth Army Corps Hospital.
5. Fladuny, George, —, mustered Sept. 1, 1862; May 31, 1863, sent back to Sixth Army Corps, from Elmira, N. Y.
6. Guinan, Martin, —, mustered Sept. 31, 1862. May 31, 1863, sent back to Sixth Army Corps, from Elmira, N. Y.
7. McMahon, William H., 22, promoted to Corporal, Nov. 7, 1861; to Second Lieutenant of Co. K, Sept. 11, 1862.
8. Robertson, George H., —, promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant April 24, 1862; to Second Lieutenant of Co. E, Sept. 14, 1862.
9. Smith, John B., —, mustered Sept. 8, 1862, to Sixth Army Corps Hospital, May 14, 1863.
10. Woodard, Philo B., —, mustered Aug. 31, 1862, to Sixth Army Corps Hospital, May 14, 1863.
11. Young, Frank, —, mustered Aug. 31, 1862, to Sixth Army Corps Hospital, May 31, 1863, from Elmira, N. Y.

DIED, AND KILLED.

1. Burlison, James H., 24, Corporal, killed at Gaines' Mill, June 27, '62.
2. Baxter, Wm. H., —, mustered July 8, 1861; killed at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
3. Davis, Hiram, —, mustered July 8, 1861; killed at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
4. Dunn, James A., —, mustered Dec. 14, 1861; died Dec. 29, 1862.
5. Dunn, John N., —, mustered Dec. 14, 1861; died Aug. 27, 1862.
6. Darrow, Andrew J., 21, killed at battle of Crampton's Pass, Md., Sept. 14, 1862.
7. George, William, 32, Dec. 20, 1861.
8. Gould, Henry M., 22, killed at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
9. Headly, Oscar, —, mustered Dec. 14, 1861; died April 15, 1862.
10. Hunt, George S., —, mustered July 8, 1861; died July 25, 1862.
11. Hunt, Armenius M., 21, taken prisoner at Bull Run; died in Richmond, Sept. 13, 1861.
12. Lindsley, William F., 21, Aug. 20, 1862.
13. Miles, Alexander, —, mustered Sept. 21, 1861; killed at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
14. Roberts, John N., —, mustered Sept. 21, 1861; died Oct. 13, 1862.
15. Robinson, Charles W., 21, Sergt., killed at Gaines' Mill, June 27, '62.
16. Rappel, Eugene, 21, killed at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
17. Wood, Nicholas K., —, mustered Dec. 14, 1861; died Feb. 18, '62.
18. Webster, Daniel, 21, died Dec. 19, 1862.
19. Wright, Frederick, —, mustered Sept. 21, 1861; died Dec. 27, 1861.

DESERTED.

1. Curry, Edward, 19, deserted June 30, 1862.
2. Chattis, Thomas, —, mustered Aug. 31, 1862, deserted Jan. 1, '63.
3. Dutcher, John, 26, deserted Sept. 17, 1862.
4. Dutcher, Charles, 21, deserted Sept. 17, 1862.
5. Fairchild, Andrew, —, mustered Dec. 14, '61, deserted June 30, '62.
6. Griffiths, Elias, 20, deserted Aug. 28, 1862.
7. Lee, Abram, —, mustered July 8, 1861, deserted Sept. 12, 1861.
8. Melrose, Orlando, —, mustered Aug. 31, 1862, desert. Jan. 1, '63.
9. Smith, Jacob L., —, mustered July 8, 1861, deserted Aug. 3, 1861.
10. Sutherland, Oscar, —, mustered July 8, '61, deserted Sept. 17, '62.
11. Vosburg, Emory P., —, mustered Oct. 25, '61, desert. Aug. 30, '62.

DROPPED.

1. Hanna, John N., —, mustered Nov. 1, 1861, left in hospital at Alexandria, Va., April 11, 1862.
2. Stamford, Harmon E., —, mustered July 8, 1861, wounded at Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862; has not been heard from since.

COMPANY "H."**CAPTAINS.**

1. Charles E. Martin, 41, resigned Feb. 10, 1862.
2. Joseph H. Bodine, 24, promoted from First Lieutenant to Captain, Feb. 10, 1862, to Major July 24, 1862.
3. William H. Swan, 44, promoted from First Lieutenant of Co. "B" July 24, 1862, resigned March 9, 1863.
4. Sherman M. Seely, 38, mustered May 6, 1861, promoted from First Lieutenant March 9, 1863.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

1. Joseph H. Bodine, 24, promoted to Captain Feb. 10, 1862.
2. Sherman M. Seely, 38, appointed First Lieutenant April 25, 1862, from a Private in Sturgess' Rifles.
3. Edward C. Camp, 19, promoted March 9, 1863, from 2d Lieutenant.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

1. Oscar Phillips, 41, resigned Aug. 14, 1861.
2. Edward Williams, 21, promoted from Sergeant, Sept. 1, 1861, resigned Nov. 28, 1862.
3. Edward C. Camp, 19, promoted to Sergeant from Private, Sept. 1, 1861, to Second Lieutenant Nov. 28, 1862, to First Lieutenant Mar. 9, '63.
4. Harvey R. Clark, 22, promoted to First Sergeant from Private Nov. 28, 1862, to Second Lieutenant March 9, 1863.

SERGEANTS.

1. John Kruhten, 22, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1861, to First Sergeant Nov. 28, 1862.
2. David Summy, 18, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1861, to Sergeant Nov. 28, 1862.
3. Dwight, Graham, 18, mustered Sept. 21, 1861, promoted to Corporal Sept. 15, 1862, to Sergeant March 9, 1863.
4. Benjamin H. Tallman, 21, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1861, to Sergeant March 9, 1863.
5. Henry Phillips, 21, promoted to Corporal Nov. 1, 1861, to Sergeant March 9, 1863.

CORPORALS.

1. James Roberts, 32, promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
2. William Briggs, 24, promoted Nov. 28, 1862, taken prisoner at Bull Run July 21, 1861.
3. Daniel D. Stram, 24, promoted Nov. 28, 1862.
4. Adam Miller, 23, promoted Nov. 28, 1862.
5. Albert Young, 23, promoted Nov. 28, 1862.
6. Charles L. Seiffert, 18, mustered Aug. 20, 1861, promoted Nov. 28, 1862.
7. George Stout, Jr., 20, promoted March 9, 1863; taken prisoner at Bull Run; leg broken while a prisoner.

PRIVATES.

1. Armstrong, Selma, 18.
2. Ashton, William M., 24.
3. Cady George, 19.
4. Clancey Michael, 18.
5. Coffrin, George H., 20.
6. Clark, David N., 36.
7. Donahue, James, 23, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
8. Dunlavy, Anthony, 18, mustered Aug. 16, 1861.
9. Flynn, Francis, 29.
10. Jones, James H., 26.
11. Kemp, Walter, 24.
12. Leddick, Samuel, 33.
13. Martin, Charles A., 20, mustered March 1, 1862.
14. Morgan, Franklin M., 23.
15. Magee, Marvin, 20.
16. McCormick, Michael, 19.
17. Miller, John, 18, mustered Aug. 16, 1861.
18. McNeilly, Thomas, 21, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
19. McNeilly, Robert, 18.
20. McCarthy, Denis, 21, mustered Sept. 21, 1861.
21. McGalpin, Thaddeus L., 19, mustered March 1, 1862.
22. McArthur, Henry, 18.
23. Rathburn, Artemas M., 40.
24. Ryan, Thomas, 18.

PRIVATES—*Continued.*

25. Rulapaugh, John W., 22, mustered Sept. 21, 1861.
26. Skelly, John, 18, mustered Aug. 22, 1861.
27. Sheppard, Joseph A., 18, mustered Aug. 23, 1861.
28. Talbert, Richard, 28.
29. Wheelock, Charles B., 18, mustered Aug. 30, 1861.
30. Willis, Lafayette C., 25.
31. Welch, William, 44, taken prisoner at Bull Run.
32. Williams, Henry, 22.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1. Aplin, William W., 44, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; discharged Feb. 18, 1863.
2. Bingham, George W., 20, Corporal, discharged June 15, 1862.
3. Barney, George W., 18, Musician, discharged Dec. 1, 1861.
4. Cathrell, Abiathar V., 39, discharged June 2, 1862.
5. Dunn, John, 19, discharged June 5, 1862.
6. Edsall, David A., 19, discharged Aug. 10, 1861.
7. Fraser, William H., transferred from Co. "A," Nov. 1, 1861; discharged Dec. 29, 1862.
8. Hellikee, George, 35, discharged Feb. 7, 1863.
9. Hosmer, Edward, 24, discharged Oct. 16, 1861.
10. Howden, Alexander, 21, mustered March 26, 1862; discharged Oct. 14, 1862.
11. Hammond, Reuben, 23, mustered April 1, 1862; disch. Dec. 17, '62.
12. Hunt, Charles H., 20, taken prisoner at Bull Run; dis. Apr. 26, '62.
13. Kellogg, John J., 39, Oct. 31, 1862.
14. Nichols, John M., 23, Oct. 14, 1862.
15. Parker, Ebenezer R., 21, Sergeant, discharged from hospital on account of wounds received in battle.
16. Roy, Simon, 29, Corporal, discharged Feb. 18, 1863.
17. Scribner, James J., 19, mustered Jan. 13, 1862; disch. Sept. 19, '62.
18. Wightman, Samuel, 43, July 1, 1862.
19. White, Jesse D., 19, mustered March 3, 1862; disch. Oct. 25, 1862.
20. Wilson, James W., 32, April 10, 1862.
21. William B. Robertson.

DIED, AND KILLED.

1. Beggs, John, 24, First Sergeant, killed in battle of Crampton's Pass, Sept. 14, 1862.
2. Chilson, William H., 21, mustered Jan. 13, 1862; died June 29, 1862, from wounds received in battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
3. Caughlin, Jeremiah, 20, mustered Sept. 21, 1861; died May 19, '62.
4. Driskscom, James, 21, died June 29, 1862, from wounds received at Gaines' Mill.
5. Garrett, William, 42, Jan. 24, 1862.
6. Griffith, Willis, 21, Corporal, died Dec. 24, 1862.
7. Johnson, Joseph R., Jr., 20, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run; died in Richmond, Va., Aug. 22, 1861.

DIED, AND KILLED—*Continued.*

8. Lockwood, Henry, 22, mustered March 28, 1862; killed in the battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
9. Shannon, Robert, 22, died March 6, 1862.
10. Sullivan, Florence, 22, killed at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

DESERTED.

1. Abrams, William H., 19, deserted Aug. 7, 1861.
2. Busk, Richard, 30, deserted July 18, 1861.
3. Bush, Zimri, 23, deserted Aug. 8, 1861.
4. Boyd, Harlan, 19, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; deserted Feb. 12, 1862.
5. Drue, Jerome, 28, deserted Aug. 14, 1861.
6. Fitch, William, 23, deserted Aug. 8, 1861.
7. Hanna, Joseph M., 19, Corporal, deserted Aug. 14, 1861.
8. Havens, John R., 22, deserted August 3, 1861.
9. Jones, Jonathan W., 21, mustered March 13, 1862; deserted Sept. 13, 1862.
10. Lockwood, Martin, 26, mustered April 1, '62; deserted May 1, '62.
11. Magee, Philander, 21, deserted Nov. 5, 1861.
12. Murdock, John, 31, deserted Aug. 29, 1862.
13. Odell, Orrin, 22; discharged Aug. 11, 1861.
14. Palmer, Charles, 28, deserted Aug. 11, 1861.
15. Pendergrass, John, 23, deserted Aug. 7, 1861.
16. Reynolds, Merriam J., 19, Aug. 14, 1861.
17. Reynolds, Lyman, 24, deserted May 7, 1862.
18. Rodgers, Edmund D., deserted June 18, 1862.

DROPPED.

1. Robertson, William B., 19, Jan. 1, 1863, Gen. Order 162, A. of P. Was wounded and taken prisoner at battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862. Leg amputated. Reported Jan. 28, 1864, at Elmira, for muster out and discharge.
2. Staples, Squire, 21, mustered March 10, 1862; dropped Jan. 1, '61, Gen. Order 162, A. of P.

TRANSFERRED.

1. Horton, James D., 21, Corporal, mustered March 19, 1862; to Sixth Army Corps, to finish term of enlistment, June, 1863.
2. Lockwood, Joseph W., 22, mustered March 27, 1862; to Sixth Army Corps, to finish term of enlistment, June, 1863.
3. Nimbs, William M., 20, Sergeant, promoted to First Lieutenant of Co. "D," Oct. 11, 1862.
4. O'Regan, Timothy, 18, mustered March 4, 1862; to Sixth Army Corps, to finish term of enlistment, June, 1863.
5. Tanner, Albert S., 22, mustered March 10, 1862, to Sixth Army Corps, to finish term of enlistment, June, 1863.

COMPANY "I."

CAPTAINS.

1. Curtiss C. Gardiner, 39, promoted to Major, Sept. 1, 1861.
2. Samuel M. Harmon, 29, promoted from First Lieutenant to Captain, Sept. 1, 1861, resigned Sept. 26, 1862.
3. Burton Freeman, 33, promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant, July 21, 1861, to Second Lieutenant Sept. 1, 1861, to First Lieutenant, Feb. 6, 1862, to Captain Sept. 26, 1862; was Color Sergeant in battle of Bull Run.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

1. Samuel M. Harmon, 29. Promoted.
2. Davis C. Hartshorn, 29, promoted from First Sergeant to Second Lieut. Aug. 1, 1861, to First Lieut. Sept. 1, 1861, resigned Feb. 6, 1862.
3. Burton Freeman, 33. Promoted.
4. Texas Angel, 21, promoted to Commissary Sergeant July 1, 1861, to Second Lieutenant Feb. 6, 1862, to First Lieutenant Sept. 26, 1862; Regimental Quartermaster after Nov. 22, 1862.
5. Darwin Maltby, 21, promoted to Corporal July 21, 1861, to First Sergeant March 1, 1862, to Second Lieutenant Sept. 26, 1862, to First Lieutenant November 22, 1862.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

1. Charles D. Rice, 23, resigned Aug. 1, 1861.
2. Davis C. Hartshorn, 29. Promoted.
3. Burton Freeman, 33. Promoted.
4. Texas Angel, 21. Promoted.
5. Darwin Maltby, 21. Promoted.
6. Willis J. Kendall, 20, promoted from Corporal to Sergeant July 21, 1861, to Second Lieutenant Nov. 22, 1862.

SERGEANTS.

1. Delos W. Cornell, 30, promoted from Corporal to Sergeant July 21, 1861, to First Sergeant April 16, 1862.
2. Romulus D. Dennison, 34, mustered July 5, 1861, promoted to Corporal July 21, 1861, to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1861.
3. Allan A. McDonald, 23, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1861, to Sergeant Sept. 26, 1862.
4. Philander Ellithorp, 20, promoted to Corporal March 15, 1862, to Sergeant March 1, 1863.
5. William Seaver, 21, promoted to Corporal March 1, 1862, to Sergeant March 1, 1863.

CORPORALS.

1. Henry Heinemann, 26, promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
2. Joseph B. Howe, 21, mustered July 5, '61, promoted Sept. 26, '62.
3. David Waller, Jr., 20, promoted March 1, 1863.
4. Frank H. Gardiner, 22, mustered June 16, 1861, promoted March 1, 1863.
5. John W. Stanton, 22, mustered July 5, '61, promoted March 1, '63.

CORPORALS. — *Continued.*

6. Christian Hornberg, 19, promoted March 1, 1863.
7. Silas S. Seeley, 19, mustered Sept. 20, '61, promoted March 1, '63.

PRIVATEs.

1. Bullock, George H., 25, mustered July 5, 1861.
2. Bryne, Edward A., 22, mustered July 5, 1861.
3. Burdick, Melvin A., 36, mustered Aug. 31, 1861; detailed on Signal Service Dec. 26, 1861; date of discharge not known.
4. Button, Louis D., 22, reduced to ranks from Sergeant April 16, '62.
5. Burnham, George C., 15.
6. Burt, Charles M., 18.
7. Berry, Charles W., 23, mustered July 5, 1861; taken prisoner at Bull Run July 21, 1861.
8. Burlingame, Henry, 21, taken prisoner at Battle of Gaines' Mill; dropped from the rolls; returned May 27, 1863.
9. Charles, Timothy C., 23.
10. Carpenter, Robert, 28.
11. Cilley, Henry D., 32.
12. Coats, Alfred, 18.
13. Coon, Scheus B., 26.
14. Cranston, Stillman, 21.
15. Champlin, Albert B., mustered July 5, 1861.
16. Clark, Franklin D., 21, mustered July 5, 1861; taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; reported to his Co. March 31, 1863.
17. Dake, Albert J., 21.
18. Dunn, James, 22.
19. Fox, Peter, 37, mustered Aug. 31, 1861.
20. Heers, Christopher, 22.
21. Heald, John R., 18.
22. Hultz, Rawson B., 20, mustered July 5, 1861.
23. Huntly, Edwin, 21, mustered July 5, 1861.
24. Hall, Randall L., 18, mustered Sept. 20, 1861.
25. Hooper, Isaac M., 21, reduced to ranks from Corporal. On detached service till May 18, 1863.
26. Hurley, Dennis, 21, mustered Aug. 31, 1861.
27. Hurlbert, Alson, 22, mustered Sept. 20, 1861. Absent without leave from Sept. 6, 1862, to April 27, 1863; returned to duty under President's proclamation.
28. Lane, Lester, 21.
29. Lewis, William H., 21, mustered July 5, 1861.
30. McDonald, John, 24.
31. McDonald, William, 26.
32. McDonald, Patrick, 21, mustered Sept. 20, 1861.
33. McMane, James, 21, mustered Sept. 20, 1861.
34. Mapes, Charles, 23.
35. Macken, Valletia, 17, mustered Aug. 31, 1861.
36. Merrill, Thomas R., 18, mustered Jan. 16, 1862.

PRIVATE—*Continued.*

37. Powers, Lawrence, 19, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
38. Quigley, Winfield, 19, mustered July 5, 1861.
39. Rogers, Orrin C., 20, mustered Aug. 31, 1861.
40. Reading, Jeremiah K., 21, mustered July 5, 1861; taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
41. Smith, David, 21.
42. Tufts, Winfield, 18.
43. Utter, George L., 21.
44. Van Nostrand, Everett, 21.
45. Van Gorder, John, 21.
46. Weaver, Jacob D., 18, returned from absent, sick, April 16, 1862.
47. Wright, Aaron H., 28.
48. Weymer, Daniel G., 22.
49. Worthington, Ira C., 19.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1. Ames, Ira, 24, Feb. 11, 1863.
2. Benjamin, Romain, 20, Aug. 9, 1862.
3. Bingham, Justin, 15, March 18, 1862. "Old Mexico."
4. Baxter, Daniel B., 45, mustered Sept. 20, 1861; disch. March, 1863.
5. Carpenter, David D., 20, Aug. 9, 1861.
6. Crandall, John H., 19, mustered July 5, 1861; taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; discharged Sept. 5, 1861.
7. Chamberlain, Wilber S., 18, mustered July 5, 1861; disch. Sept., '62.
8. Estabrook, George L., 21, Aug. 9, 1861.
9. Jaques, Warren W., 26, mustered Sept. 20, 1861; disch. Sept., 1862.
10. Jaques, Lafayette, 19, mustered Sept. 20, 1861; disch. Sept., 1862.
11. Lewis, Clinton R., 22, Sept. 5, 1861.
12. Lewis, Amos C., 22, mustered Sept. 20, 1861; disch. Feb., 1863.
13. Lewis, Henry D., 19, February, 1863.
14. Metzger, John, 32, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; never returned to regiment.
15. Oliver, Judson S., 18, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; supposed to have been discharged. No record.
16. Ogden, John, 24, supposed to have been discharged. No record.
17. Robinson, John, 49, September, 1862.
18. Snow, Harvey C., 22, Corporal, Aug. 19, 1861.
19. Van Horn, Nicholas H., 21, Feb. 11, 1863.
20. Wellman, Jonas G., 23, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; leg amputated; discharged Dec. 15, 1862.
21. Woodruff, Charles A., 21, from General Hospital—no date given.
22. White, Joseph B., 21, Sept. 20, 1861.
23. Wilson, Charles J., 30, Aug. 9, 1861.
24. Waters, George, 24, Aug. 9, 1861.

DIED, AND KILLED.

1. Bliss, William B., Sergeant, 23, died at Savage Station, June 29, '62.
2. Bishop, John W., 23, mustered July 5, 1861; taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; died in Richmond.
3. Babbitt, Albert, 26, killed at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
4. Collier, Thomas, 21, died Oct. 28, 1862.
5. Ferrin, Eugene, 23, killed at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
6. Haver, Wilber, 21, Corporal, killed at battle of Fredericksburg, May 3, 1863.
7. Hobart, Stanley, 32, died Dec. 3, 1862.
8. Hobart, Charles J., 19, mustered July 5, 1861, died Nov. 29, 1862, of wounds received in battle of Crampton's Pass, Sept. 14, 1862.
9. Hibbard, Enoch, 34, died July 1, 1862.
10. Kidder, Henry D., 29, died July 22, 1861.

DESERTED.

1. Adams, Frank O., 22, mustered July 5, '61, deserted Aug. 7, '61.
2. Engle, George W., 20, deserted Aug. 4, 1861.
3. Franklin, Ashley L., 19, deserted April 17, 1862.
4. Gillman, Calvin B., 22, deserted Aug. 7, 1861.
5. Kidder, William B., 25, deserted Aug. 7, 1861.
6. Rice, Robert, 24, deserted Aug. 4, 1861.
7. Strong, Frank, 19, mustered Sept. 20, 1861, deserted Feb. 20, 1862.
8. Spencer, Alfred W., 21, deserted Sept. 15, 1862.

DROPPED.

1. Andrews, James O., 26, wounded and taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; never returned to regiment.

COMPANY "K."**CAPTAINS.**

1. Henry L. Achilles, 26, resigned June 9, 1862, on account of disability.
2. Seymour Pierce, 22, promoted to Captain June 9, 1862; detached on Signal Service.

FIRST LIEUTENANTS.

1. William H. Coan, 22, died September 11, 1862.
2. George S. Gaskill, 20, promoted from Corporal to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1861, to Second Lieutenant July 10, 1862, to First Lieutenant Sept. 6, 1862, and assigned to the command of the Company.

SECOND LIEUTENANTS.

1. Henry H. Hanington, 22, resigned July 10, 1862, on account of disability.
2. William H. McMahon, 25, promoted to Second Lieutenant, from Co. "G." Sept. 6, 1862.

SERGEANTS.

1. Henry B. Barnard, 23, promoted from Sergeant to First Sergeant Sept. 1, 1861.
2. James Kennelly, 23, promoted to Corporal Aug. 15, 1861, to Sergeant Sept. 1, 1861.
3. Ami Whitney, 22, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1861, to Sergeant Dec. 1, 1862.
4. John Ball, 21, promoted to Corporal March 1, 1861, to Sergeant Dec. 1, 1862.
5. John F. Stewart, 23, promoted to Corporal Sept. 1, 1862, to Sergeant Dec. 1, 1862.

CORPORALS.

1. Frank S. Hayden, 20.
2. Aretus H. Allen, 25.
3. Charles W. Sickles, 21, promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
4. William White, 20, promoted Sept. 1, 1861.
5. John Bannister, 22, promoted Dec. 1, 1862.
6. Martin G. Wood, 22, promoted Dec. 1, 1862.
7. Orson T. Jewett, 20, taken prisoner at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861; promoted Dec. 1, 1862.
8. Henry T. Latimer, —, mustered July 15, '61; promoted Dec. 1, '62.

MUSICIANS.

1. Lewis M. Clifford, 20.

PRIVATEs.

1. Ashley, George A., 18.
2. Atwell, Freeman J., 28.
3. Ashby, Charles, 39, mustered Sept. 5, 1861.
4. Barber, Charles, 22.
5. Beach, Orrin D., 21, returned from absent sick, May 18, 1863.
6. Beardsley, George, 19.
7. Bishop, Jacob H., 28.
8. Blackwell, George W., 19, mustered July 15, 1861, returned from absent sick, May 18, 1863.
9. Bowman, William, 18, mustered July 5, 1861.
10. Barnes, Parrish, 18, mustered Sept. 5, 1861.
11. Blanchard, Orrin D., 19.
12. Brignall, John, 27.
13. Chapman, Galusha, 24.
14. Clement, Lewis, 32.
15. Cook, Joseph, 19.
16. Dwinnell, Charles, 28, taken prisoner at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
17. Doane, Oscar, 21.
18. Dorrance, Joseph, 35.
19. Eggleston, Seneca, 18.

PRIVATES.—*Continued.*

20. Fowler, John C., 22, taken prisoner at battle Bull Run, July 21, '61.
21. Gaylor, Frederick F., 25.
22. Harris, Isaac, 23.
23. Hart, Charles, 21.
24. Hanson, William J. C., 23.
25. Henry, Harrison, 22.
26. Howard, Charles, 18, mustered July 15, 1861.
27. Hunt, Alvin G., 18., mustered July 15, 1861.
28. Harris, James, 19, mustered Sept. 5, 1861.
29. Hobbs, Ira, 20, mustered Sept. 5, 1861.
30. Hall, John, 24, mustered July 15, 1861, absent sick in hospital, returned to Co. May 18, 1863.
31. Harding, Horace J., 21.
32. Johnson, Andrew H., 23.
33. Johnson, William, 22.
34. Jones, Edward D. C., 20, mustered July 15, 1861.
35. Kingman, Albert E., 18.
36. Kincade, Eugene C., 22.
37. King, Charles, 20, mustered July 15, 1861.
38. Lawrence, George, 22.
39. Lake, William, 23, mustered Sept. 5, 1861.
40. Mallory, William H. H., 20
41. Mudge, Volney, 19, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
42. Moore, Orra H., 20, mustered Sept. 5, 1861.
43. Nash, Charles, 19.
44. Paul, James, 21, mustered July 15, 1861.
45. Pinney, Edward F., 22, mustered Sept. 5, 1861.
46. Simmons, John M., 20.
47. Sackett, Hiram, 18.
48. Tucker, Henry C., 20, mustered July 15, 1861.
49. Tucker, Jacob, 18, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861 ; transferred from Co. "A" June 20, 1861.
50. Viele, Philip, 38.
51. Van Dresser, Henry L., 23, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
52. Wilson, Nathan M., 23.
53. Wells, Henry S., 23, mustered July 15, 1861, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY.

1. Allins, Albert, 25, August 7, 1861.
2. Avery, Francis G., 22, March 31, 1862.
3. Apliu, Briggs, 19, mustered Sept. 5, 1861 ; discharged Oct. 9, 1862.
4. Clift, Amos, Jr., 22, March 16, 1862.
5. Doty, Walter, 22, July 1, 1861.
6. Dalton, Martin, 26, Oct. 3, 1861.

DISCHARGED FOR DISABILITY—*Continued.*

7. Dorrance, William, 20, Jan. 15, 1863.
8. Durkee, Oscar, 23, mustered Sept. 5, 1861; disch. April 4, 1862.
9. Eastman, Charles B., 24, Aug. 7, 1861.
10. Howard, John D., 21, Dec. 2, 1862.
11. King, John E., 40, Dec. 12, 1862.
12. McElroy, Michael, 20, Aug. 14, 1861.
13. McPherson, John, 23, Aug. 14, 1861.
14. Mudge, Jay L., 18, taken prisoner at Bull Run, July 21, 1861; discharged Jan. 9, '63.
15. Peterson, Frederick H., 18, mustered July 15; disch. Nov. 6, 1862.
16. Towsley, Rathburn C., 25, Corporal, mustered Sept. 5, 1861; discharged Dec. 25, 1861.
17. Wells, James E., 19, discharged Oct. 9, 1862.

DIED, AND KILLED.

1. Bowen, James, 22, Sergeant, Sept. 11, 1861.
2. Cook, Dwight, 24, Corporal, killed in battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
3. Curtis, Delos, 35, mustered July 15, 1861, died of wounds received in battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
4. Edwin, Eddy, 23, Sergeant, killed in the battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
5. Kellogg, Albertus, 19, mustered July 15, 1861, killed in battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
6. King, Henry J., 27, killed Aug. 20, 1861, by being thrown from a horse, in Washington.
7. Larwood, Andrew, 18, mustered Dec. 17, 1861, killed in battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.
8. Murphy, Clinton, 26, Corporal, died April 12, 1862.
9. McKenzie Peter, 26, mustered July 15, 1861, killed at battle of Bull Run, July 21, 1861.
10. Mason, George K., 28, died Jan. 19, 1863.
11. Nash, William H., 20, died in hospital at Washington, date not given.
12. Rowley, Oliver G., 18, died May 25, 1862.
13. Squires, Edson, 20, mustered Dec. 17, 1861; run over by the cars, at Baltimore, Md., May 16, 1862, died from injuries May 17.
14. Tibbits, Charles W., 22, taken prisoner at the battle of Bull Run; *shot and killed by a rebel sentry while a prisoner in Richmond*, Nov. 12, 1861.
15. Thornton, Hira H., 18, killed in the battle of Gaines' Mill, June 27, 1862.

DESERTED.

1. Humphrey, Carlross, 22, deserted Aug. 4, 1861.
2. Murdock, William, 21, deserted Aug. 4, 1861.
3. Sawyer, Charles W., 22, Sergeant, deserted Aug. 1, 1862.

TRANSFERRED.

1. Hodgman, Clinton E., 22, Sergeant, Oct. 4, 1861, by promotion to Co. "E."
2. Newell, Daniel P., 22, mustered Aug. 2, 1861, discharged Dec. 1, 1862, by promotion to Commissary Sergeant.
3. Steel, Lawrence J., 20, July 5th, 1861, to Company "G."
4. Vickars, William, 18, mustered Sept. 5, 1861, transferred to Battery "D," Second U. S. Artillery, Regulars, Feb. 15, 1863.

STATEMENT,

SHOWING WHOLE NUMBER OF OFFICERS AND ENLISTED MEN OF THE
 TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT, NEW YORK VOLUNTEER INFANTRY,
 MUSTERED INTO THE UNITED STATES' SERVICE DURING ITS
 TERM OF SERVICE, FROM MAY 21, 1861, TO MAY 31, 1863.

OFFICERS.

Mustered into United States' Service with Regiment, May 21, 1861..	37
Appointed from civil life.....	7
Appointed from enlisted men of regiment.....	<u>51</u>
	95
Promoted out of regiment—Slocum, Bartlett, Rodgers.....	3
Resigned.....	36
Discharged for disability.....	5
Died of disease—Gaul, Coan.....	2
Died of wounds—Webster.....	1
Killed in battle—Park.....	1
Discharged by order—Goodrich, Dickson, Kirby, McKay.....	4
Mustered out by general order—musicians.....	2
Mustered out with regiment, May 31, 1863.....	<u>41</u>
	95

The following tabulated statement is made from the muster-out rolls of the regiment:

Company.....	Mustered out May 31, 1863.....	Died.			Accident....	Disch'd.		Deserted.....	Transf'd.		Dropped.....	Promoted to Com-missioned officer.	Total Enrollment.
		Killed in ac-tion.....	Wounds.	Disease.		Wounds	Disability....		To other Com-pnies.....	To other Com-mands.....			
A	50	1	1	4	2		19	12	2		5	5	101
B	63	1	4	8		2	18	7			5	6	114
C	64	5		7		3	22	10		1	4	4	120
D	62	6	2	4			32	6		1	2	8	123
E	56	3		6		6	19	15	2	1		1	109
F	50	3		11		6	17	14			5	3	109
G	49	8		11		5	22	11	3	6	2	6	123
H	44	3	3	4		2	20	18		4	1	5	104
I	61	3	3	4		1	23	8			1	5	109
K	67	8		6	1		17	3	2	1		3	108
Field and Staff*..													12
Officers...		1	1	2									33
Totals...	566	42	14	67	3	25	209	104	9	14	25	46	1165

Less those duplicated by transfer and promotion..... 10

Total No. enrolled, not including the band (20 pieces,)..... 1155

* Other than those promoted from the Companies.

REMARKS.—The above table does not show all of the actual casualties to the enlisted men. For example, the column of "discharged" is known to include many who had been *wounded* and sent to hospitals; and likewise many who had been *prisoners*, and returned incapacitated for duty. Again, the column of "died" is known to include some who had been *wounded*, and sent to hospitals. Again, the column of "dropped" includes some who were taken *prisoners*, and never afterwards heard from. It is to be regretted that there is no record of those who lost a leg or an arm, or were otherwise permanently disabled.

The above statement of officers and enlisted men does not include Alex. Scott's Cornet Band of twenty men, who were a part of the regiment for about one year, and who will ever be remembered with soldierly regard by all comrades.

In regard to the deserters, many served honorably in other commands, afterwards. Not a few so marked left the regiment to enlist with relatives or friends in other organizations, where associations were more congenial or chances of promotion better; and quite a number were men who had been taken prisoners, and never returned.

The following is the very latest information from the War Department, relative to the death casualties in the 27th Regiment New York Infantry :

TWENTY-SEVENTH REGIMENT N. Y. VOLS.	Officers.	Men.	Total.
Killed in action, or died from battle wounds..	2	72	74
Died of disease.....	2	57	59
Accidental deaths		2	2
Causes not stated.....		11	11
Aggregate	4	142	146

It will be noted that this table differs from the former, it having since been found that some who were reported on the roll as dropped, were either killed, or died of wounds or disease. Owing to the defective character of the regimental records on file in the War Department, it is impossible to determine with absolute accuracy the losses sustained ; and the above computations must be regarded as only approximative.

LOSSES IN BARTLETT'S BRIGADE.

The following table of figures, on casualties in action, is from the official publications of the War Department:

SEVEN DAYS' BATTLES, INCLUDING GAINES' MILL.

REGIMENTS.	Killed.	Wounded.	Missing.
Fifth Maine.	9	49	11
Sixteenth New York.	40	181	12
Twenty-Seventh New York.	12	118	32
Ninety-Sixth Pennsylvania.	13	61	13
Total.	74	409	68

CRAMPTON'S PASS, Md.

Fifth Maine.	4	28	0
Sixteenth New York.	31	70	0
Twenty-Seventh New York.	6	27	0
Ninety-Sixth Pennsylvania.	20	71	0
Total.	61	196	0

Total loss of the army at Crampton's Pass	113	418	0
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ANTIETAM, Md.

Fifth Maine.	0	5	0
Sixteenth New York.	1	2	0
Twenty-Seventh New York.	0	0	0
Ninety-Sixth Pennsylvania.	1	1	0
Total.	2	8	0

SECOND FREDERICKSBURG.

Fifth Maine.	11	58	27
Sixteenth New York.	33	70	49
Twenty-Seventh New York.	3	13	3
One Hundred and Twenty-First N. Y.	48	173	55
Ninety-Sixth Pennsylvania.	16	54	9
Total.	111	368	143

LOSSES IN TWENTY-ONE OF THE "TWO YEARS' REGIMENTS."

DATE OF MUSTER.	REGIMENT.	Killed and died of Wounds.			Died of disease, accident, in prison, etc.			Total Deaths...
		Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Total...	Officers.	Enlisted Men.	Total...	
May 7, 1861	1, National Guards . . .	0	88	88	3	33	36	124
" 21, "	2, Troy Rifles	1	24	25	0	23	23	48
" 14, "	3, Veterans.	1	25	26	2	64	66	92
" 9, "	4, Scott's Life Guards . . .	2	60	62	1	23	24	86
" 9, "	5, Duryea Zouaves . . .	6	183	189	0	31	31	220
" 25, "	6, Wilson Zouaves	0	13	13	0	34	34	47
Apr. 23, "	7, Steuben Regiment . . .	14	88	102	1	46	47	149
" 23, "	8, German Rifles	0	89	89	1	41	42	131
May 4, "	9, Hawkins Zouaves . . .	2	74	76	2	25	27	103
Apr. 20, "	11, Ellsworth Zouaves . . .	3	48	51	3	12	15	66
May 13, "	12, Independence Guards . .	3	61	64	1	59	60	124
" 14, "	13, Rochester Regiment . .	4	67	71	0	29	29	100
" 17, "	14, First Onondaga	4	56	60	0	44	44	104
" 15, "	16, 'Straw Hats of History'	4	107	111	1	85	86	197
" 24, "	17, Westchester Chasseurs .	5	31	36	3	29	32	68
" 17, "	18, New York Rifles	4	34	38	1	34	35	73
" 17, "	19, First Cayuga	2	31	33	0	54	54	87
" 17, "	20, German Turners. . . .	7	54	61	1	60	61	122
" 16, "	21, Buffalo Regiment . . .	2	74	76	2	40	42	118
June 6, "	22, 2d New York Reg't . .	5	31	36	3	29	32	68
May 21, "	27, Union Regiment. . . .	2	72	74	2	70	72	146

Of the thirty-eight "Two Years' Regiments" from New York State, the heaviest losses were as follows:

1st.	The 5th Duryea Zouaves	(total deaths)	220
2d.	The 16th New York "Straw Hats,"	" "	197
3d.	The 34th New York Regiment	" "	162
4th.	The 7th Steuben Regiment	" "	149
5th.	The 27th New York Vols., Union Regiment. . .	" "	146

SURVIVORS' ASSOCIATION,

OF THE 27TH REGIMENT NEW YORK VOLUNTEERS, AND
THE FIRST REGIMENT N. Y. VETERAN CAVALRY.

The above Association has been organized for many years, and continues to hold its annual réunions. The objects of the organization are: The promotion of fraternal feelings; the revival of old memories and associations; and the collection and preservation of records of the services rendered by these two regiments during the War of the Rebellion.

Each honorably discharged survivor whose address is known, is regularly notified of the meetings of the Association, and is invited to become a member; and to each is mailed a copy of the printed Proceedings of the Réunions.

Our gatherings are notable for the enjoyment of friendly fellowship and conversation among comrades bound together by memories of perils and privations, encountered when the majority were boys, or in the first years of manhood.

The dues are nominally \$1.00, but any sum that the comrade is able to pay is accepted; and there is no accumulation of back dues.

We desire to have the name of every survivor on the Roster of the Association, and any comrade who knows the address of a comrade not already on the list published in the Proceedings, should notify the Secretary. Every comrade of the 27th should also make an effort to notify the friends of deceased comrades that a History of the Regiment has been published.

Doubtless the reading of the History will suggest to some of the comrades many interesting incidents that would be valuable if a second edition should be published. These should be noted, and sent to the Secretary; also any corrections that should be made.

It is to be regretted that more of the officers did not respond to the invitation of the Publication Committee, to furnish cuts for their portraits ; and also that it was impossible to get short biographies of the officers, and the local history of each company.

It is hoped that this additional matter may yet be obtained, and kept in the records of the Association.

Address

C. B. FAIRCHILD, *Secretary*,
545 East 84th Street,
New York City.

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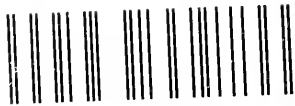
ERRATA.

- Page 6—for Sitgraves, read Sitgreives.
“ 7—for Rellay, read Relay.
“ 22—for Dr. Mason, read Dr. George Mason.
“ 24—for Col. John Washington, read John A. Washington.
“ 29—for Brenton's, read Benton's Tavern.
“ 53—for Col. John, read Col. Henry Cake.
“ 104—for A. J., read N. J. Jackson.
“ 110—for 11th of August, read 10th.
“ 119—for Mary's, read Marye's.
“ 150—for 1862, read 1863.
“ 185—for James, read Jonas G. Wellman.
“ 196—for Co. “I,” read Bond of Co. “G.”
“ 243—for G. O., read A. G. O.
“ 267—for 8, after the name of Geo. O. Pratt, read 18.
“ 268—for —, after the name of Samuel Winchell, read 21.
“ 269—for “hot” by rebel scout, read shot by rebel scout.





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